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THE LANSDOWNE POETS

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN MILTON

REPRINTED FROM THE BEST EDITIONS

With Memoir, Explanatory and Glossarial Notes, &c



PORTRAIT AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFATORY MEMOIR OF MILTON

THE great epic Poet of England was born at a period of change and political agitation, which gave a variety of incident to his life not often found in those of students and writers

John Milton was born December 9th, 1608 between six and seven in the morning, at the 'Spread Eagle' in Bread Street, London—not a tavern, as our non antiquarian readers might suppose, but his father's own house, distinguished by the sign of his armorial bearings, as were the houses of even the nobility at that period, when dwellings were not numbered¹

Milton was the son of John Milton, a gentleman by descent, whose ancestors had formerly possessed Milton near Thame, in Oxfordshire, but this property they had forfeited during the Wars of the Roses, and the family had ceased to be Milton 'of that ilk' for more than a hundred years

Milton's grandfather (also a John Milton) keeper of the forest of Shotover was a bigoted Papist. He sent his son John to Christ Church Oxford for education, but the youth there imbibed the principles of the Reformation, and was consequently disinherited by his father

Compelled to work for his living John Milton adopted the profession of a Scrivener, which he practised at the "Spread Eagle," in Bread Street. He was a man of great ability a classical scholar, and a good musician, and highly respected in his profession. He married Sarah Caston, the daughter of a Welsh gentleman. On December 9th 1608, she became as we have said, the mother of a son who was destined to immortalize the name of his parents

We will here let Milton speak of his own childhood—"My

¹ Numbers to houses were very rare till 1756. It is said that the first house numbered in London was No 1 Strand which still, we believe stands next to Northumberland House—*Athenaeum*

father, he says in his 'Second Defence,' "destined me from my infancy to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity that from the age of twelve I hardly ever retired from my books before midnight. This proved the first source of injury to my eyes whose natural weakness was attended with frequent pains in the head but as all these disadvantages could not repress my ardour for learning, my father took care to have me instructed by various preceptors both at home and at school."¹

The precocious genius of the boy might well have incited his father to give him every advantage, Aubrey who lived near the time of Milton tells us that he wrote poetry at ten years old and a beautiful portrait by Jansen, of the child at that age exists to attest the paternal pride in him.

The tutor whom Mr Milton engaged for his wondrous son was the Rev Thomas Young of Essex for whom his pupil formed a sincere attachment. In 1623 when the lad was fifteen, Young quitted his native land on account of religious persecution leaving a lively and tender remembrance of him in the mind of his pupil. Milton was then sent to St Pauls School where he worked hard under Alexander Gill for a twelvemonth. At this time he translated the 114th and 136th Psalms. The following year 1624 he was admitted a pensioner of Christs College Cambridge. During his residence there he composed most of his Latin poems of which Dr Johnson says "I once heard Mr Hampton the translator of Polybius, say that Milton was the first Englishman who after the revival of letters wrote Latin verses with classical elegance."

While at Cambridge he wrote his Elegy 'Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem' (See page 535)

Young returned to England thus fulfilling the young poets earnestly expressed wishes in 1628 and was appointed to the Mastership of Jesus College Cambridge, in 1644. Afterwards he became Vicar of Stow Market for thirty years.

At Cambridge Milton formed a friendship for Edward King, whose death he laments in 'Lycidas.' Another early and dearly loved friend of his youth was Charles Diodati, the son of an Italian physician who had settled in England, and practised his profession there with great success. Charles Diodatis uncle,

¹ From the *Literary Miscellany* Edition 1812

Giovanni (John) Diodati, was the translator of the Bible into Italian, the family had adopted the principles of the Reformed faith, and Giovanni was a professor of theology at Geneva.

Milton was remarkable in his youth for his great personal beauty which obtained him the name of the 'Lady' of his college. He was not tall but graceful in person and like Tasso—

He of the sword and pen—he was a skilful swordsman and fond of the exercise. His long and light brown hair was parted on his brow and fell to his shoulders, his eyes were dark grey, his complexion fair and delicate. In after-times, when time and sorrow were creeping on him he still looked ten years younger than he was, and his eyes did not betray by their appearance the sad secret of their blindness. His harmonical and ingenuous soul says Aubrey, 'dwelt in a beautiful and well proportioned body.'

He passed seven years at Cambridge with the exception of a brief term of absence, when for some slight fault he is said to have been rusticated, and took his degree of B.A. in 1628, and M.A. in 1632. He had designed when he first went to Cambridge to enter holy orders but could not bring himself to sign the Articles of the Church or submit to its discipline. He determined therefore to return to his home and lead the life of a student.

His father had by this time made a competence retired from business, and taken a house at Hoxton, in Buckinghamshire. Thither Milton repaired from Cambridge, his indulgent parent being ever ready to yield to his wishes.

During his residence at the University he had written all the earlier poems, amongst them the magnificent 'Hymn to the Nativity,' but it had not yet won him fame or even general notice.

In the lovely seclusion of his country home he read, it is said all the Greek and Latin authors and also wrote some of his most charming poems. He was like his father an accomplished musician, and counted amongst his friends the great lutanist of the time, Henry Lawes, who taught music in the family of the Earl of Bridgewater. In the year 1634, Lord Bridgewater was President of Wales, and held his court at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire. On a journey thither to join their father, his two sons, Lord Brackly, and Mr Egerton and his daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, were benighted in Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire, and the young lady for a short time was lost. At Lawes's request Milton commemorated the incident in the exquisite "Mask of Comus," which

was "presented" before the Earl at Ludlow, his children and Lawes being the chief actors (See heading to "Comus," at page 40) We cannot refrain from adding, that the "Lady" afterwards married the Earl of Carbury, and at his seat, "Golden Grove," in Carmarthenshire, sheltered and protected Milton's great contemporary Jeremy Taylor during the usurpation of Cromwell. The eloquent divine preached her funeral sermon, in which her character is admirably drawn. Her sister Lady Mary, was married to the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

The "Comus" had been preceded by the "Arcades" which the youthful poet wrote for the family of his fair neighbour the Dowager Countess of Derby, who lived near Uxbridge and at whose house he frequently visited. Here probably also he had made the acquaintance of the Bridgewater family for Lord Bridgewater had married a daughter of Lady Derby's.

This lady was a very accomplished woman, and of kin to Spenser, the poet.

During his five years' residence in his father's house, Milton occasionally visited London to buy books, enjoy the society of his friends and to visit the theatres in which he greatly delighted at this period of his life—that brilliant and gifted youth which we so reluctantly quit for his harder and sterner manhood.

In 1637 his friend Edward King was lost in the Irish Sea, and Milton honoured his memory by writing "Lycidas," as a monody on his death.

It is not possible to fix the date of the composition of the "Allegro" or the 'Penseroso' but there is every reason to believe that those enchanting pictures of rural life of mirth and melancholy, were written at Hoxton.

He was beginning to grow weary of the country and had thoughts of taking chambers in one of the Inns of Court when his mother died, and his father shortly afterwards was persuaded to let him travel on the Continent. Before his departure he received from the celebrated Sir Henry Wotton the wise instruction to keep '*i pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto*,' i.e., "close thoughts and a frank countenance."

In 1638 he quitted England and went first to Paris. Here Lord Scudamore, the English Ambassador gave him an introduction to Grotius, the learned ambassador of the singular and (also) learned Christina, Queen of Sweden. From Paris, after a short stay,

Milton proceeded to Italy then the classic land of Europe, to which his thoughts and affections had continually travelled. There Tasso had quite recently charmed the world with his '*Gerusalemme Liberata*,' Ariosto was still a modern poet and the renown of Dante and Petrarch now two centuries old was at its height. In the recent reigns of Elizabeth and James, the intercourse between Italy and England had been frequent. "To have swum in a gondola" was as Shakespeare tells us the boast of travelled youths. The fame of the arts and science of "*le belle contade*" was world spread. No marvel that Milton eagerly mastered the language and hurried to its shores.

The Italians were deeply interested in all literature and far better able to appreciate the gifted Englishman than the generality of his uncultivated countrymen, — amongst whom, as Johnson says, with respect to the sale of '*Paradise Lost*' 'to read was not then a general amusement. neither traders nor often gentlemen thought themselves disgraced by ignorance. the women had not then aspired to literature. and of that middle race of students, who read for pleasure or accomplishment, the number was comparatively small.'

To pass from the England of 1638 to the Italy of that period, must have been like going from darkness to light.

Milton went from Nice to Genoa thence to Leghorn and Pisa, and proceeded to Florence where he remained two months. Sir Henry Wotton (whose heart had been won by the "*Comus*") had given the poet introductory letters to the chief literary men of the city, and Milton met with a most enthusiastic reception.

He formed friendships with the celebrated Carlo Dati, Frescobaldi, and Antonio Malatesta and during his residence there he visited the recently liberated prisoner of the Inquisition—Galileo. It is thought probable that Grotius had urged Milton to see the great astronomer, for in the very month in which the young English poet was presented to him, he wrote thus to Vossius of Galileo — "This old man, to whom the universe is so largely indebted worn out with maladies, and still more with anguish of mind gives us little reasons to hope that his life can be long. Common prudence therefore, suggests to us to make the most of the time while we can yet avail ourselves of such an instructor."

Milton next paid a short visit to Sienna, then proceeded to Rome, where he remained two months. Holstenius, a savant of Euro-

pean renown (who had known Milton when he (Holstenius) was at Oxford) was then Librarian to the Vatican. He introduced the young Englishman to Cardinal Barberini afterwards Pope Urban VIII, who invited him to a concert, received him at the doors, and presented him, in the most flattering terms to the brilliant assembly. Amongst them Milton's eyes lighted on a woman beautiful with the rare and intellectual loveliness of a Grecian muse: she was Leonora Baroni—the first singer in the world. Her mother as beautiful and nearly as fine a singer as herself sat near her with her lute. The rapture of the poet may be imagined when he heard the fair wonder sing to her mother's accompaniment. He celebrated her genius in three fine Latin epigrams (See page 54^o). Whether she was the Donna of his Italian sonnets we cannot tell, her name recalled the Leonora of Tasso, her talent was just that which he best loved.

From Rome Milton travelled to Naples in company with a hermit who must have been able to appreciate the poet as on their arrival at Naples he introduced him to Manso Marquis of Villa the friend, patron and biographer of Tasso. Manso was delighted with his new acquaintance and addressed to him a distich with the same play on words with which Gregory inaugurated his plan for the conversion of Britain.

Ut mens formæ decor facies mos si pietas sic
Non Anglus verum hercle Angelus ipse foret

Thus translated by Cowper —

The Neapolitan John Baptist Manso Marquis of Villa to the Englishman
JOHN MILTON

What features form men manners with a mind
Oh how intelligent! and how refined!
Were but thy piety from fault as free
Thou wouldst no *angle* but an angel be

Milton in return, addressed to the Marquis a Latin poem (see page 570), which must have greatly impressed the learned Italians.

Milton now purposed visiting Sicily and Greece, but letters from home told him how England was shaken to its centre by the differences between the King Charles I and his Parliament, and the young man thought that duty and patriotism alike forbade his absence from his native land in her hour of sore trial. So he bent

his steps homeward not, however, hurrying his journey. Again he visited Rome, though warned of plots formed by the Jesuits against him on account of the openness with which he had discussed religious topics, and although at Naples, Manso had told him that his religion alone precluded him from great distinction he felt sure that his nationality protected him from personal danger, and remained again two months in Rome. From thence he went to Florence, to Lucca and to Venice. From the latter city he sent his father a collection of music and books, and proceeded to Geneva, then the seat of Puritanism, and the spot from whence republican doctrines were promulgated over Europe. Here he found a friend in Charles Diodati's uncle, John (or Giovanni) and in Frederick Spanheim, who was also a learned Professor of Divinity. From Geneva he returned to France and thence home, having been absent from England a year and three months.

The news of the death of his dear friend Charles Diodati, met him on his return—he commemorated the loss in the "Epitaphium Damonis" (See page 573.)

The youth of Milton closes with this grief. He was now a man of thirty-one years of age and it behoved him to take up the work of life in earnest. He had drawn largely on the means of his generous father, and he was not the only child—he had a brother Christopher, a lawyer, his sister Anne was well married before he went to Cambridge. (See his Elegy on the death of her infant, at page 1.) She had recently been widowed and married a second time. Milton at once decided on his own course. He resolved to take pupils and the first he received were his sister's sons by her first husband—John and Edward Philips. He took a lodging at the house of a tailor named Russell in St. Bride's Churchyard, and began the prosaic task of teaching, but the locality was unendurable to him and he removed into a pleasant house standing in a garden, at the end of a passage leading out of Aldersgate Street. Here he received more private pupils to board and teach.

And now we come to the reverse of the brilliant picture of his youth. For twenty years the poet sang no more. All that long period was occupied in school duties, political controversy, and household troubles. In considering this period of Milton's life, when he used his great abilities (obscured in prose) against his Sovereign and the National Church, we must pause for a moment to consider the age in which he had been born and brought up.

When his infant eyes unclosed in Bread Street, James I had been five years King of Britain. The glorious reign of Elizabeth, with its host of great Statesmen Warriors Poets and Discoverers, was succeeded by that of a contemptible and pedantic Sovereign, whose favouritism led to crimes of the darkest dye. Our readers will find in the vivid pages of Mr Hepworth Dixon's "*Her Majesty's Tower*" (vols 2nd and 3rd), a picture of corruption disgraceful to any country. The murder of Sir Thomas Overbury must have been the talk of Milton's nursery. He must have heard continually the extravagances and wickedness of the favourite Villiers, the theme of animadversion. the death of Sir Walter Raleigh must have been to him a boyish horror also, all England lamented that murder and the persecution of his tutor and the bigotry of his grandfather which had robbed him of a fair heritage must have all conspired to sway him towards the side of the Puritans.

True his "gentle" instincts his fine taste and early associations, and the better character of Charles I for a time held the balance, but now he had to choose his side. no one at that time could remain neutral and he threw in his lot with the Parliament.

In 1641, he published a "*Treatise of Reformation*" in two books, against the established Church being anxious to help the Puritans, who were, he said "inferior to the prelites in learning."

Hall the Bishop of Norwich (with whose quaint *Meditations* our readers are probably acquainted) had published a "*Humble Remonstrance in defence of Episcopacy*" to which five ministers the initial letters of whose names made the celebrated word *Smectymnuus*,¹ replied. "Of this answer a confutation was attempted," says Johnson "by the learned Usher." To this confutation Milton (seeing that the Archbishop had the best of the argument) replied.

His next work was *The Reason of Church Government* urged against Prelacy.

"In this book," says Johnson "he discovers not with ostentatious exultation but with calm confidence his high opinion of his own powers and promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country." "This" says he (Milton) "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge,

¹ They were Stephen Marshall Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young (Milton's tutor?) Matthew Newcomen and William Spurstow.

and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemingly arts and affairs till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation."

"From a promise like this, at once fervid, pious, and rational," says Johnson "might be expected the '*Paradise Lost*'" ¹

Milton's controversial writings did not interrupt his school duties. He did everything diligently and with earnestness. His youth had been pure and moral, his manhood was almost ascetic, he lived sparingly, drank water and set his pupils an example of hard study. Now and then he took a day's recreation with some gay friends of Gray's Inn, and displayed his beautiful and well-dressed person on the fashionable promenades of Gray's Inn Gardens and Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

After Reading was taken by the King's forces, Milton's beloved father came to live with him, and in 1643 at Whitsuntide, he brought home a fair young bride, whom he had wooed and won from the adverse party of the Cavaliers.

Mary Powell was the daughter of a country gentleman a justice of the peace for Oxfordshire, and had been used, as Philips, her husband's nephew, tells us, 'to a great house, much company,' and the fun and joviality of the ranting Royalists. She was beautiful, but seems to have been a spoilt child and not to have possessed the intellect her husband needed in a companion,—this is inferred from his own words when he speaks of a "mute and spiritless mate."

It is only just also, to give a glance at Mary Powell's side of the question. She found herself suddenly transplanted from a lively and liberal home to a house where profound stillness reigned, save when it was broken by the crying of punished school boys. No visitors came to the house, if they came, they were of the solemn Puritans whom she had been brought up to laugh at as rogues and hypocrites. Her gay Cavalier songs were exchanged for solemn hymns, her feasting for hard fare, her husband, occupied by his pupils and his controversy, could have given her but a small portion of his time, there was no sympathy round her,—in her passionate loyalty, her country tastes and habits. Her parents asked if she

might spend part of the summer with them, and her husband assenting, she left him. He pursued his studies, occasionally visiting the accomplished Lady Margaret Leigh, but at Michaelmas he wrote to Mary to summon her home. He received no answer, he wrote again and again with the same result. At last, knowing how uncertain was the arrival of letters in the now distracted country he despatched a messenger for Mistress Milton. The man was sent back with contempt. Milton, excessively angry, resolved to divorce his disobedient wife, and published, as a preliminary justification of his conduct, a treatise on *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* which was followed by "The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce, and his *Tetrachordon*."

The clergy, then holding their famous assembly at Westminster were greatly scandalized by these productions and had the writer brought before the House of Lords. But that House had matter of more import to engage it than the dreams (as they doubtless thought) of a visionary Puritan and the case was dismissed. But Milton never forgave his former friends, the Presbyterians, for their share in this prosecution. He proceeded to put his theory in practice by wooing Miss Davis the daughter of Dr Davis, who however had scruples on the legality and morality of such a marriage. Whilst she still hesitated, a circumstance decided the doubt for her. As Milton was one day at the house of a relative of the name of Blackborough in St Martin's Lane, his wife rushed from an adjoining room and threw herself at his feet, imploring his forgiveness. He resisted her entreaties for a time, but yielded at length, and received her to his heart and home once more. Their reunion proved happier than might have been expected. Baby hands came to draw them together, and Mary Milton lived to give birth to a third daughter and then died. But long before that period the generous poet had given shelter in his house to all her family when the Republican party had risen to power. Subsequently he arranged their affairs for them.

The new Council of State in which were Bradshaw and Sir Harry Vane, chose Milton as their Latin Secretary, and employed him to write against the celebrated book called *Icon Basilike* then supposed to have been written by the unhappy Charles I and which was turning the hearts of the people back to him. Milton wrote against it the "*Iconoclastes*." But we must not omit to mention the much more interesting fact, that in 1645 his

Latin and English poems were published. It is with regret we add that, after the execution of the King, Milton wrote a treatise to justify it to the Presbyterians, and to "compose the minds of the people." He was right however, in declaring that the Presbyterians had in fact, brought about the King's death themselves. He was now suffering from *gutta serena*, which threatened him with loss of sight, but on being called on by the Parliament in 1651 to answer the celebrated Salmasius's "*Defensio Regis*," written at the request of Charles II (then an exile at The Hague), he undertook the task and pursued it steadily knowing all the time that its cost would be his sight. But he believed it to be his duty and from that he never flinched. He was rewarded for it with a present of a thousand pounds.

Cromwell now assumed the Protectorate but Milton, who appears to have had at that time a sincere admiration for Oliver, and who must have seen that Government in such a state of anarchy could not be carried on without him, retained the Latin Secretaryship.

It would be a weary task to chronicle all the controversial writings of Milton during the ensuing years we will rather return to his domestic history. Three years after the death of Mary Powel he married again. His second wife appears to have won his whole affections. Her name was Katherine Woodcock, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney. But their happiness continued only a year she died in giving birth to a child and Milton deplored her loss in a pathetic sonnet, something resembling the famous one of Petrarch to his dead Laura.

Milton now set himself to three great works preparing a Latin Dictionary writing a History of England and commencing his Epic. If an author of our own day had not shown us how possible research and study is even to the blind, we might marvel at such undertakings being attempted by a sightless man, but we think of Prescott, and marvel no longer.

The Dictionary—probably the most difficult undertaking for him—was never finished, the History goes only to the Norman Conquest, the Epic is "the immortal "*Paradise Lost*." He had already prepared the same subject for a drama or mystery, which was to begin with Satan's address to the Sun, but his increasing Puritanism, and the remembrance of his having reproached the dead King in the "*Iconoclastes*," for making a companion of the works of

Shakespeare, probably caused him to turn the singular drama into an epic poem

The death of Oliver Cromwell led to the Restoration, and Milton, who had retired from the service of the Parliament on a pension for life, was in considerable danger from his writings against the Royal cause. While all England held festival on the return of her exiled Sovereign, the great poet was obliged to seek safety in concealment, and it is said that his enemies were deceived by a report of his death and a mock funeral. Whether there is truth in this story cannot now be ascertained, but the Act of Oblivion, passed August 19 enabled him again to appear openly. A prosecution was commenced against him for his defence of the execution of the King but it fell to the ground. Charles was not vindictive, and we perhaps owe to his easiness of temper the greatest poem in our language.

Milton retired to Jewin Street near Aldersgate Street and though now poor and blind gained a third wife who survived him—Elizabeth Minshul the daughter of a Cheshire gentleman. They lived happily it is believed but Philips who remembered Mary Powel, says that the stepmother 'oppressed her (Mary's) children in Milton's lifetime, and cheated them at his death.

In 1661, Milton published a school book "Accidence commenced Grammar" to make grammar easy to children. About this time Elwood, the Quaker was recommended to him as a reader, and he attended the poet every afternoon except on Sundays. Milton, who hated to hear Latin read with the English accent taught him to pronounce it in Italian, and his ear was so quick that if the young Quaker did not understand a passage (Elwood relates this fact) Milton would find it out by the want of expression or emphasis and would make him pause, that he might explain it to him.

Milton now removed to a house in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields and set seriously to work at the "Paradise Lost" the subject of which he says he had been "long choosing and begun late.

But though Milton had passed out of the field of politics and Statecraft his genius still brought him visitors of distinction, both from the Continent and of his own countrymen.

Richardson describes him as sitting before his door in warm sultry weather, to enjoy the fresh air, dressed in a grey coat of

coarse cloth, and there, as well as in his own rooms, he received his guests. It is supposed that "Samson Agonistes" was written about this time.

In 1665 the Plague broke out in London, and Flwood, who was living in the family of an opulent Quaker at Chalfont, in Bucks, advised his friend to quit the city. Milton desired him to find his family a refuge in his neighbourhood, and it was at the temporary home thus selected that he finished the "Paradise Lost." He gave the manuscript to Flwood to read. The young Quaker appreciated it but added pleasantly, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' This hint, Milton afterwards told his friend, gave birth to the idea of "Paradise Regained."

On his return to London, Milton sold the copyright of his great poem to a bookseller called Samuel Simmons, for £5 in hand, £5 more when 1300 copies were sold, and the same sum on the publication of the second and third editions. The number of each edition was limited to 1500 copies. Of this agreement Milton lived to receive £15, his widow sold her claims for future editions for £8.

But though Milton gained but little pecuniary benefit from his masterpiece, it won him 'golden opinions' from the best writers of the age,—Dryden, Murel, and Denham. Yet the poem was never thoroughly brought before the public till after the Revolution, when Addison by his elegant criticism in the *Spectator*, discovered to the nation the treasure so long hidden from them, which they were then far better able to value than in the troubled days when it first issued from the press.

In 1671, Milton published "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Regained." He preferred the latter poem to the "Paradise Lost," it is said.

We have a record of how the blind poet spent his day. He rose at four in summer and five in winter, and began each day by hearing a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, the man who read, then left him to meditation, and returning at seven, read or wrote for him till twelve. He then allowed himself an hour for exercise, generally walking, but sometimes he had recourse to a swing. After his early and temperate dinner, he was wont to play for a time on the organ or violoncello; he had a fine voice, and sang well.

It is said that his domestic relations were not happy. Philips gives some clue to the home disturbances by his mention of the

stepmother's oppression of his two daughters, who were employed to read to him in languages they did not comprehend. When, however, the poet discovered how great this infliction was on his children, he released them from their detested task, and sent them to learn embroidery in gold and silver, so that they should be able to support themselves by a trade if required to do so. The youngest, Deborah, spoke with great affection of him after his death.

In July, 1674, he felt so ill that he sent for his brother Christopher, a Bencher of the Inner Temple, to explain his last wishes to him.

"Brother," said he, "the portion due to me from Mr. Powel, my first wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her. But I have received no part of it, and my will and meaning is that they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion, and what I have besides done for them, they having been very undutiful to me. And all the residue of my estate I leave to the disposal of Elizabeth, my loving wife." Such was the brief testament of the great poet. He sold his books before his death, and left £1,500 to his widow. The daughters received from their stepmother £100 each.

On the 15th November 1674, on Sunday night, quietly and silently John Milton passed away from earth. He was buried in the Church of St. Giles Cripplegate, attended by a numerous concourse of friends.

Of his family, Anne, the eldest daughter, who was deformed, married a master builder and died in childbirth. Mary died single. Deborah married Abraham Clark, a weaver in Spitalfields, and died in August, 1727. She had seven children, but all died childless except Caleb and Elizabeth. The latter married Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spitalfields, and had seven children, who all died. Caleb went to India and had two sons; it is said that the last descendant of Milton died a parish clerk at Calcutta, but we know of no authority for the assertion beyond an East Indian rumour. Milton's brother took the opposite side in the politics of the time, and when the Republican Party was in the ascendant, his brother's influence enabled him to live quietly. He supported himself so honourably by chamber practice that soon after the accession of James II. he was knighted and made a judge, but retired shortly

afterwards into private life on account of bad health. He was thus saved from the difficulties which beset the path of conscientious judges when Jeffreys was head of the law. Both the nephews of Milton became authors, one his biographer.

The judgment of two centuries and of all Europe has decided as to the merits of Milton. A word from us on the subject of his poems is therefore superfluous. But of his prose, few general readers know much. His controversial writings were chiefly in Latin, and of those in English many would be objectionable and tedious in the present day; nevertheless he wrote English prose with as masterly a pen as he wrote poetry, and when the subject was worthy of his genius his style was as charming as it is in the "Allegio" of *in Comus*, and as noble as in the *Paradise Lost*. We believe we shall be satisfying a want in giving our readers a specimen of it, and we select a portion of his fine pamphlet on the Liberty of the Press —

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors, for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are, nay they do preserve, as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss, and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom, and if it extended to the whole impression, a

kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life

“ Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome, and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction, but herein the difference is of bad books that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute to forewarn and to illustrate. Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world, grow up together almost inseparably and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider Vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain and yet distinguish and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true way-faring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world we bring impurity much rather, that which purifies us is trial and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers and rejects it, is but a blank virtue not a pure, her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness which was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas) describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is

in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?

"I lastly proceed from the no good it can do to the manifest hurt it causes in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities and distribute more equally church revenues that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy, nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore ye be loth to dishearten utterly and discontent not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind then know that so far to distrust the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school if we have only escaped the formula to come under the fescue of an imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporizing and extemporizing licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him, he searches, meditates is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends, after all which is done, he takes

himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that writ before him, if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unlesured licenser perhaps much his younger perhaps far his inferior in judgment perhaps one who never knew the labour of book writing and if he be not repulsed or slighted must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his tensors hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning

And how can a man teach with authority which is the life of teaching, how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be, or else had better be silent whenas all he teaches all he delivers is but under the tuition under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide bound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic license will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quots distance from him, I hate a pupil teacher I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the worship of an overseeing fist

‘ And lest some should persuade ye Lords and Commons that these arguments of learned mens discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes and not real I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes, when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought, that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought And though I knew that England then was groaning loudst under the prelatical yoke nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty Yet it was beyond my hope that those

worthies were then breathing in her air who should never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish

"Lords and Commons of England" consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors, a nation not slow and dull but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit acute to invent, subtil and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means

' Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth so Truth be in the field we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength Let her and falsehood grapple, who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us would thinke of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us there be who envy and oppose if it comes not first in at their casements What a collusion is this when as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute' When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ringed scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please only that he may try the matter by dint of argument, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambuscades, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her

victorious, those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power, give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps '.

This appeal of Milton was unsuccessful, and it was not till 1694 that England was set free from the censors of the press.

Milton received from Dryden an eulogium, so well known that we forbear to repeat it. Other poets have echoed the strain and now at the close of two hundred and sixty four years he occupies his niche of fame beside Shakespeare and the great poets of antiquity his faults, his mistakes, and his controversial writings buried in a merciful oblivion, while the good he did

Lives after him

rejoicing for all times the nation which holds as one of its titles to honour the name of JOHN MILTON

Early Poems.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,¹ DYING OF A COUGH

1625

O FAIRFEST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken pumiose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour if thou hadst out lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry,
For he being amorous on th'it lovely dye
Th'it did thy cheek envermeil thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss

II

For since grim Aquilo his chariotceer
By boisterous rape th' Athenian damsel² got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wint'ron Gods a foul reproach was held

¹ The Poet's infant niece daughter of
his sister, Mrs Phillips

² Boreas or the North Wind
³ Orithyia—OVID Met. 1. 6

III

So mounting up in icy pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
There ended was his quest there ceased his care
Down he descended from his snow soft char,

But all unware with his cold lind embrace
Urhouse'd thy virgin soul from her fun biding place

IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate,
For so Apollo, with unwetting hand,
Whilome did slay his dearly lov'd mate,
Young Hyacinth,¹ born on Eurotas strand,
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land,

But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power !

V

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed
hid from the world in a low delv'd tomb,
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly loom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality that show'd thou wast divine

VI

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plants dost hear,)
Tell me, bright Spirit where art thou hoverest,
Whether above that hush first moving sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were)

Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight

¹ A prince of Sparta said to have been
accidentally slain by Apollo. Feivads

the honours were held annually by the
Greek of Amyclæ a city of Laconia

VII

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
 Of shok'd Olympus by mischance didst fall,
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
 'Took up and in fit place did reinstall?
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
 Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some Godlike's fled
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nether head?

XIV

Or wert thou that just Maid, who once before
 Forsook the hated earth O tell me sooth
 And came to run to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?
 Or that crown'd nation sage white-robed priest?
 Or any other of that heavenly brood
 Let down in cloudy chariot to do the vernal come good?

I

Or wert thou of the golden winged host
 Who having clad thyself in human weed
 To earth from thy preferred seat didst post
 And at a short bodie thy bodie with speed,
 A fit to show what creature here on doth breed
 Thereby to set the heart of men on fire
 To earn the solid world and unto heaven aspire

But oh, why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heaven loved innocence,
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift rushing black Perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
 But thou canst but perform that office where thou art

XI

Then thou, the Mother of so sweet a Child,
 Her false imagined loss cease to lament
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild,
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render Him with patience what He lent,
 This if thou do, He will in offspring give
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live

ANNO ÆTATIS 19

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE

1627

PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH

The Latin speeches ended the English thus began —

Hail, native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And madest imperfect words with childish trips,
 Half unpronounced slide through my infant lips,
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
 Where he had mutely sat two years before
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither pack'd the worst,
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be served up last
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
 For this same small neglect that I have made
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,

Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight¹
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight,
 But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out,
 And weary of their place do only stay
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array,
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears
 Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
 Thy service in some graver subject use,
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
 Look in, and see each blissful Deity
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
 And misty regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of snow, and lofty of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune lives,
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves,
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was,
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus² once told,
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
 Are held with his melodious harmony,
 In willing chains and sweet captivity
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,

¹ Milton alludes to the affected phraseology of the period called *Euphuism* which originated in Lily's *Euphues and his England* a book intended to refine the English language Scott has given

us a lively picture of this affected jargon in his Sir Ihercie Shafton in the *Monastery* see p. 449

² A Greek bard See *Odyssey* Book VIII

Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room

¹ Then Ens¹ is represented as father of the Predicaments² his ten sons whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canon which Ens thus speaking explains —

Good luck befrend thee, Son, for at thy birth
 The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth,
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed
 Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could perceive,
 And in times long and dark prospective glass
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass,
 Your son said she (nor can you it prevent),
 Shall subject be to many an Accident³
 On all his brethren he shall reign as king,
 Yet every one shall make him underling
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungifted fully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellence he shall out go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them,
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing
 To find a foot shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap,
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar,

¹ Ens a term in metaphysics signifying entity being existence. In this mask it is personified as are also Substance Quantity Quality and Relation.

This affectation, says Warton will appear more excusable in Milton if we recollect that everything in the Masks of this age appeared in a bodily shape.

² A Predicament is a category in

logic that is a series of all the predicates or attributes contained under a genus. The logic of Aristotle comprised ten categories Substance Quantity Quality Relation Action Passion Time Place Situation and Habit. These were personified in the Mask.

³ A pun on the logical accidents — WARTON

Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity and Quality spake in prose, then Relation was called
 by his name

RIVERS, arise, whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Don,
 Or Trent, who like some earth born giant spreads
 His thirty arms¹ along the indented meads,
 Or sullen Moie that runneth underneath²
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,³
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber load that keeps the Scythian's name,⁴
 Or Medway smooth, or royal tower'd Thame

The rest was prose

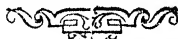
¹ It is said that there were thirty
 sorts of fish in this river and thirty
 religious houses on its banks

² At Mickleham near Dorking the
 River Moie in hot summers sinks
 through its sands and finds a subterra

nean channel In winter and when
 heavy rains fall it keeps its usual bed

³ Sabrina See *to me* verse 827

⁴ Humber was a Scythian king said
 to have been drowned in this river by
 Iocene three hundred years before the
 Romans landed in Britain



Odes.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

1629

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal king,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages¹ once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace

II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at heaven's high council table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity
He laid aside, and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay

III

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no pint of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star led wisards¹ haste with odours sweet
O run prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet,
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel quire,
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire

THE HYMN

I

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies,
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour

II

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities

¹ The Magi. The word wisard in Sir John Cheke's translation of St
meant simply wise men, and is used Matthews Gospel

III

But He her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,
 She, crown'd with olives green came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,
 She strikes a universal peace through sea and land

IV

Not war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstain'd with hostile blood
 The trumpet spake not to the rumoured throng
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by

V

But peaceful was the night,
 When the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began
 The winds with wonder whist¹
 Smoothly the waters list,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

VI

The stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence,
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go

¹ Silent, or hushed

VII

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new enlighten'd world no more should need,
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear

VIII

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,

Sit simply chatting in a rustic row,
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan¹

Was kindly come to live with them below,
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy lee,

IX

When such music sweet
Then hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took
The air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close

X

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling,
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union

¹ God of shepherds

XI

At last surrounds then sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new born Heir

XII

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so,
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony

XIV

For if such holy song
Inwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

XV

Yea Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orb'd in a rainbow, and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tassued clouds down steering
 And heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall

XVI

But wisest Fate says No,
 This must not yet be so,
 The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss,
 So both Himself and us to glorify,
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
 The wakeful tramp of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire, and smouldering clouds out brake
 The aged earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins, for from this happy day
 The old Dragon under ground
 In stricter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
 And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail

XIX

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine,
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell
 Inspires the pale eyed priest from the prophetic cell

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping¹ heard and loud lament,
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent,
 With flower-mwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

XXI

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lurs,² and Lemures³ moan with midnight plaint,
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint,
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat

XXII

Peor and Baahm
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice batter'd God of Palestine,⁴

¹ Alluding to the voice said to have been heard by mariners at sea crying
 The great Ian is dead The story is
 told by Plutarch

² Household gods

³ Ghosts

⁴ Dagon.

And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,¹

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine,
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz² mourn

XXIII

And sullen Moloch fled,³
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue,
In vain with cymbals ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anub's haste

XXIV

Nor is Osiris⁴ seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud,
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark

XXV

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye,
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew

¹ She was called Regina cœli and Mater Deum —NEWTON
² Adonis He was killed by a wild boar on Mount Lebanon and was wor

shipped once a year by the Syrian women

³ The god of the Ammonites

⁴ The Egyptian ox god

XXVI

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow skirted Fays
 Fly after the night steeds, leaving their moon loved maze

XXVII

But see the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest,
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending,
 Heaven's youngest teemed star
 Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending,
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow
 He who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease,
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love, or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till He that dwelt above
 High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied His glory, ev'n to nakedness,
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
 'Tis day, but O ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart



THE PASSION

1629

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
 My Muse with Angels did divide to sing,
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
 In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out living night

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo
 Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III

He Sov' reign Priest stooping his regal head,
 That dropp'd with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,
 His starry front low roof'd beneath the skies
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!
 Yet more, the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meckly down fast by his brethren's side

IV

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound,
 His god like acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other where are found,
 Loud o'er the rest Ciemona's trump¹ doth sound,
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things

V

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heaven and Earth are colour'd with my woe,
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white

VI

See, see the chariot and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,²
 My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
 To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood
 Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood
 These doth my soul in holy vision sit
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit

¹ Hieronymus Vida's *Christiad* is fine
 Latin poem Vida dwelt at Cremona.

² Ezek 1 15

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
 That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,
 And here though grief my feeble hands up lock
 Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
 My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd characters

VIII

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
 Had hit a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it,
 and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished

ON TIME¹

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden stopping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace,
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross,
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain
 For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss,

¹ In Milton's MS written with his own hand,—"On Time. To be set on
 a clock case — WARTON

EARLY POEMS

And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When everything that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of Him, to whose happy making sight alone
 When once our heav'nly guided soul shall climb,
 Then all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
 O Time

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLFST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
 Sphere born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high raised phantasy present
 That undisturb'd song of pure concent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire colour'd throne
 To Him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise,
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood

In first obedience, and their state of good
 O may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire,
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF
 WINCHESTER¹

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,
 A Viscount's daughter an Earl's son,
 Besides what her virtues fair

¹ This lady was the wife of John Marquis of Winchester one of the noblest and most devoted of the adherents of Charles I. His house at Basing in Hants stood a two years' siege by the rebels and was finally levelled to the ground by them. Lord Winchester

died in 1674. On his monument is an epitaph by Dryden. It is remarkable says Warton that both husband and wife should have severally received the honour of an epitaph from two such poets as Milton and Dryden."

Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told, alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life
Her high birth, and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet,
The virgin choir for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast,
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well lighted flame,
And in his garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a cyprus bud¹
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes
And calls Lucina to her throes,
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos² for Lucina came,
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb
So have I seen some tender ship,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower,
But the fair blossom hangs the head

¹ An emblem of Death² One of the Fates

Side ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have,
After this thy travail sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name,
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story
That fair Syrian shepherdess,¹
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd Joseph bore
To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen

¹ Rachel, the wife of Jacob

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET W SHAKESPEARE¹

1630

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great hen of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
'Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live long monument
For whilst to the shame of slow endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy being forbid to go to London,
by reason of the Plague

HERE lies old Hobson,² Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down,

¹ This Epitaph was prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare 1632, but without Milton's name. It is the first of his poems which was published.

² This carrier gave rise to the old proverb of "Hobson's choice" this or

none, by always obliging the person who hired a horse of him to take the one standing next to the stable-door so that every customer should have an equal chance of being well served and every horse be used in its turn. — See *Spectator*, No 509

For he had any time this ten years full,
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd,
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin
 Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed

ANOTHER ON THE SAME

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move,
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere metal never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time
 And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath,
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term
 Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd,
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out stretch'd,
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six beareis"
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He died for heaviness, that his cart went light

L'ALLEGRO

His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
 As he were press'd to death, he cried "more weight,"
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription

L'ALLEGRO¹

Heuce, loathed Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell,
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings,
 There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert² ever dwell
 But come thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven y clep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister Graces more,
 To ivy crowned Bacchus bore,
 Or whether (as some sage sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

¹ These two Poems—*L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—are supposed to have been written in Milton's youth, but were first published in 1648

The three headed dog which kept the gate of Hell

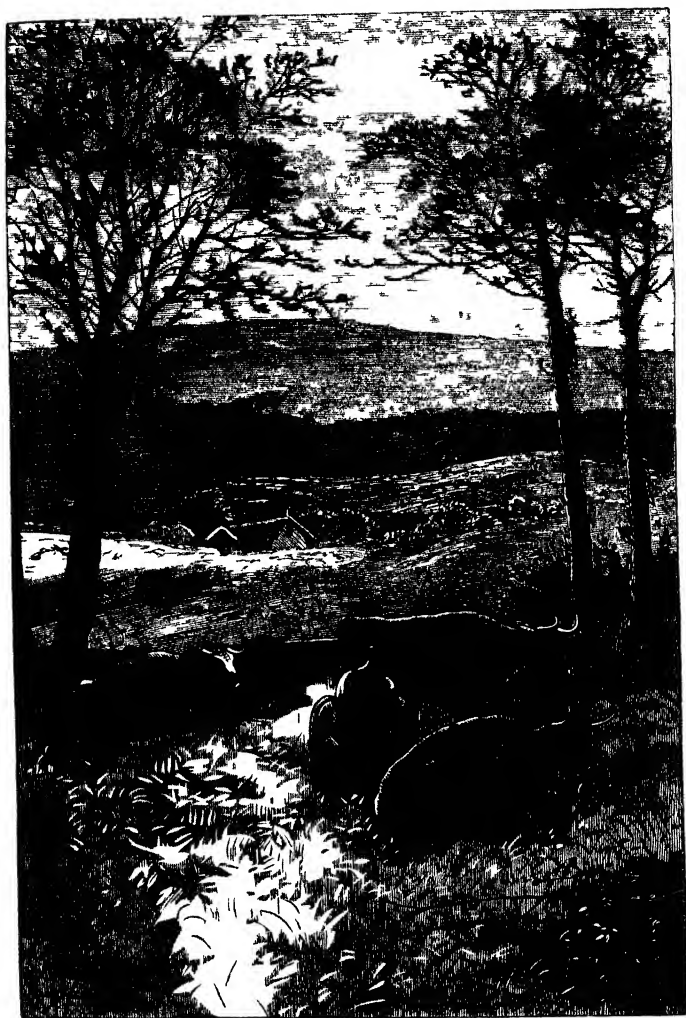
² The Cimmerians were proverbial for dwelling in dark caves

Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty,
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free,
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise,
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
 While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landscape round it measures,
 Rustic lawns, and furrows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows tum with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees
 Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
 The Cynosure¹ of neighb'ring eyes
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the next handed Phillis dresses,
 And then in haste the bower she leaves,
 With Thystylis to bind the sleeves,
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
 Sometimes with secret delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound

¹ The Pole star—alluding to its magnetic attraction. The magnetic needle always points to it. Your eyes are lodestars, is said by Shakespeare

² A rebeck was a fiddle with three strings



While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his scythe —p 28

To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade,
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the live long daylight fail,
 Then to the spicy nut brown ale¹
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lanthorn led,
 Tells how the dudding Goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpe of morn
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day lab'ers could not end,
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,²
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep
 Tower'd cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 'To win her grace, whom all commend
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eyes by haunted stream

¹ The gossip's bowl, called Lamb's wool

² Will o' the Wisp

³ Puck, the Pixie, in Devonshire--the

Kobold of Germany--supposed to do household work at night for the maids who in return left him a bowl of cream

Then to the well trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood notes wild
 And ever against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lychan airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout¹
 Of link'd sweetness long drawn out
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony,
 That Orpheus self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regun'd Eurydice
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mith, with thee I mean to live

II. PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bled,
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners² of Morpheus' train

¹ Turn

² Followers The term was used first in this sense by a band of courtiers, who

were enrolled by Queen Elizabeth under that title. They were young nobles of the highest fashion of the period

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue,
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's¹ sister might beseem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen² that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thine bright har'd Vesta,³ long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore,
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole⁴ of cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn
 Come, but keep thy wonted state
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes

¹ Memnon was King of Ethiopia an ally of the Trojans. He was slain by Achilles.

² Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus King of Ethiopia. She boasted of being more beautiful than the Nereids who in anger persuaded Neptune to send a sea monster to devour the Ethiopians. Andromeda her daughter was exposed to it but was saved by Perseus. Cassiopeia had a constellation named after her i.e. Cassiopeia's chair. "Hence, Milton says 'starr'd Ethiop queen'."

³ The goddess of fire. The meaning of Milton's allegory says Warton is that Melancholy is the daughter of Genius, which is typified by the bright haired goddess of eternal fire. Saturn the father, is the god of saturnine dispositions, of pensive and gloomy minds."

⁴ Stole a veil which covered the head and shoulders, worn by Roman matrons.

There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak,
 Sweet bud, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy '
 Thee, chauntie'st, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even song,
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heav'n's wide pathless way
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far off curfew sound,
 Over some wide water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar,
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the dooms from nightly harm
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out watch the Bear,¹
 With thrice great Hermes,² or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook
 And of those Demons³ that we found
 In fire, in flood, or under ground
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element
 Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,⁴
 Or the tale of Troy divine
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage
 But O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus⁵ from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string
 Drew non-tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek⁶
 Or call up him⁷ that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,

¹ Ursa Major This constellation never sets

² Trismegistus i.e. the thrice grand He was an Egyptian priest and astronomer who instructed his countrymen in the sciences The works translated and published as his are said to be apocryphal

³ Plato believed that the elements were peopled with spirits

⁴ The story of Thebes of Oedipus and

his sons and the horrid tradition of Pelops were the subjects of the great Greek tragedies

⁵ Musæus and Orpheus are mentioned together in *Il. i. 621* as two of the genuine Greek poets — J. WARTON

⁶ Pluto charmed by the music of Orpheus restored to him his dead wife Proserpine

⁷ Chaucer The Squire's Tale is alluded to

IL PENSEROSO

Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride
 And if aught else great bards beside¹
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil suited Morn appear,
 Not trick'd and frownc'd² as she was wont
 With the Attic boy³ to hunt,
 But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profane eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish⁴ eye,
 While the bee with homed thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy feather'd sleep,

¹ Alluding to Spenser's 'Fairie Queen'

² Frownc'd meant an excessive or affected dressing of the hair. It is from the French *froncer* to curl. —T. WARTON
³ 'Tricked' means 'dressed out'

³ Cephalus Aurora the goddess of the morning fell in love with him
 —Ovid Met VII 701

⁴ Gaudy

And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eyelids laid
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,¹
 And love the high embow'd roof,
 With antic pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced choir below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heav'n doth show,
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain
 These pleasures Melancholy give,
 And I with thee will choose to live

Watson conjectures that the right reading is *cloisters pale* & c., enclosure

ARCADES

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Hatfield
by some noble persons of her family who appeared on the scene in pastoral habit
moving toward the seat of state with this song —

SONG I

Look, nymphs, and shepherds lool,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence desery,
Too divine to be mistook
This, this is she
To whom our views and wishes bend
Here our solemn search hath end
Fame, that her high worth to ruse,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise
Less than half we find express'd,
Envy bid conceal the rest
Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads,
This, this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the centre of her light
Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the tower'd Cybele,
Mother of a hundred Gods?
Juno dues not give her odds,
Who had thought this clime had nold
A deity so unparallel'd?

As they come forward the Genius of the Wood appears and turning toward
them speaks

GIVE STRY, gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,

¹ Alice Spenser daughter of Sir John Spenser, of Althorpe, Milton lived in the neighbourhood of Hatfield which was near Uxbridge. His father lived at Horton near Colnebrook and held

his house under the Earl of Bridgewater. Lady Derby was a generous patroness of poets. Spenser was related to her family.

Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renownèd flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alphéus, who by secret sluice
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse,¹
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion meant
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity,
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold
 What shallow searching Flame has left untold
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the Power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove,
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill
 And from the bo'ghs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross due looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with crinkled venom bites
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassell'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless,
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
 Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,

¹ A river of Arcadia, which sinks into the earth, passes under the sea, without mixing its waters with the salt waves, and rises near Syracuse, in Sicily

where it joins the Arethusa, and flows conjointly with that stream to the sea. See Shelley's exquisite poem, Arethusa

COMUS, A MASK

1634

Presented at Ludlow Castle before John Iul of Bridgewater then
President of Wales

'Comus' was suggested to the Poet by the fact that the two sons and the daughter of the Iul of Bridgewater on their return from a visit to some relations in Herefordshire were benighted in Haywood Forest, and the Lady Alice was for a short time lost. The Mask was written for the Michaelmas festivities of 1634 and acted by Lord Bridgewater's children. The music composed for it was by Henry Lawes who performed in it the part of the Spirit or Thysis. He was the son of Thomas Lawes, a Vicar Choral of Salisbury Cathedral and was at first a chorister himself. He became finally one of the Court musicians to Charles I. Masks and music fled before the stern gloom of the Commonwealth and Lawes was compelled to gain his living by teaching the lute. His greatest friends during this period of difficulty and poverty were the Ladies Alice and Mary Egerton. He lived to the Restoration and composed the Coronation Anthem for Charles II. 'Comus' was first published by Iwies without Milton's name in 1637 with a dedication to Lord Brackley. Masks were the fashion of the age and Milton was probably called on by Lord Bridgewater to produce one because he had already written the 'Arcades' for Lady Bridgewater's mother, Lady Derby at Harefield in Middlesex.

THE PERSONS

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of Thysis	First Brother
Comus with his crew	Second Brother
The Lady	Sublime the Nymph

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE—

The Lord Brackley	Mr Thomas Egerton, his brother
The Lady Alice Egerton	

The First Scene discovers a Wild Wood

The attendant Spirit¹ descends or enters

BEHOLD the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth and with low thoughted care
Confined, and pester'd² in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a full and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned Gods on sunted seats

¹ The Spirit is called Demon in
the Cambridge MS.—WATSON

² Crowded, from *pesta*, a crowd

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that golden key,
 That opes the palace of eternity,
 To such my errand is, and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
 With the rank vapours of this sin worn mould.

But to my task Neptune, besides the sway
 Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
 Imperial rule of all the sea girt isles,
 That like to rich and various gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the deep,
 Which he, to grace his tributary Gods,
 By course commits to several government,
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents but this Isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue haired deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation proud in arms¹
 Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely love,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new intrusted sceptre, but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
 The nodding honours of whose shady brows
 Threats the foilow and wand'ring passenger,
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard,
 And listen why, for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bud, in hall or bowel

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misus'd wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,

¹ The Welsh

On Circe's island fell who knows not Cice,
 The daughter of the sun, whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine?
 This Nymph that gazed upon his clustering locks,
 With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus¹ named
 Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to ev'ry weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus, which as they taste,
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 The express resemblance of the Gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensuril sty
 Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do But first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,

¹ Comus was the god of good cheer
 He had appeared as a dramatic per-

sonage in one of Jonson's Masques before
 the Court in 1619

Well know, to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now

*Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand his glass in the other with him a
 rout of moths (as headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts but otherwise like men
 and women their apparel glistening they come in making a riotous and unruly
 noise with torches in their hands*

COMUS The star that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heaven doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the etherial goal
 Of his chamber in the east
 Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,
 Tipsy Dance and Jollity
 Bind your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sour Severity
 With their grave saws in slumber lie
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the stony quene,
 Who in then nightly watchful spheres
 Lead in swift round the months and years
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice¹ move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves
 Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves

¹ The morrice, or Moonish dance long
 a great favourite with our ancestors. It
 was introduced by John of Gaunt in 13

said in the reign of Edward III, on his
 return from Spain

By dimpled brook, and fountain bium,
 The wood nymphs deck'd with daisies tum,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep,
 What hath night to do with sleep?¹
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love
 Come let us our rites begin
 'Tis only day light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report
 Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark veil'd Cotytto,¹ t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns, mysterious dame
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon char,
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat and befriend
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the babbling eastern scout,
 The morn, on the Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loophole peep
 And to the tell tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round

THE MEASURE

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees,
 Our number may affright Some virgin suer
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains, I shall ere long
 Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mother Circe Thus I hui

¹ The goddess of wantonness, worshipp'd by the ancient Greeks at night

My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well placed words of glozing courtesy
 Butted with reasons not unpleasible,
 Wind me into the easy hearted man,
 And hug him into snares When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear
 But here she comes, I fully¹ step aside
 And hearken, if I may, her business here

The Lady enters

LADY This way the noise was, if mine can be true,
 My best guide now, methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance, they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the Gods amiss I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers, yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
 My Brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stopp'd, as they said, to the next thicket side
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide
 They left me then, when the gray hooded Even
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,

¹ Softly

Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me else, O thievish Night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the studs,
 That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd them lumps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows due,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience —
 O welcome pure eyed Faith, white handed Hope,
 Thou hov'ring Angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistening guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove
 I cannot halloo to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off

SONG

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus air?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of pearly, daughter of the sphere!
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies

Enter Comus

COM Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven down
 Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
 My mother Once with the Sirens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
 Who as they sung would take the poison'd soul,
 And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself,
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shine
 Dwelt'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood

LAD Nay, gentle Shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is address'd to unattending ears,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch

COM What chance, good Lady, hath beleft you this?

LAD Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth

COM Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

LAD They left me weary on a grassy turf

COM By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LAD To seek in the valley some cool friendly spring

COM And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

LAD They were but twain, and purposed quiet return

COM Perhaps forestalling night prevented them

LAD How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COM Imports then loss, beside the present need?

LAD No less than if I should my Brothers lose

COM Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LAD As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips

COM Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink'd¹ hedgehog at his supper sat,

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,

Their port was more than human, as they stood

I took it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play¹ th' plighted clouds I was awe struck,

And as I pass'd, I worshipp'd, if those you seek,

¹ Wearied with toil

It were a journey like the path to heav'n,
To help you find them

LAD Gentle Villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COM Due west it rises from this shrubby point

LAD To find that out, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star light,
Would overtask the best land pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet

COM I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walls and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray attendants be yet lodged
Or shroud within these limits I shall know
The morrow vale or the low roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet house, if otherwise
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest

LAD Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tapstry halls
And courts of princes where it first was named,
And yet is most pretended in a place
Less warranted than this or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it
Lyc me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength Shepherd, lead on

Enter the two Brothers

I BR Unmuffle, ye faint stars, and thou, fair moon,
That wou'st to love the traveller's benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades,
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists some gentle taper,
Though a rush candle, from the wicker hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levelled rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 O! Tyrian Cynosure¹

2 BR O! if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
 O! sound of pastoral reed with oaten stop,
 O! whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathered dunes,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost Sister
 Where may she wander now, whither betide her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad thought
 What, if in wild amazement, and affright,
 O!, while we speak, within the dusky grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

1 BR Perce, Brother, be not over exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils,
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 O! if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion!
 I do not think my Sister so to seek,
 O! so unprincipled in virtue's bow,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight

¹ Our Creator or Lesser Bear sent Calisto the daughter of Lycaon King of Arcady was changed into the Greater Bear called also Helice and her son Arcas into the Lesser, called also Cynosure

(see p. 28) by observing of which the Tyrians and Sidonians steered their course as the Grecian mariners did by the other — NEWTON

Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk And Wisdom's self
 Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all to ruffled, and sometimes impan'd
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid day sun,
 Himself is his own dungeon

2 BR 'Tis most true,
 That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate house,
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not,
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned Sister

1 BR I do not, Brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy,
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear

Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion
My Sister is not so defenceless left,
As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not

2 BR What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

1 BR I mean that too but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven give it, may be termed her own,
'Tis chastity, my Brother chastity
She that has this is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests and unharboured heaths,
Infamous hills and sundy perilous wilds
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer
Will dare to soil her virgin purity
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty
Be it not done in pride or in presumption
Some say no evil thing that wills by night,
In fog, or fire by lake or moonish fen,
Blue meagre hags or stubborn unland ghost,
That breaks his magic charms at our few time,
No goblin or sylvan fury of the mine
Hath nuptial power o'er true virginity
Do ye believe me yet or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the aims of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fawn silver shifted queen for ever chaste
Wherewith she tim'd the blinded hounds
And spotted mount unpraid, but set it nought
The nivulous bolt of Cupid, Gods and men
Feard her stein frown, and she was queen o' th' woods
What was that snake-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace that dush'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 So dear to heav'n is saintly chastity
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And n clear dream, and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in church vaults, and sepulchres,
 Languing and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it loved
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state

2 BR How charming is divine philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical, as is Apollo's lute
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns

1 B List, list, I hear
 Some far off halloo break the silent air

2 B Methought so too what should it be?

1 B For certain
 Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows

2 B Heav'n keep my Sister Again, again, and near,
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard

1 B I'll halloo,
 If he be friendly, he comes well, if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us

Enter the attendant Spirit habited like a shepherd

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak,
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else

SPIR What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again

2 B O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure

1 B Thyrsis? Whose rapturous strains have oft deliy'd
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal¹
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale
 How camest thou here, good swain? hith any ram
 Slipt from the fold or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
 How couldst thou find this dail sequester'd nook?

SIR O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf, not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
 To this my errand and the care it brought
 But, O my virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

1 BR To tell thee sadly² Shepherd without blame,
 O! our neglect, we lost her & we came

SPIR Aye me unhappy! then my fears are true

1 BR What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithce briefly show

SIR I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
 Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,
 What the sage poets, taught by the heav'nly Muse,
 Storied of old, in high immortal verse
 Of due chimeras, and enchanted isles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind

Within the navel of this hideous wood
 Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Babelus and of Cince born, great Comus

¹ A compliment to *Lives*

² Solemnly, seriously -- Next to

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Character'd in the face this I have learnt
 Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts
 That brow this bottom glade, whence, night by night,
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscured hunts of inmost bowers
 Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
 To inveigle and invade the unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
 Had t'een their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot grass dew bespient, and were in fold,
 I set me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honey suckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close,
 The wonted rout was up amidst the woods
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance,
 At which I ceased, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds,
 That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep,
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes
 And stol' upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displaced I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death, but O ere long

Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister
 Amazed I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor helpless nightingale thought I
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,
 Where that damn'd wizard, hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish'd prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight till I had found you here,
 But further know I not

2 BR O night and shades,
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot
 Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me Brother?

1 BR Yes, and keep it still,
 Learn on it surely not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery or that power
 Which cowering men call Chance, though I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
 Yet even that which mischief meant me to thum,
 Shall in the happy trial prove me to glory
 But evil on itself shall bick recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self fed, and self consumed if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rottenness
 And earth's base built on stubble But come, let's on
 Against the opposing will and aim of heaven

May never this just sword be lifted up,
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 And end as his life

SPIR Alas! good venturous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise,
 But here thy sword can do thee little stand,
 For other arms and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms
 He with his bare wand can unthrust thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews

I BR Why prithee Shepherd
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation?

SIR Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray
 He loved me well and oft would beg me sing
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit and hearken e'en to ecstasy,
 And in requitil ope his leathern scup,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out,
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted¹ shoon

¹ Clouts are thin and narrow plates of iron affixed with hobnails to the shoes of rustics — T. WARREN

And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave,
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sovereign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 O! ghastly funes' apparition
 I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd
 But now I find it true, for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
 Enter'd the very lime twigs of his spells
 And yet came off if you have this about you,
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall,
 Where if he be with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandish'd blade rush on him, break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground
 But seize his wand, though he and his cursed crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 O! like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink
 I BR Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us

The Scene changes to a stately palace set out with all manner of deliciousness soft music tables spread with all dainties Comus appears with his riddle and the Lady set in an enchanted chair to whom he offers his glass which she puts by and goes about to rise

COM Nay, Lady, sit, if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chun'd up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root bound, that fled Apollo

LAD Fool, do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal mind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sec's good

COM Why are you vex'd, Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies far See, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns

Brisk as the April buds in primrose season
 And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mix'd
 Not that Nepenthes,¹ which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove born Helena,
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And huskily deal, like in ill borrow'd
 With that which you received on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must submit,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted, but, fair Virgin,
 This will restore all soon

LAD 'Twill not, false traitor,
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies
 Was this the Cottage and the safe abode
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy bewitch'd enchantments, foul deceits,
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With viscid falsehood and base forgery?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With liquorish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer, none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well govern'd and wise appetite

Com O foolishness of men¹ that lend then ears
 To those budge¹ doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch then piecepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste²
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth hured silk
 To deck her sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own looms
 She hutch'd² the all worshipp'd ore, and precious gems,
 To store her children with if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but fuzze
 The All giver would be unthank'd would be ungraced,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth
 And live like Nature's bastards not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility,
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dard with plumes,
 The herds would over multitude their lords,
 The sea o'erfright would swell, and th' unsought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows
 Last Lady be not coy, and be not coy'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partial bliss,
 Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself,

¹ Budge is lamb's fur formerly an ornament of scholastic habits

² Hoarded

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's briag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship,
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence, coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool
 What need a vermeil tinctured lip for that,
 Love darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advised you are but young yet

LAD I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd um, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules print'd in reason's grub
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride
 Impostor do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance, she good caters,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and becoming share
 Of that which lowly pamper'd luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams and blasphemes his feeder Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun clad power of Chastity,

Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling force,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced,
 Yet should I try, the uncontroll'd worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt pursuits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures reared so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head

COM. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
 To some of Saturn's crew I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
 This is mere mortal babble, and dissent
 Against the canon laws of our foundation,
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste —

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn wrest his glass out of his hand and break it against the ground his rout make sign of resistance but are all driven in
 The attendant Spirit comes in

SPIR. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
 O ye mustook, ye should have snatch'd his wand,
 And bound him fast, without his rod reversed,
 And backward mutters of dissolving power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here

In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be used,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
 Whilome she was the daughter of Locine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
 That stay'd her flight with his cross flowing course
 The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pealed wrists, and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall,
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbibe
 In nectared lavers strow'd with asphodel,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropp'd in ambrosial oils till she revived,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made Goddess of the river still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the heids along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to malice,
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pansies, pinks, and grudy daffodils
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasp'd chain, and thaw the numbing spell,
 If she be right invoked in warbled song,
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard besetting need, this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse

SONG

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber dropp'ng hair,
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save
 Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' ¹ grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look
 And the Cyprian wizard's hood,
 By scaly Triton's ² winding shell,
 And old soothing Glaucus' ³ spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the straits,⁴
 By Thetis' ⁵ tinsel slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Syrens sweet
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb ⁶
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring lock
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise now, and heave thy rosy head
 From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bide in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have
 Listen and save

¹ The wife of Oceanus

² Proteus who had a cave in Calypso's an island of the Mediterranean. He was a wizard a prophet and Neptune's shepherd and therefore held a crook

³ Neptune's trumpeter

⁴ Glaucus an excellent diver was made a sea god. He was a prophet and is said to have taught Apollo to prophesy

⁵ Leucothea i.e. the white goddess

She was Ino who flying from her mad husband Athamas cast her self with her child into the sea. Neptune at the treaty of Venus changed both into sea deities and gave her the new name of Leucothea

⁶ Palaemon the infant in her arms when she sprang into the sea

⁷ A sea goddess called by Homer *seisasthede*

⁸ Parthenope and Ligea were two of the Syrens

Sabrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings
 By the rushy fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet,
 Thus I set my printless fleet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet herd,
 That bends not as I tread,
 Gentle Swain, at thy request
 I am here

Sir Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distrest,
 Through the force, and through the wild
 Of unblest enchantment vile

SATUR Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity
 Brightest Lady look on me,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of precious cure,
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold
 Now the spell hath lost his hold,
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow

Sabrina descends and the Lady rises out of her seat

SP Virgin, daughter of Locrino
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,¹

¹ Locrino was the son of Brutus the great grandson of Æneas

May thy hummed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills
 Summer drouth, or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud,
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl, and the golden ore,
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tow' and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon
 Come, Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device
 Not a waste, or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Father's residence
 Where this night we meet in state
 My friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence, and beside
 All the swains that there abide,
 With jigs, and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer,
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky

The Siren changes presenting Ludlow town and the President's castle then come
 in country dancers after them the attendant Spirit with the two Brothers and
 the Lady

SONG

SP. Back, Shepherds back, enough you play,
 Till next sunshine holiday,

Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise,
 With the mincing Dryades,
 On the lawns, and on the leas

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight,
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Thrice fair branches of your own,
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
 Then faith, their patience and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance

The daughters ended the Symplicious

So To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky
 There I suck the liquid nectar
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree¹
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring
 The Graces, and the rosy bosomed Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedarn alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells

¹ The daughters of Hesperus the brother of Atlas had gardens or orchards which produced apples of gold

Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Than her puffed scarf can show,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen,¹
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid her famed son advanced
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
 After her wandering labours long
 Till free consent the Gods among
 Make her his eternal bride,
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born,
 Youth and Joy, so Jove hath sworn
 But now my task is smoothly done,
 I can fly, or I can run
 Quickly to the green earth's end,
 Where the bow'd walkin' slow doth bend,
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the moon
 Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love Virtue, she alone is free,
 She can teach ye how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime
 Or if Virtue feeble were,
 Heav'n itself would stoop to her

¹ Venus so called because she was worshipped by the Assyrians See OVID
Met IX 60

LYCIDAS.

1637

In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend ¹ unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas 1634, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy then in their height

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sear,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer
Who would not sing for Lycidas? ² He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear
Begin then Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string,
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud
For we were nursed upon the self same hill
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade and rill
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelid of the morn ³

¹ Edward King the friend of Milton whose early death is bewailed in this poem was the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland under Elizabeth James I. and Charles I. On his voyage to Ireland to visit his family his ship struck on a rock on the English coast and he perished in the sea. He was

distinguished for his piety and talents and was a fellow of Christ Church Cambridge

² King was at Cambridge with Milton

³ See marginal reading of Neither let it see the dawning of the day, Job iii 9

We drove a field, and both together heard
 What tune the gray fly winds her sultry horn,¹
 Butt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening bright,
 Tow'rd heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to the oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long
 And old Damoxis² loved to hear our song

But O the heavy charge, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone and never must return!
 There, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn

The willows, and the hyl'd copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Eunning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
 As lulling, as the cunio to the roe
 Or taunt worm to the wailing herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white thorn blows,
 Such Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,³
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,⁴
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream
 Ay me! I fondly dream!
 Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,⁵
 The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,

¹ The trumpet fly Its hum is loudest at noon

² Probably their tutor Dr Chappell

³ The Druids sepulchres were at Kerig y Drindon in the mountains of Denbighshire

⁴ The Isle of Anglesea

⁵ The Dec said by Spenser to be the haunt of magicians These places were all near the Irish Sea where Lycidas embarked for Ireland

⁶ Calliope was the mother of Orpheus.

When by the rout that made the hideous roar,¹
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delight and live laborious days,
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And cuts the thin spun life. But not the praise,"
Lycidas replied and touch'd my trembling ears,
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging Jove,
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth sliding Mincius,² crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea,
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That flows from off each beaked promontory
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,⁴

¹ The Bacchantes

² In Sicily

³ Near Mantua

⁴ Folus (the Last Wind) was the son
of Hippotades

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters ply'd
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 'That sunk so low that sacred head of thine

Next Camus,¹ reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with woe²
 Ah ! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake
 Two mussy keys he bore of metals twain,³
 (The golden opes the iron shuts amain)
 He shook his mitred locks and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,⁴
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
 Of other care they little reckoning make
 Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest,
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped,
 And when they list, then lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel⁵ pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
 But swoll with wind, and the rank must they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread,
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
 But that two handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more

¹ The Cam

² The Hyacinth supposed to bear the letters A I put on it by Apollo in memory of his grief for Hyacinthus
 See note at p 2

³ The pilot of the Galilean lake is St Peter

⁴ King intended to take orders in the Church of England

⁵ Thin lean, meagre —T WARTON

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams, return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks
 Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
 That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk rose, and the well attuned woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strow the laureate horse where Lycid lies
 For so to interpose a little ease
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise
 Ay me! Whilst thine the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world,
 Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,¹
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount²
 Looks toward Namuncos³ and Bayona's hold
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,

Bellerus a Cornish giant from Belle
 rum

² Mount St Michael near the Lands
 End Cornwall

³ In an Atlas of 1623 and in a map of
 Galicia near Cape Finisterre is marked
 a place called Namuncos. In this map
 also is marked the Castle of Bayona

Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor,
 So sinks the day star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams and with new spangled o'er
 Flumes in the forehead of the morning sky,
 So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high,
 Thio the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
 There entertain him all the suns above,
 In solemn troops and sweet societies,
 That sing and singing in their glory move
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eye
 Now Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompence and hilt beared
 To all that wander in that perilous flood

Thus sang the unconth swain to the oaks and hills,
 While the still morn went out with sundry gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropp'd into the western bay,
 At last he rose and twitch'd his mantle blue
 To morrow to fresh woods, and pasture new

Paradise Lost.

THE VERS OF PARADISE LOST

The measure is English Heroic Verse without Rhime, as that of Homer in Croick and of Virgil in Latin. Rhime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poesie or good Verse in longer Works especially but the Invention of a barbarous Age to stuff wretched matter and lame Meters with and since by the use of some famous modern Poets carried away by custom far more than to their own vexation hindrance and contentment to express many things otherwise and for the most part worse then else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rhime both in longer and shorter Works as I have done. It is since our best English Poets as a thing of itself to all judicious ears trivial and of no true musical delight which consists only in apt Number fit quantity of Syllables and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another not in the jingling sound of hollow endings a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Latin and all good Poetry. This neglect then of Rhime so little as to be taken for a defect though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers that it rather is to be esteemed an example set the first in English of ancient liberty recovered to Heroic Poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of Rhiming.

From Milton's own Edition, 1609

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book begins first in brief of the whole subject Mankind's disobedience and the loss thereof of Paradise wherein he was placed. Then touches the prime cause of his fall the serpent or rather Satan in the serpent who revolting from God and having to his side many legions of Angels was by the command of God driven out of heaven with all his crew into the great deep. Which action passed over the Ocean hastes into the midst of things presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into hell described here not in the ecstasie for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made certainly not yet accursed but in a place of utter darkness, filthiest called Chaos. Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake thunderstruck and astonished after a certain space recovers as from confusion calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions who lay till then in the same manner con-founded they rise their numbers array of battle their chief leaders named according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy and what to determine thereon he refers to a full council. What his associates there attempt Pandemonium the place of Satan, rises suddenly built out of the deep the infernal Powers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing heav'nly Muse that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That shepherd,¹ who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
 Rose out of Chaos, or if Sion hill
 Delight thee more and Silo's brook that flow'd
 Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above th' Aonian mount,² while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou know'st, thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
 Dove like sittest brooding on the vast abyss,³
 And mad'st it pregnant what in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support,
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men

Say first for heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of hell, say first, what cause
 Moved our grand Parents in that happy state,
 Favour'd of heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
 Th' infernal serpent, he it was, whose guile,
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride

¹ Moses

² A small brook that flowed near the Temple of Jerusalem

³ A mountain in Boeotia. In mythology the Muses were said to dwell on it

⁴ Gen 12

Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,¹
 If he opposed, and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Raised impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,
 With vain attempt Him the almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
 In adamantyne chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd rolling in the fiery gulf
 Confounded though immortal but his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him, round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay,
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate
 At once, as far as angels ken he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
 As one great furnace, flamed, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all, but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever burning sulphur unconsumed
 Such place eternal justice had prepared
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God and light of heav'n,

¹ Isaiah xiv 13-15

² *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'*

intrate was the inscription placed by Dante over the gates of his Inferno

As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
 Beelzebub¹ To whom th' arch enemy,
 And thence in heav'n call'd Satan² with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began

If thou beest he—But O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him who in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads though bright! If he, whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
 In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest
 From what height fall'n—so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder, and till then who knew
 The force of those divine? yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent victor in his rage
 ('in else inflict do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
 That durst dilike his reign, and, me preferring
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of heav'n,
 And shook his throne—What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost, th' unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate

¹ The god of flies worshipped by the Philistines (2 Kings 1:2). The Jews considered Beelzebub the greatest of the devils. See their accusation of our Lord St Matt. xii 24-27 where it appears that with them Beelzebub and

Satan were synonymous names. Milton makes them two different fallen angels.

² Satan is a Hebrew word, signifying enemy. The enemy both of God and man.

And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome,
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me to bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall, since by fate the strength of Gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
 Since through experience of this great event,
 In aims not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,

Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting loud but rack'd with deep despair
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer

O Prince O chief of many throned Powers,
 That led th' imbattell'd Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct and, in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endanger'd heav'n's perpetual King
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate,
 Too well I see and rue the due event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us heav'n and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallow'd up in endless misery
 But what if he our conqueror, whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours,
 Has left us this our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,

That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch fiend replied

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil,
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim
But see! the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n received us falling, and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn
Or satiate fury yield it from our foe
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend

Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
If not, what resolution from despair

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,
With head up lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size
Titanian, or Earth born, that warr'd on Jove,¹
Briareus, or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foun
The pilot of some small night-founder'd ship
Deeming some island oft, as seamen tell,
With fix'd anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.²
So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heaved his head, but that the will
And high permission of all ruling heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and eniag'd might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy shown
On man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance pour'd
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature, on each hand the flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd

¹ The Titans were monstrous giants said to have made war against the gods. Briareus had a hundred hands. Typhon was the same as Typhoeus who was

imprisoned by Jupiter in a cave near Tarsus in Cilicia.

² The whale is evidently here intended

In billows leave i' th' midst a horrid vale
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft incumbent on the dusky air,
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
 He lights if it were land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the lake with liquid, fire,
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
 Of subterrane in wind transports a hill
 Torn from Pelorus¹ or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring *Ætna* whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
 Sublimed with mineral fury, and the winds,
 And leave a sing'd bottom all involved
 With stench and smoke such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood,
 As Gods and by their own recover'd strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power
 Is this the region thus the soil, the clime,
 And then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? be it so, since he
 Who now is Sov'reign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right furthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. T'newell happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells hail honors, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest hell
 Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time
 The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least
 We shall be free, th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence

¹ Capo di Iaro, in Sicily² 'There's nothing either good or bad but
Thinking makes it so —SHAKESPEARE

Here we may reign secure and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heav'n
But wherefore let us then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heav'n or what more lost in hell?

So Satan spake and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd Leader of those armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice their highest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers heard so oft
In worst extremities and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it raged in all assaults
Their surest signal they will soon resume
New courage and revive though now they lie
Groving and prostrate on yon hill of fire,
As we awhile astonish'd and amazed
No wonder fall'n such a pernicious height!¹

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield,
Ethiopian temper massy large and round,
Behind him cast, the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist² views
At evening from the top of Fesole
Or in Valdarno to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe
His spear to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to support unsteady steps
Over the burning marl, not like the o'ersteps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime

¹ Height
² Galileo Milton became acquainted
with the great astronomer when travel

ing in Italy. Optic glass was the name
given then and some time after to the
telescope

Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
 Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
 His legions, Angel forms, who lay entranced,
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
 In Vallombrosa,¹ where th' Etrurian shades
 High overarch'd embower, or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd²
 Hath vex'd the Red sea coast, whose waves o'crthrew
 Busiris³ and his Memphian chivalry,
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses
 And broken chariot wheels so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these covering the flood,
 Under amazement of their hideous change
 He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep
 Of hell resounded Princes Potentates,
 Warriors, the flow'rs of heav'n once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishment as this can seize
 Eternal spirits, or have ye chosen this place
 After the toil of battle to repose
 Your wearied virtue, for thence you find
 To slumber here, as in the vales of heav'n?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
 With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
 His swift pursuers from heav'n gates discern
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with link'd thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n
 They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,

¹ In Tuscany

² Orion is the constellation representing an armed warrior. It was supposed to be attended with stormy

weather. ASSUMENS fluctu nimiosus
 Orion VIR. ZEUS 9 - NEWTON
 The Pharaoh of Exodus xiv

Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel,
 Yet to then General's voice they soon obey'd,
 Innumerable As when the potent rod
 Of Amram's Son, in Ægypt's evil day,
 Waved round the coast up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of locusts, waiving on the eastern wind,
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile.¹
 So numberless were those bad angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
 "Twixt upper, nether, and sun-burning fires,
 Till, as a signal given, th' uplifted spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even balance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain
 A multitude like which the populous north
 Pou'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
 Rhene or the Danaw² when her barbarous sons⁴
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands
 Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band
 The heads and leaders thither haste, where stood
 Their great Commander, God-like shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,

¹ Exodus x 15

² The populous north is the northern parts of the world as observed to be more fruitful of people than the hotter countries. Sir William Temple calls it the northern hive. I should never have used a word to express the inundations of these northern nations. From her frozen loins it is the Scripture expression of children and descendants coming out of the loins as Gen xxxv 11. Kings shall come out of thy loins, and these are called *frozen loins* only on account of the coldness of the climate.—NEWTON

³ To pass Rhene or the Danaw. He might have said consistently with his verse the Rhine or Danube but he chose the more uncommon names Rhene, of the Latin, and Danaw, of the

German both which words are used too in Spenser.—NEWTON

⁴ When her barbarous sons &c. They were truly barbarous for besides exercising several cruelties they destroyed all the monuments of learning and politeness wherever they came. Came like a deluge. Spenser describing the same people has the same simile. Imeric Queen's B II cant 1st 15—And overflowed all countries far away. Like Noye's great flood with their importunate sway.

They were the Goths and Huns and Vandals who overrun all the southern provinces of Europe and crossing the Mediterranean beneath Gibraltar landed in Africa and spread themselves as far as Libya. Beneath Gibraltar means more southward.—NEWTON

And powers, th'it erst in heaven sat on thrones,
 Though of their names in heavenly records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rized
 By their rebellion from the books of life;¹
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
 Got them new names, till wandering o'er the earth,
 'Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
 By falsities and lies the greatest part
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him that made them to transform
 Oft to the image of a brute adorned
 With gayer religion full of pomp and gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities.
 'Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idol through the heathen world
 Say, Muses, their names then known who first, who last,
 Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch
 At their great Emp'or call'd as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the burning sand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet in doubt.²
 'The chief were those who from the pit of hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth descended
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,
 Then altars by his altar, Gods adored
 Among the nations round, and dust abide
 Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, throned
 Between the Cherubim, yea often placed
 Within his sanctuary itself then shines,
 Abominations,³ and with cur'd things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
 And with their durlin durst affront his light
 First Moloch, horrid King 'beaten'd with blood
 Of human sacrifice and parents' tears,
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud

¹ Psalm ix 5 6 Rev iii 1² Levit xvi 7 Psalm cvi 37³ Ezek viii 15, 16

⁴ The word *Moloch* in King II
 is styled *idol* on account of the awful
 human sacrifices offered to him

Then children's cries unheard, that past through fire¹
 To his gum idol Him the Ammonite
 Worshipp'd in Rabba and her wat'ry plun,
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon Not content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood the wisest heart
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His temple right against the temple of God
 On that opprobrious hill,² and made his grove
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom Tophet thence
 And black Gehem call'd, the type of hell³
 Next Cherros⁴ th' obscene dieud of Moab's son,
 From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmost Abanum in Hebron
 And Hieronaim, Scion's realm beyond
 The flow'ry dale of Sibmah clad with vines
 And Fleile to the Asphaltic pool
 Poor his other name when he enticed
 Israel in Sittim, on then much from Nil
 To do him wanton rites which cost them voice
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
 Far to that hill of scandal, by the grove
 Of Moloch homicide last hind by hate,
 Till good Josiah⁵ drove them thence to hell
 With these came they who from the bounding flood
 Of old Enphites to the brook that puts
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
 Of Bialm and Ashtaroth⁷ those male
 These feminine for spirits when they please
 Can either sex assume or both, so soft
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb
 Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,

¹ Moloch was represented by an idol of brass sitting on a throne crowned. Before him was a furnace. His extended arms sloped down to it. Infants placed in his arms fell into the furnace and were consumed.

² 1 Kings xi 7

³ It was called *Tophet* from *toph* a drum, the noise of drums being em-

ployed to drown the cries of the poor babies offered to the idol.

⁴ So used by our Lord

⁵ 1 Kings xi 7

⁶ 2 Kings xxiii

⁷ Frequently named together in Scripture. They were the sun Bael the moon Ashtaroth and the stars *im* being the plural termination of the name Bael.

Like cumbious flesh, but in what shape they choose,
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy purposes,
 And works of love or enmity fulfil
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial gods, for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in battle sunk before the spear
 Of despicable foes With these in troop
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns,
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
 In Sion also not unsung where stood
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built
 By that uxorious king,¹ whose heart though large,
 Beguiled by fair idolitresses, fell
 To idols foul Thammuz² came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded the love tile
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
 Ezekiel saw,³ when by the vision led
 His eyes survey'd the dark idolitries
 Of alienated Judah Next came one

¹ Solomon who built a temple to Astoreth the moon on the Mount of Olives

² Adonis See Maundrell's Travels p. 34 We had the fortune to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river (the Adonis called by the Turks Ibrahim Bassa) viz that this stream at certain seasons of the year especially about the feast of Adonis is of a bloody colour which the Heathens looked upon as proceeding

from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis Something like this we saw actually came to pass for the water was stained to a surprising redness and as we observed in travelling had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue occasioned doubtless by a sort of mimum or red earth washed into the river by the violence of the rain and not by any stain from Adonis blood

³ Ezek viii 12

Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
 Mourn'd his brute image, head and hands lapt off
 In his own temple, on the grunsel¹ edge,
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers
 Dagon his name, sea monster, upward man
 And downward fish yet had his temple high
 Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
 Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
 And Accaion, and Gaza's frontier bounds
 Him follow'd Rimmon,² whose delightful seat
 Was fan Damascus, on the fertile bank
 Of Abbana and Phuphai, lucid streams
 He also against the house of God was bold
 A leper once he lost³ and gain'd a king,
 Ahar his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
 God's altar to dispurge,⁴ and displace
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods
 Whom he had vniuish'd After these appear'd
 A crew, who under names of old renown,
 Osiris, Isis, Orus⁵ and then tiun,
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
 Fanatic Ægypt and her priests to seek
 Their wand'ring Gods disguised in brutish forms⁶
 Rather than human Nor did Israel 'scape
 Th infection, when their borrow'd gold composed
 The calf in Oreb,⁷ and the rebel king
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the graz'd ox,⁸
 Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
 From Ægypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating gods
 Belial⁹ came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
 Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for itself to him no temple stood

¹ Threshold groundsel

² 1 Sam v 4

³ A Syrian god

⁴ Naaman See 2 Kings v 17

⁵ 2 Kings xvi 10 2 Chron xlviii 23

⁶ Orus was the son of Osiris (the sun)
and Isis (the moon)

⁷ The sacred calf the ram &c

⁸ Exod xxxii

⁹ 1 Kings xii 28

¹⁰ The god of lewdness and luxury

With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fix'd thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil, and now
 Advanced in view they stand a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose he through the arm'd files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, then order due,
 Their visages and stature as of Gods,
 Then number'd list he sums And now his heart
 Distends with pride and hardning in his strength
 Glories, for never since created man,
 Met such embodied force as nimb'd with these
 Could meet more than that small infantry¹
 Would on by crines, though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegia² with the heroic race were join'd
 That fought at Thebes³ and Ilium⁴ on each side
 Mix'd with unkill'd Gods, and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,⁵
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
 And all who since, baptized or infidel
 Fought in Asprimont or Montalban⁶
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabie Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd

¹ The Pigmies See Bishides Atho-
 nam IX 43

² Phlegia a city of Macedonia where
 the Titans or giants dwelt who made
 war against the gods

³ Thebes a city of Boeotia famous for
 the war between the sons of Oedipus
 Pteocles and Polyneices The subject of
 Statius's Thebaid

⁴ Troy the scene of which is the
 subject of Homer's Iliad The gods
 took different sides in this war

⁵ Arthur Armoric knights were
 knights of Armorica or Brittany

⁶ Romantic names of places mentioned
 in Ariosto's poem Orlando Furioso,
 and in the old romances

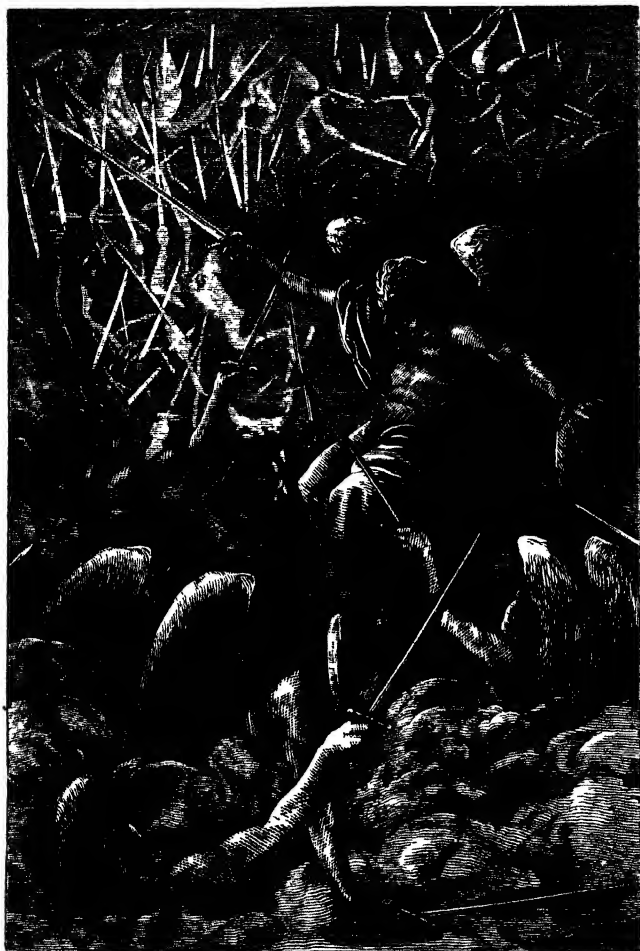
Their dread commander he, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower, his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness nor appear'd
 Less than Arch angel ruin'd and th' excess
 Of glory obscured as when the sun new risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs ¹ darkn'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th' Arch angel but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
 Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
 Of heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory wither'd as when heaven's fire
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With sing'd top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath He now prepar'd
 To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing and half inclose him round
 With all his peers attention held them mute
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way
 O myriads of immortal spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and th' strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,

¹ Alluding to the superstition that an eclipse or comet foretold the disturbance of nations

² Deprived of by forfeiture Quizzes Divine poem p 18

See

As this place testifies, and this dire change
 hateful to utter but what power of mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied heav'n,¹ shall fail to ascend
 Self raised, and repossess their native seat?
 For me, be witness all the host of heav'n,
 If counsels different or dangers shunn'd
 By me have lost our hopes but he who reigns
 Monarch in heav'n, till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne upheld by old repute,
 Consent, or custom, and his regal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 So is not either to provoke or dread
 New war, provoked, our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not, that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe
 Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
 There went a fume in heav'n, that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of heaven
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption thither or elsewhere,
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' Abyss
 Long under darkness cover But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature peace is despair'd,
 For who can think submission? war then, war
 Open or understood, must be resolved



He spake and to confirm his words outflew
Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell —p 95

He spake and to confirm his words outflaw
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim, the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell highly they raged
Against the highest, and fierce with grasped aims
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of heav'n

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke, the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur Thither, wing'd with speed,
A numerous brigade hasten'd, as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe arm'd,
Fortify the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart Mamon¹ led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific By him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hull a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold Let none admire
That riches grow in hell, that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wonder tell
Of Babel and the works of Memphian king,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame
And strength and art are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform

¹ The word Mammon is Syriac for riches (Matt vi 24), personified also by Spenser

Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wond'rous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross
 A third as soon had formed within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook
 As in an organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose, like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave, nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze with bossy sculptures graven,
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo¹ such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories to inhume
 Belus or Serapis their Gods or seat
 Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately height, and straight the doors
 Op'ning then brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement from the arched roof,
 Pendant by subtle magic many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise,
 And some the architect his hand was known
 In heav'n by many a towered structure high,
 Where sceptred angels held their residence
 And sat as princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,

¹ Cairo in Egypt

Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright
Nor was his name unheard or unadorned
In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber,¹ and how he fell
From heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements, from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos th' Ægean isle, thus they relate,
Erring for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before, nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in heav'n high towers, nor did he 'scape
By all his engines but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell

Meanwhile the winged heralds by command
Of sov'reign power with awful ceremony
And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers their summons call'd
From every band and squar'd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest, they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended all access was throng'd the gates
And porches wide but chief the spacious hall,
Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat or career with lance,
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings As bees
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters, they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw built citadel,

¹ Vulcan See Homer, "Iliad" 1-590

New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
Their state affairs So thick the aery crowd
Swam'd and were straiten'd, till, the signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder ! they, but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygme in race
Beyond the Indian mount, or Fairy Flies,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent with jocund music charm his ear,
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the hall
Of that infernal court But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphic lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand Demi gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven some advise it others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred mentioned before by Satan to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves about this time to be created then doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search. Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended the rest betake them several ways and to several employments as their inclinations lead them to entertain the time till Satan return. He perceives on his journey to hell gates finds them shut and who sat there to guard them by whom at length they are opened and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven with what difficulty he passes through directed by Chaos the Power of that place to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Oimur¹ and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
 Shows on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,²
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence, and, from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with heaven, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus display'd
 Powers and Dominions, Deities of heav'n,³
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigor though oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not heav'n for lost from this descent
 Celestial virtues rising will appear
 More glorious and more dread, than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate
 Me though just right and the fix'd laws of heav'n
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achieved of merit, yet this loss,

¹ In the Persian Gulf

² It was the Eastern custom for the princes of the blood royal and the emirs to sprinkle gold dust and seed pearl on

the head of the monarch at his coronation. See *Vie de Tamerlane* (translated by M. Petit de la Croix), B II c 1

³ Colos 1 16

Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent The happier state
 In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior, but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunder's arm
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no goal
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From faction, for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity

Could have assured us, and by what best way,
 Whether of open war or covert guile,
 We now debate, who can advise, may speak

He ceased, and next him Moloch, scepter'd king
 Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by despair
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Cared not to be at all, with that care lost
 Went all his fear of God, or hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake

My sentence is for open war of wiles
 More unexpert, I boast not them let thee
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms and longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay? no, let us rather choose,
 Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once

O'er heav'n's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer, when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels, and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartar in sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? the ascent is easy then
The event is fear'd, should we again provoke
Our stronger some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction: if there be in hell
Fen to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inevitably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? more destroy'd than thus
We should be quite abolish'd and expire
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing, and by proof we feel

Our power sufficient to disturb his heav'n,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ¹
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
 Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
 To less than Gods On th' other side up to e
 Behal, in act more graceful and humane,
 A fairer person lost not heav'n, he seem'd
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit
 But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
 Dropp'd Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels, for his thoughts were low,
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful yet he pleas'd the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began

I should be much for open war O Peers,
 As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd,
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success,
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms
 In what he counsels and in what excels
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some due revenge
 First, what revenge? the towers of heav'n are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable, oft on the bordering deep
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprise Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise,
 With blackest insurrection to confound
 Heav'n's purest light, yet our great enemy
 All incorruptible would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould

¹ Upheld by fate —NEWTON

Incapable of stain would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious Thus repulsed, our final hope
 Is flat despair we must exasperate
 Th' almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,
 To be no more sad cure, for who would lose,
 Though full of pain this intellectual being
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,
 Let this be good whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
 Is doubtful, that he never will is sure
 Will he so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence or unaware,
 To give his enemies then wish and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel war,—We are decreed
 Reserved and destined to eternal woe,
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse?—Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What, when we fled again, pursued and struck
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay
 Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires¹
 Awaked should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance aim again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall

¹ Isaiah xlix 33

One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
 Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades, for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind whose eye
 Views all things at one view? He from heav'n's highth
 All these our motions vain sees and derides,
 Not more almighty to resist our might,
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles
 Shall we then live thus vile, th' race of heav'n,
 Thus trampled thus expell'd, to suffer here
 Chains and these torments? better these than worse
 By my advice, since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decrees,
 The victor's will To suffer, as to do,
 Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
 That so ordains this war at first resolved,
 If we were wise against so great a foe
 Contending and so doubtful what might fall
 I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror this is now
 Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our supreme foe in time may much remit
 His anger, and perhaps thus far removed
 Not mind us not offending satisfied
 With what is punish'd whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Then noxious vapour, or enured not feel,
 Or changed at length, and to the place conform'd

In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain,
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light
 Besides what hope the never ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe

Thus Belial with words cloth'd in reason's garb
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not perceiving and after him thus Mammon spake

EITHER to disenthronè the King of heav'n
 We war, if war be best or to regain
 Our own right lost Him to unthronè we then
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter for what place can be for us
 Within heav'n's bound, unless heav'n's Lord supreme
 We overpower? suppose He should relent
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection, with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forced hallelujahs, while he lordly sits
 Our envied Sov'reign, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task
 In heav'n, this our delight, how wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
 Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our state
 Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp Our greatness will appear

Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
 We can create, and in what place so e'er
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and endurance This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne,¹ from whence deep thunders roar
 Must ring their rage and heav'n resembles hell?
 As He our darkness, cannot we His light
 Imitate when we please? this desert soil
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold,
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence, and what can heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements, these piercing fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed
 Into their temper, which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain All things invite
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war Ye have what I advise
 He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'er watch'd whose bark by chance
 Or pinnacle anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace for such another field
 They dreaded worse than hell so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael

¹ Psalm cxviii 11-13, xcvi 2

Wrought still within them, and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,
 By policy and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to heav'n
 Which when Beelzebub perceived, than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public care,
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin sage he stood,
 With Atlantean¹ shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies, his look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noon tide in while thus he spake
 Thrones and imperial Powers, offspring of heav'n,
 Ethereal Virtues, or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing style be call'd
 Princes of hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, here to continue and build up here
 A growing empire Doubtless, while we dream,
 And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm to live exempt
 From heav'n's high jurisdiction in new league
 Banded against his throne, but to remain
 In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
 Under the inevitable curb reserv'd
 His captive multitude for he, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will reign
 Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt, but over hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule,
 Us here, & with his golden those in heav'n
 What sit we then projecting peace and war?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
 Irreparable, terms of peace yet none

¹ Atlas was fabled to have held the heavens on his shoulders

² Psalm ii 9

Vouchsafed or sought, for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslaved, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel?
 Nor will occasion want nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault, or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place,
 (If ancient and prophetic fime in heav'n
 Err not,) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race call'd Man about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of Him who rules above, so was His will
 Pronounced among the Gods and by an oath
 That shook heav'n's whole circumference confirm'd
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
 Or substance how endued, and what then power,
 And where then weakness how attempted best,
 By force or subtilty. Though heav'n be shut,
 And heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may he expos'd,
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achieved
 By sudden onset, either with hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven
 The puny habitants or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party that then God
 May prove their foe and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own world. This would surpass
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy

In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance, when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires — Thus Beelzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
 By Satan, and in part proposed, for whence,
 Put from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? but their spite still saves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes, with full assent
 They vote. whercat his speech he thus renews

Will have ye judged, well ended long debate,
 Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat, perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring flames
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re-enter heav'n or else in some mild zone
 Dwell, not unvisited of heav'n's fair light
 Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
 Purge off this gloom, the soft delicious air
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world? whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wand'ring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight,
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive¹

¹ An old English idiom — See Shakespeare's *Henry VI* Part iii. Act v

The happy isle?¹ what strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round? here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage, for on whom we send
 The weight of all, and our last hope, relies

This said, he sat, and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt but all sat mute,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts, and each
 In others countenance read his own dismay
 Astonish'd, none among the choice and prime
 Of those heav'n warring champions could be found
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept
 Along the dreadful voyage, till at last
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with monarchical pride,
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake

O Progeny of heav'n, empyrical Thrones,
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seized us though undismay'd long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light,
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning adamant
 Bar'd over us prohibit all egress
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers and as hard escape?
 But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
 And this imperial sov'reignty, adorn'd
 With splendour, arm'd with power, if aught proposed

¹ The earth surrounded by air

² Void of being

And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terror of heav'n though fall'n ' intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable, if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion Intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all this enterprize
None shall putake with me Thus saying rose
The monarch and prevented all reply,
Prudent, lest from his resolution raised
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they fear'd,
And so refused might in opinion stand
His rivals winning cheap the high reputé,
Which he through hazard huge must earn But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding, and at once with him they rose
Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone, and as a God
Extol him equal to the highest in heav'n
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety he despised
His own, for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue, lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief

As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heav'n's cheeful face, the low'ring element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower,
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings
 O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
 Full concord holds men only disagree
 Of creatures rational though under hope
 Of heav'nly grace, and God proclaiming peace,
 Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy¹
 As if, which might induce us to accord,
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That day and night for his destruction wait

The Stygian council thus dissolved, and forth
 In order came the grand infernal peers,
 Midst came then mighty priamont, and seem'd
 Alone the antagonist of heav'n, nor less
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme
 And God like imitated state him round
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
 With bright emblazonry and horient² arms
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets regal sound the great result
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,³
 By heralds' voice explain'd the hollow abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
 With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim

Thence more at ease then minds, and somewhat lull'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the rang'd Powers
 Disband, and wand'ring each his several way

¹ An allusion to the age of civil strife
 and controversies in which Milton's lot
 was cast

² Bristling
³ Gold or silver trumpets Herald's
 alchymy would be 'or and argent

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return
 Part, on the plain or in the air sublime,
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
 As at the Olympian games, or Pythian fields
 Part curl their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form
 As when to warn proud cities war appears
 Waged in the troubled sky,¹ and armies rush
 To battle in the clouds, before each van
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
 Till thickest legions close, with feats of arms
 From either end of heav'n the welkin burns
 Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
 In whirlwind 'till hell scarce holds the wild uproar
 As when Alcides² from Cæchæa crown'd
 With conquest felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
 Thro' gh pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
 And Lichas from the top of Ceta threw
 Into the Eubœic sea Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes angelical to many a harp
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of battle, and complain that fate
 Free virtue should enthral to force or chance
 Then song was partial, but the harmony,
 What could it less when spirits immortal sing?
 Suspended hark, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience In discourse more sweet,
 For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,

¹ These appearances in the clouds have been frequently recorded. On the Mount of Or the night before the battle in which Philip von Artvelde was killed an armed host was seen con- tending in the sky

² Alluding to the war of the Titans

³ Hercules, named Alcides after his grandfather, Alceus. On his return

from the conquest of Cæchæa a city of Bœotia he received from his wife the envenomed robe of the Centaur. It clung to him and could only be removed with the flesh. In his agony the demi- god tore up pines by the roots and threw Lichas the messenger who had brought him the robe from the top of Mount Ceta into the Eubœan Sea

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and wrath, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy
 Yet with pleasing sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish and excite
 Fallacious hope, or aim th' obdured breast
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel
 Another part in squadrons and gross bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps,
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways then flying much along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams,
 Abhorred Styx,¹ the flood of deadly hate
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream, fierce Phlegethon,
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure, and pain
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent
 Lies, dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of whirlwind and due hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile, all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog

¹ The names and qualities of these rivers are all taken from the Greek mythology

² Serbonis was a huge bog in Egypt sometimes so covered with sand as to

be indistinguishable from the land. It was 200 furlongs long and 1000 round. Damietta was a city on one of the eastern mouths of the Nile

Betwixt Damiaata and mount Casius old,
 Where armies whole have sunk the parching air
 Burns froze,¹ and cold perform' th' effect of fire,
 Thither by harpy footed Furies haled
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
 Then soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire
 They ferry o'er this Lethean sound
 Both to and fro their sorrow to augment
 And wish and struggle, as they pass to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe
 All in one moment, and so near the brink
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The fild, and of itself the water flies
 All tame of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus Thus roving on
 In confused march forloin th' adventurous bands,
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 View'd first their lamentable lot and found
 No rest through many a dark and dreary vale
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
 A universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives and nature breeds,
 Perverse all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, unutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feign'd or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras³ dire

¹ Frostily See Ecclesiastes xlii 20 21

² Medusa was a Gorgon of horrid beauty who had the power of turning those who gazed on her into stone

Forgetfulness could never be permitted to the lost spirits

³ Monsters of the heathen mythology

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight, sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala on the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore,¹ whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs they on the trading flood
 Through the wide Æthiopian to the Cape
 Ply, stemming nightly toward the pole so seem'd
 Far off the flying fiend At last appear
 Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice threelfold the gates, three folds were brass,
 Three non, three of adamantine rock,
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire
 Yet unconsumed Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape,²
 The one seem'd woman to the waist and fur,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
 Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting about her middle round
 A cry of hell hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide Cerberean³ mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peel yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
 Within unseen Far less abhorr'd than these
 Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore⁴
 Nor uglier follow the Night hag, when call'd

¹ Two of the Molucca islands

² Here begins the famous allegory of Milton which is a sort of paraphrase of St James i 15 Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death

³ Like those of Cerberus the dog with three heads supposed to keep the gate of hell

⁴ Trinacria was the ancient name for Sicily Scylla and Charybdis were the whirlpools between it and Italy

In secret riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
On substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either, black it stood as night,
Fierce a ten furies terrible as hell
And shod a dreadful dart, what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides: hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admird,
Admired not found God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he nor shunn'd
And with disdainful look thus first began

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape
That dar'st though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assured without leave ask'd of thee
Retire, or taste thy folly and learn by proof
Hell born not to contend with spirits of heav'n

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied
Art thou that traitor angel art thou he
Who first broke peace in heav'n and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons
Conjur'd¹ against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heav'n,
Hell doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,

¹ Conspired

False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee and pangs unfelt before

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threat'ning grew tenfold
 More dreadful and deform on the other side
 Incensed with indignation Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd
 That fires the length of Ophiucus¹ huge
 In the Arctic sky and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Levell'd his deadly aim: their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend, and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
 With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian,² then stand front to front
 Howling a space till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air
 So frown'd the mighty combatants that hell
 Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood,
 For never but once in me³ was either like
 To meet so great a foe and now great deeds
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
 Fast by hell gate, and leapt the fatal bay
 Rais'n and with hideous outcry rush'd between
 O father, what intends thy hand, she cried,
 Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
 For Him who sits above, and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd His dudge to execute
 Whate'er His wrath, which He calls justice bids,
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both

¹ Serpentarius a northern constellation. Its length would be about forty degrees. Comets were supposed to threaten pestilence and war.

The Caspian is a remarkably tempestuous sea.

³ Jesus Christ is here intimated who was to destroy death and him that has the power of death (Heb. ii. 14).

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
 Forbores, then these to her Satan return'd
 So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends, till first I know of thee,
 What thing thou art, thus double form'd and why,
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
 Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee
 To whom thus the portress of hell gate replied

Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 New in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
 In heav'n? when at th' assembly and in sight
 Of all the seraphim with thee combined
 In bold conspiracy against heav'n's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surprized thee dim thine eyes and dizzy swum
 In dunness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,
 Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fur, a Goddess um'd,
 Out of thy head I sprung¹ amazement seiz'd
 All the host of heav'n, back they recoil'd afraid
 At first and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
 Portentous held me but familiar grown,
 I pleased, and with attractive graces won
 The most averse, thee chiefly who full oft
 Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam'st enamour'd and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceived
 A growing burthen. Meanwhile war arose,
 And fields were fought in heaven, wherein remain'd,
 (For what could else?) to our almighty foe
 Clean victory, to our part loss and rout

¹ The allegory here follows the Greek fable of the birth of Minerva—Wisdom—said to have sprung from the head of

Jupiter as Sin is here figur'd to have sprung from the head of Satan

Through all the empyrean down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
Into this deep and in the general fall
I also, at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op'ning Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails that with fear and pain
Distorted all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy ¹ I fled, and cried out Death,
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death
I fled, but he pursued, though more, it seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage, and swifter far
Me overtook his mother ill dismay'd,
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Ingering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me, for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, then repast, then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round
That rest or intermission none I find
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved, and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,

¹ St James i 15

Whenever that shall be, so Fate pronounced
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow, neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth
Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire
And my fun son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet now sad to mention through due change
Befall'n us, unforeseen unthought of, know
I conno enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
Of spirits that, in our just pretences aim'd,
Fell with us from on high from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose with lonely steps to tread
Th unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wandering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieu of heaven, and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,
Lest heav'n surcharged with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste
To know, and, this once known, shall soon return
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours, there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey

He ceased, for both seem'd highly pleased, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
Destined to that good hour no less rejoiced

His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire
 'The key of this infernal pit by due,
 And by command of heav'n s all powerful King,
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantyne gates, against all force
 Death ready st inds to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might
 But what owe I to his commands above,
 Who hates me, and hath hithert thrust me down
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office, here confined,
 Inhabitant of heav'n and heav'nly born,
 Here in perpetual agony and pain
 With terrois and with clamours compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my father, thou my author thou
 My being gav'st me, whom should I obey
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To thit new world of light and bliss among
 The Gods who live it else, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as becoms
 Thy daughter and thy darling without end
 Thus saying from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe she took,
 And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
 Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
 Could once have moved, then in the keyhole turns
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfastens on a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and juring sound
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her power, the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host
 Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array,
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension where length, breadth, and height,
 And time and place are lost, where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature¹ hold
 Eternal anarchy amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand
 For hot cold moist, and dry, four champions fierce,
 Strive here for mastery and to battle bring
 Their union atoms, they around the flig
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light and or heavy, sharp smooth, swift, or slow,
 Swarm populous unnumber'd as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's² torrid soil
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
 Their lighter wings To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment, Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more imbroils the fray
 By which he reigns next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all Into this wild abyss,
 The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire
 But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds,
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
 Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
 Pondering his voyage, for no narrow frith
 He had to cross Nor was his ear less peal'd
 With noises loud and ruinous, to compare
 Great things with small, than when Bellona stoims,
 With Æ her battering engines bent to rase
 Some capital city, or less than if this frame

¹ All the ancients believed that Night
 (or darkness) existed from the begin

ning and that Chaos (or confusion) was
 the origin of all things

² A city and province of Libya

Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The stedfast earth At last his sail broad vans
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a league
 As in a clouded chair ascending rides
 Audacious, but, that seat soon failing meets
 A vast vacuity all unwaies
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with fire and nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft that fury stay'd,
 Quenched in a boggy Syrtis neither sea,
 Nor good dry land nigh foundered on his fues,
 Treading the crude consistence half on foot,
 Half flying, behoves him now both on and sul
 As when a gryphon¹ through the wilderness
 With wing'd course o'er hill or moory dale
 Pursues the Arimaspians,² who by stealth
 Had from his watchful custody purloin'd
 The guarded gold so eagerly the fiend
 O'er bog or steep through steepest rough, dense, or rude,
 With head, hands wings or feet pursues his way
 And swims, or snails or wades, or creeps or flies
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,
 Booms through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power
 Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
 Might in that noise reside of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies,
 Bordering on light, when straight behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread

¹ Gryphon a fabulous creature a lion with an eagle's head, said to guard gold mines

² The Arimaspians were a one-eyed

people of Scythia who took gold when they could get it from the gryphons who guarded it See Pliny's Natural History lib vii c 2

Wide on the wasteful Deep with him enthroned
 Sat sable vested Night, eldest of things
 The consort of his reign, and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades,¹ and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon,² Rumor next, and Chance,
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroil'd,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths
 To whom Satan turning boldly, thus — Ye Powers,
 And Spirits of this nethermost abyss,
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint,
 Wandring this dull some desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, halt lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with heav'n, or if some other place,
 From your dominion won the ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course,
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway,
 Which is my present journey, and once more
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night,
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge
 Thus Satan, and him thus the Anarch old,
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
 Answer'd I know thee, stranger who thou art,
 That mighty leading angel, who of late
 Made head against heav'n's King though overthrow
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous host
 Flew not in silence through the frighted deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded, and heav'n gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands

¹ Orcus Pluto Ades a personification,
 any dark place — RICHARDSON

² A fiend whose very name the heathen
 feared to pronounce

Pursuing I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence, if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine boils
 Weak'ning the sceptre of old Night first hell
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath,
 Now lately heaven and earth another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
 To that side heav'n from whence your legions fell
 If that way be your walk, you have not far,
 So much the nearer danger go and speed,
 Plavock, and spoil, and ruin are my gain

He ceased, and Satan stay'd not to reply,
 But glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd, wins his way, harder beset
 And more endanger'd, than when Argo¹ pass'd
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the jutting rocks
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
 Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steer'd,
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Moved on, with difficulty and labour he,
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way
 Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
 Timely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
 From hell continued reaching th' utmost orb
 Of this frail world, by which the spirits perverse
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace
 But now at last the sacred influence

¹ The ship in which Jason and his companions sailed to fetch the golden fleece from Colchis in the Black Sea

Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn here Nature first begins
Her furthest verge and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,
With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil and now with ease
Watts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And like a weather beaten vessel holds
Gladly the port though shrouds and tackle torn,
On in the emptier waste, resembling an,
Weighs his spread wings at leisure to behold
Far off th' empyreal heav'n, extended wide
In circuit undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat,
And fast by hanging in a golden chain
This pendant world¹ in brightness as a ball
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curs'd hour, he hies

¹ See *Measure for Measure* Act iii Sc 1

BOOK III

THE ARGUMENT

God sitting on his throne sees Satan flying towards this world then newly created shows him to the Son who sits at his right hand foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind declares his own justice and wisdom from all imputation having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter yet declares his purpose of grace towards him in regard he fell not of his own malice as did Satan but by him seduced The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man but God *Iam* declares that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must die unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence and undergo his punishment The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man the Father accepts him ordains his incarnation pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth commands all the Angels to adore him they obey and hymning to their harps in full choir celebrate the Father and the Son Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity what persons and things fly up thither thence comes to the gate of heaven described ascending by stairs and the waters above the firmament that flow about it his passage thence to the orb of the sun he finds there Uriel the regent of that orb but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation and Man whom God had placed here inquires of him the place of his habitation and is directed alights first on Mount Niphates

HAIL holy light, offspring of heav'n first born
 Or of th' Eternal co eternal beam
 May I express thee unblam'd¹ since GOD is light,¹
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell?² before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
 With other notes, than to th' Orphean lyre,³

¹ 1 St John i 5 1 Tim vi 16

² Job xxxviii 19

³ Orpheus wrote a hymn to Night

addressing her as Mother of gods and men

T^h sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'rain vital lamp, but thou
 Revisit st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn
 So thick a drop serene¹ hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring or shady grove or sunny hill
 Smit with the love of sacred song, but chief
 Thee Sion and the flowery brooks beneath
 That wash thy hallow'd feet and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit, nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equall'd with me in fate
 So were I equall'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris² and blind Meonides,³
 And Tiresias⁴ and Phineus prophets old
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
 But cloud instead, and ever during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out
 So much the rather thou celestial Light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers

¹ Milton's blindness was caused by
gutta serena.

² A Thracian who invented the Doric
measure.—NEWTON

³ Homer

⁴ A blind Theban prophet.—NEWTON

⁵ King of Arcadia.—NEWTON

Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyrean where he sits
 High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view
 About him all the sanctities of heaven
 Stood thick as stars and from his sight received
 Beatitude past utterance, on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat
 His only Son on earth He first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, univall'd love,
 In blissful solitude He then survey'd
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
 Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night
 In the dun an sublime and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
 Uncertain which in ocean or in air
 Him God beholding from His prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future He beholds,
 Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 Transports our adversary, whom no bounds
 Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there nor yet the main abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not far off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created world,
 And man there placed, with purpose to assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert, and shall pervert,

For man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience so will fall
He and his faithless progeny Whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of me
All he could have I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall
Such I created all th' ethereal Powers
And Spirits both them who stood and them who fall'd
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell
Not free what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,
Not what they would: what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice,)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had served necessity,
Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over ruled
Their will disposed by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge they themselves decreed
Their own revolt not I if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,
Both what they judge and what they choose, for so
I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
Till they enthrall themselves, I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree,
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self tempted, self depraved man falls deceived
By the other first man therefore shall find grace,
The other none in mercy and justice both,

Through heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel,
But mercy first and last shall brightest shine

Thus whue God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessèd spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused
Beyond compare the Son of GOD was seen
Most glorious, in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd,¹ and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end and without measure grace,
Which uttering thus he to his father spake

O Father gracious was that word which closed
Thy sov'reign sentence that man should find grace
For which both heav'n and earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest
For should man finally be lost should man
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphemed without defence

To whom the great Creator thus replied
O Son, in-whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,

¹ Heb 1 3—HUME.

All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsafed once more I will renew
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe,
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliverance, and to none but me
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Fleeter above the rest so is my will
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be wain'd
 Their sinful state and to appease betimes
 The incensed Deity, while offered grace
 Invites for I will clear their senses dark.
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts¹
 To pray, repent and bring obedience due
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire Conscience whom if they will hear
 Light at their light well used they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting safe arrive
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste,
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall,
 And none but such from mercy I exclude
 But yet all is not done, man disobeying
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of heav'n,
 Affecting Godhead, and so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath naught left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote

¹ Ezek xxxvi 26

He with his whole posterity must die,
 Die he or justice must, unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death
 Say, heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love?
 Which of you will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?¹
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly choir stood mute,
 And silence was in heav'n on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd
 Much lest that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd

Father thy word is pass'd man shall find grace,
 And shall grace not find means that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy wing'd messengers
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd unsought?²
 Happy for man, so coming, he her aid
 Can never seek once dead in sins and lost,
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring
 Behold me then, me for him, life for life,
 I offer, on me let thine anger fall,
 Account me man, I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die
 Well pleased, on me let Death wreak all his rage,
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish'd, thou hast given me to possess
 Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,²
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due

¹ 1 Peter iii 18² John v 1

All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell ¹
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher spoil'd of his vaunted spoil,
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead hell captive mangle hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound Thou, at the sight
 Pleased out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,
 Death last and with his carcase glut the grave ¹
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
 Shall enter heaven long absent and return
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain but peace assured
 And reconciliation wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire
 His words here ended but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
 To mortal men above which only shone
 Filial obedience as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd he attends the will
 Of his great Father Admiration seized
 All heav'n, what this might mean and whither tend
 Wond'ring, but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd
 O thou in heav'n and earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
 My sole complacence¹ well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works nor man the least,
 Though last created, that for him I spar
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem
 Their nature also to thy nature join,
 And be thyself man among men on earth,

¹ Psalm xvi 10

Psalm lxxviii 18 Col ii 15

² 1 Cor xv 26

Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth be thou in Adam's room
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son
 As in him perish all men so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restored,¹
 As many as are restored, without thee none
 His crime makes guilty all his sons, thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life So man as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man be judged and die,
 And dying rise and rising with him raise
 His brethren ransom'd with his own dear life
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Man's nature lessen or degrade thine own
 Because thou hast though throned in highest bliss
 Equal to God and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,
 Far more than great or high, because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne,
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal king, all power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits, under thee as head supreme
 Thrones, Principedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide²

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 22² Phil. ii. 10

In heav'n, or earth or under earth in hell;
 When thou attended gloriously from heav'n
 Shalt in the sky appear and from thee send
 The summoning archangels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal forthwith from all winds
 The living and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages to the general doom
 Shall hasten such a peal shall rouse their sleep
 Thou, all thy saints assembled thou shalt judge
 Bid men and angels, they arrayn'd shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence, hell her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut Meanwhile
 The world shall burn and from her ashes spring
 New heav'n and earth¹ wherein the just shall dwell,
 And after all their tribulations long
 See golden days fruitful of golden deeds
 With joy and love triumphing and fair truth
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
 God shall be all in all² But all ye Gods
 Adore him who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me
 No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all
 The multitude of angels with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number sweet
 As from blest voices uttering joy heav'n rung
 With jubilee and loud hosannas fill'd
 Th' eternal regions Lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast³
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold,
 Immortal amarant,⁴ a flow'r which once
 In Paradise fast by the Tree of Life
 Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
 To heav'n removed, where first it grew, there grows,
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,

¹ 9 Peter iii 12 13

² Heb i 6

³ 1 Cor xv 24

⁴ Rev iv 10

⁵ A flower of a purple velvet colour

It was supposed not to die when gathered but recovered its lustre when sprinkled with water The name is Greek for 'unfading' — *From HUME.*

And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream,
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled
 Then crown'd again their golden harps they took
 Harps ever tuned that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song and waken raptures high,
 No voice exempt no voice but well could join
 Melodious part such concord is in heav'n
 Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable Immortal Infinite
 Eternal King Thee author of all being,
 Fountain of light, Thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where Thou sitt'st
 Throned inaccessible but when Thou shad'st
 The full blaze of Thy beams and through a cloud
 Drawn round about Thee like a radiant shrine
 Dark with excessive bright Thy skirts appear,
 Yet dazzle heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
 Made visible the Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold on Thee
 Impress'd the effulgence of His glory abides,
 Transfused on Thee his ample Spirit rests
 He heav'n of heavens and all the powers therein
 By Thee created and by Thee threw down
 Th' aspiring Dominations Thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd
 Back from pursuit Thy powers with loud acclaim

Thee only extoll'd, Son of Thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on man, him thro' their malice fall'n,
 Father of mercy and grace, Thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline
 No sooner did Thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
 He to appease Thy wrath and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice in Thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat
 Second to Thee, offer'd himself to die
 For man's offence O unexampled love,
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!¹
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of men, Thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget nor from thy Father's praise disjoin

Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent
 Mear'while upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous interior orbs inclosed
 From Chaos and th' inroad of Darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks a globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent,
 Dark waste, and wild, under the frown of night
 Starless exposed, and ever threatening storms
 Of Chaos blustering round inclement sky
 Save on that side which from the wall of heav'n
 Though distant far some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud
 Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field
 As when a vulture on Imaus¹ bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanning kids

¹ A mountain in Asia Its name signifies snowy It is the eastern boundary of Western Tartary

On hills where flocks are fed flies toward the springs
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana¹ where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light
 So on this windy sea of land the fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
 Alone, for other creature in this place²
 Living or lifeless to be found was none
 None yet but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men
 Both all things vain and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of nature's hand,
 Abortive monstrous or unkindly mix'd,
 Dissolved on earth fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution wander here,
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd,³
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind
 Hither of ill join'd sons and daughters born⁴
 First from the ancient world those giants came
 With many a vain exploit though then renown'd
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build
 Others came single, he who to be deem'd

¹ Serica lies between China on the east and Imaus on the west — *From*
NEWTON

² Limbo

³ Ariosto in the *Orlando Furioso*

⁴ The sons of God 'ill joined with the daughters of men. See Gen vi 4
 Subject of Moore's *Loves of the Angels*,
 and Byron's *Heaven and Earth*

A God leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
 Empedocles,¹ and he who to enjoy
 Plato's Elysium leap'd into the sea,
 Cleombrotus,² and many more too long,
 Embryoes and idiots, eremites and friars,
 White black, and grey³ with all their trumpery
 Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heav'n,
 And they who to be sure of paradise
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised,⁴
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd,
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
 The trrepidation talk'd,⁵ and that first moved
 And now Saint Peter at heav'n's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys and now at foot
 Of heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air then might ye see
 Cowl'd hoods and habits with their wearers tost
 And flutter'd into rags, then reliques beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds all these upwhirl'd aloft
 Fly o'er the back side of the world far off,
 Into a limbo large and broad, since call'd
 The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
 Long after now unpeopled and untrod
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
 And long he wander'd till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
 His travelled steps, far distant he descries,
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of heav'n a structure high,

¹ A Pythagorean philosopher His attempt at disappearing in an extraordinary manner from the earth was defeated by the volcano throwing back his iron pattens

² An Epirot

³ Carmelites Dominicans and Franciscans

⁴ In the dark ages a ridiculous superstition prevailed that a dying sinner who put on the habit of a religious order was sure of salvation It was frequently done

⁵ Milton speaks here according to Ptolemy's astronomy — *From* NEWTON

At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a kingly palace gate,
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Imbellish'd, thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, imitable on earth
 By model or by shading pencil drawn
 The sturs were such as whereon Jacob saw¹
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright when he from Esau fled
 To Padan Aram in the field of Luz,
 Dreaming by night under the open sky,
 And waking cried, *This is the gate of heav'n*
 Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always but drawn up to heav'n sometimes
 Viewless and underneath a bright sea flow'd
 Of jasper or of liquid pearl whereon
 Who after came from earth sailing arriv'd
 Wafted by angels or flew o'er the lake,
 Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds
 The stairs were then let down whether to dare
 The fiend by easy ascent or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss
 Direct agunst which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of paradise,
 A passage down to th earth a passage wide,
 Wider by far than that of after times
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
 Over the Promised Land to God so dear,
 By which to visit oft those happy tribes,
 On high behests his angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
 From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
 To Beersaba, where the Holy Land
 Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore
 So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave
 Satan from hence now on the lower stair,
 That scaled by steps of gold to heaven gate,

¹ Gen xxviii 12, 13

Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this world at once As when a scout
 Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
 Obtains the brow of some high climbing hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some foreign land
 First seen, or some renowned metropolis,
 With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,
 Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams
 Such wonder seized though after heaven seen,
 The spirit malign, but much more envy seized
 At sight of all this world beheld so fair
 Round he surveys and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling canopy
 Of night's extended shade from eastern point
 Of Libya to the fleecy star¹ that bears
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
 Beyond the horizon then from pole to pole
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the world's first region throws
 His flight precipitant and winds with ease
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable stars that shone
 Stars distant but nigh hand seem'd other worlds,
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
 Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
 Fortunate fields and groves and flow'ry vales,
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there
 He stay'd not to enquire above them all
 The golden sun in splendour likest heaven
 Allured his eye thither his course he bends
 Through the calm firmament, but up or down,
 By centre or eccentric hard to tell,
 Or longitude where the great luminary,
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thuck,

¹ Aries i.e., from one half of the ecliptic to the other from east to west The constellation Andromeda is immediately above or over Aries — NEWTON

² The Cape Verde Islands the 'Fortunate Islands'

That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far, they as they move
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, towards his all cheering lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep,
 So wond'rously was set his station bright
 There lands the fiend a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
 Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compared with nught on earth metal or stone,
 Not all parts like but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light as glowing iron with fire,
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear,
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
 Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
 In Aaron's breast plate¹ and a stone² besides
 Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
 That stone or like to that which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought
 In vain though by their powerful art they bind
 Volatile Hermes,³ and call up unbound
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drain'd through a limbeck to his native form
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th' arch chemic sun so far from us remote
 Produces with terrestrial humour mix'd
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?

¹ Exod xxviii 15-21

² The philosopher's stone supposed to have the power (if found) of turning the baser metals into gold

³ Quicksilver, called Hermes by the

alchemists. The names of heathen gods were applied to the materials of the alchemist's laboratory. Proteus was a sea god capable of transforming himself into various shapes

Here matter new to gaze the devil met
 Undazzled, far and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all sun shine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from th' Equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the air,
 Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
 To objects distant far wherby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun¹
 His back was turn'd but not his brightness hid,
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledg'd with wings
 Lay waving round, on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd or fix'd in cogitation deep
 Glad was the spirit impure as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
 To paradise the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end and our beginning woe
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smiled celestial and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd so well he figur'd,
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek play'd, wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand
 He drew not nigh unheard, the angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
 Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
 Th' arch angel Uriel,² one of the sev'n

¹ Rev xix 17

Uriel is derived from two Hebrew

words signifying *God is my light*
 —NEWTON See mention made of him
 in Apocrypha, 2 Esdras 4 ,

Who in God's presence nearest to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land him Satan thus accosts

Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heav'n to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend,
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain and as His eye
To visit oft this new creation round,
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd
Hath brought me from the choirs of Cherubim
Alone thus wand'ring Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat or fix'd seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell,
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
On open admiration, him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd,
That both in him and all things as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise,
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better wise are all his ways
So spake the false dissembler unperceived,
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through heav'n and earth
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill

Where no ill seems, which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heav'n
Who to the fraudulent imposter foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd

Fair angel thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report hear only in heav'n
For wonderful indeed are all His works,
Pleasant to know and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw, when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined,
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth flood air, fire,
And this ethereal quintessence of heav'n
Flew upward spumed with various forms,
That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move,
Each had his place appointed, each his course,
The rest in circuit walls this universe
Look downward on that globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected shines,
That place is earth the seat of man, that light
His day, which else as th' other hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring moon,
So call that opposite fair star, her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round

Still ending still renewing through mid heav'n,
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night
 That spot to which I point is paradise,
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bow'r
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires
 Thus said he turn'd and Satan bowing low,
 As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
 Down from the ecliptic sped with hoped success,
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates' top¹ he lights

¹ A mountain bordering on Mesopotamia near which the earthly paradise is supposed to have been placed — *Idem* *Idem*

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

Satan now in prospect of Eden and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man falls into many doubts with himself and many passions fear envy and despair but at length confirms himself in evil journeys on to pursue whose outward aspect and situation is described overleaps the bounds its in the shape of a cormorant on the Tree of life as the highest in the garden to look a out him The garden described Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve his wonder at their excellent form and happy state but with resolution to work their fall overthurs their discontent thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death and there intends to found his stratagem by seducing them to transgress then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel who had in charge the gate of paradise that some evil spirit had escap'd the deep and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a foul angel down to paradise discovered afterwards by his furious gestures in the mount Gabriel promises to find him ere morning Night coming on Adam and Eve hours of going to their rest their bowels described their evening worship Gabriel drawing forth his bands of nightwatch to walk the round of paradise appoints two strong angels to Adam's bow lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream and bring him though unwilling to Gabriel by whom question'd he scornfully answers prepares resistance but hindered by a sign from heaven flies out of paradise

O'ER that warning voice, which he,¹ who saw
 Th' Apocalypse heard cry in heaven aloud
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men
 'Woe to the inhabitants on earth!' that now,
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
 The coming of their secret foe, and scaped,
 Haply so scaped his mortal snare, for now
 Satan, now first inflamed with rage came down,
 The tempter ere th' accuser of mankind,
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first battle and his flight to hell
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast
 Begins his dire attempt which, nigh the birth
 Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,
 And like a devilish engine back recoils

¹ St John Rev xii 10 And I heard
 a loud voice saying in heaven
 and at verse 12 Woe to the inhabitants

of the earth and of the sea' for the devil
 is come down unto you
² Devil

Upon himself, horror and doubt distract
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The hell within him, for within him hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly
 By change of place now conscience wakes despair
 That slumber'd wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was what is, and what must be
 Worse, of worse deeds worse suffering must ensue
 Sometimes towards Eden which now in his view
 Lay pleasant his griev'd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes towards heav'n and the full blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r
 Then much revolving thus in sighs began

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,¹
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
 Of this new world at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd heads to thee I call
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless King
 Ah, wherefore! He deserved no such return
 From me, whom He created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with His good
 Upbraided none, nor was His service hard
 What could be less than to afford Him praise,
 The easiest recompence and pay Him thanks,
 How due! yet all His good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice, lifted up so high
 I scorn'd subjection and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome, still paying, still to owe,

¹ Milton originally designed to write a tragedy on the Fall and this grand speech was intended to begin it This

is asserted by Porson on the authority of Milton's nephew Edward Philips
² Disdamed.

Forgetful what from Him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged, what burden then ?
 O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy, no unbounded hope had rused
 Ambition ! Yet why not ? some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part, but other powers as great
 Fell not but stand unshaken from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?
 Thou hadst whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But heav'n's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then His love accursed, since love or hate,
 To me alike it deals eternal woe
 Nav cursed be thou, since against His thy will
 Chose freely what it now so ju'tly rues
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell,
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n
 O then at last relent is there no place
 Left for repentance none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission, and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent Ay me ! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell,
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery, such joy ambition finds
 But say I could repent, and could obtain

By act of grace my former state, how soon
 Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart
 This knows my Punisher, therefore as far
 From granting He, as I from begging peace
 All hope excluded thus behold in steed
 Of us out cast, exiled, his new delight
 Mankind, created and for him this world
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse all good to me is lost,
 Evil, be thou my good, by thee at least
 Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign,
 As man ere long and this new world shall know

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
 Thrice changed with pale ire envy, and despair
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfeit if any eye beheld
 For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear Whereof he soon aware
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud, and was the first
 That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
 Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge
 Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warn'd, whose eye pursued him down
 The way he went and on th' Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy soot his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,

As with a rural mound, the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied, and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung,
 Which to our general sight gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round
 And higher than that wall arching row
 Of goodliest trees laden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
 Appeared with gay enameled colours mixt
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud or humid bow
 When God hath shower'd the earth, so lovely seem'd
 That landscape and of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair now gentle gales
 Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense
 Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope and now are past
 Mozambic, off at sea north east winds blow
 Sabea odours from the spicy shore¹

¹ The perfumes from the shores of India and its islands can be perceived far out at sea when the wind blows off the land—

The spicy breezes
 Blow soft from Ceylon's isle
 says Bishop Heber in his fine Missionary Hymn and every one who has lived in the East will remember how oppressive on shore the scent-laden air heavy with perfume is How constantly it recalls to one's mind Byron's exquisite lines in the *Bride of Abydos*—

The light wings of Zephyr oppress'd
 with perfume
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom

but coming on the briny sea breezes this fragrance is delightful to the mariner It is in spring when the wind blows off the shore that the air thus becomes the harbinger of a near haven—
 Milton is said to have taken his description from *Diodorus Siculus* B III 40—
Notes on GRAY

Of Araby the blest, with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles
 So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend
 Who came their bane, though with them better pleased
 Than Asmodeus¹ with the fishy fume,
 That drove him, though enamour'd from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son and with a vengeance sent
 From Media post to Egypt there fast bound

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow,
 But further way found none so thick entwined
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of man or beast that past that way
 (One gate there only was, and that look'd east
 On th' other side which when th' arch felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
 Of hill or highest wall and sheer within
 Lights on his feet As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles
 So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold,
 So since into his church lewd hirelings clomb
 Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,
 Sat like a cormorant, yet not true life
 Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death

¹ An evil spirit who loving Sarah the daughter of Raguel would not suffer any of the young men who espoused her to live. He was exorcised by the fumes arising from the heart and liver

of a fish which Tobit by the instruction of an angel burnt on the evening of his wedding. See Apocrypha, Tobit, viii

² Gen. ii. 9

To them who lived, nor on the virtue thought
 Of that life giving plant but only used
 For prospect, what well used had been the pledge
 Of immortality So little knows
 Any, but God alone, to value right
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views
 To all delight of human sense exposed
 In narrow room nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A heav'n on earth for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was by him in the east
 Of Eden planted, Eden stretch'd her line
 From Auran¹ eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in T'elassar² In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd,
 Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell taste,
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold, and next to life
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good brought dear by knowing ill
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mould, high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden, thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams
 Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm

¹ Haran — *From* NEWTON

² Isaiah xxxvii 12 A province of the

children of Eden placed by Ptolemy in
Babylonia — *From* NEWTON

And country, whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendant shades
 Ran Nectar visiting each plant and fed
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots but nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpicced shade
 Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs Thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
 Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind
 Hung amiable Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only and of delicious taste
 Betwixt them lawns or level downs and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flow'rs of all huc and without thorn the rose
 Another side, umbrageous grotts and caves
 Of cool recess o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape and gently creeps
 Luxuriant meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams
 The birds their choir apply, airs, vernal airs
 Breathing the smell of field and grove attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on th' eternal spring Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flow'rs,
 Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis

¹ Pan was a symbol of Nature. The Graces symbolized Spring Summer and Autumn. The Hours the time requisite for the production and perfection of things.—RICHARDSON

² Pluto. All the loveliest dreams of mythology and the places remarkable for natural beauty—the Plains of Enna in Sicily the laurel grove of Daphne by the River Orontes the Castalian Spring

Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world, nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes and the inspired
 Castalian spring might with this paradise
 Of Eden strive nor that Nyseian isle
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthæa and her florid son
 Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea's eye,
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
 Mount Amara¹ though this by some supposed
 True paradise under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden where the herd
 Saw undelighted, all delight all kind
 Of living creatures new to sight and strange
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall
 Godlike erect with native honour clad
 In native majesty, seem'd lords of all,
 And worthy seem'd for in their lool's divine
 The image of their glorious Maker shone,
 Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
 Severe but in true filial freedom placed,
 Whence true authority in men though both
 Not equal as their sex not equal, seem'd,
 For contemplation he and valour form'd,
 For softness she and sweet attractive grace,
 He for God only she for God in him
 His fair large front and eye sublime declared
 Absolute rule, and hyacinthine locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad
 She as a veil down to the slender waist

haunted by the Muses the Greek Isle
 where Bacchus was nursed the Happy
 Valley where the Princes of Abyssinia
 were nursed—are here named to exalt
 the wondrous beauty of the earthly
 Paradise by comparison

¹ High hills in Ethiopia under the
 equator within their circuit lay the
 guarded valley where the royal children
 of Abyssinia dwelt—MASSEY Our
 readers will be reminded of *Rasselas*

² 1 Cor xi 7-9

Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dishevell'd but in wanton ringlets waved
 As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
 Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
 And by her yielded, by him best received,
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
 Of nature's works honour dishonourable
 Sin bred how have ye troubled all mankind
 With shows instead, more shows of seeming pure,
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
 Simplicity and spotless innocence!
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
 Of God or Angel for they thought no ill
 So hand in hand they pass'd the loveliest pan
 That ever since in love's embraces met,
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve
 Under a tuft of shade that on a green
 Stood whispering soft by a fresh fountain side
 They sat them down and after no more toil
 Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
 More easy wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful to their supper fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them side long as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damask'd with flow'rs
 The savoury pulp they chew and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream,
 Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befits
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league
 Alone as they About them frisking play'd
 All beasts of th' earth since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den,
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid, bears, tigers, ounces, pards,

Gamboll'd before them, th' unyielding elephant
 To make them mirth used all his might, and wreath'd
 His lithe proboscis, close the serpent sly
 Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded others on the grass
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating for the sun
 Declined was hasting now with prone career
 To th' ocean isles, and in th' ascending scale
 Of heav'n the stars that usher evening rose
 When Satan still in gaze as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad
 O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold,
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mould earth born perhaps,
 Not spirits yet to heavenly spirits bright
 Little inferior, whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd!
 Ah gentle pair ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
 More woe the more your taste is now of joy
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heav'n
 Ill fenced for heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd yet no purposed foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied League with you I seek,
 And mutual amity so straight, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me
 Henceforth my dwelling haply may not please,
 Like this fair paradise, your sense, yet such
 Accept, your Maker's work, He gave it me
 Which I as freely give hell shall unfold¹

¹ Isaiah xiv 9.

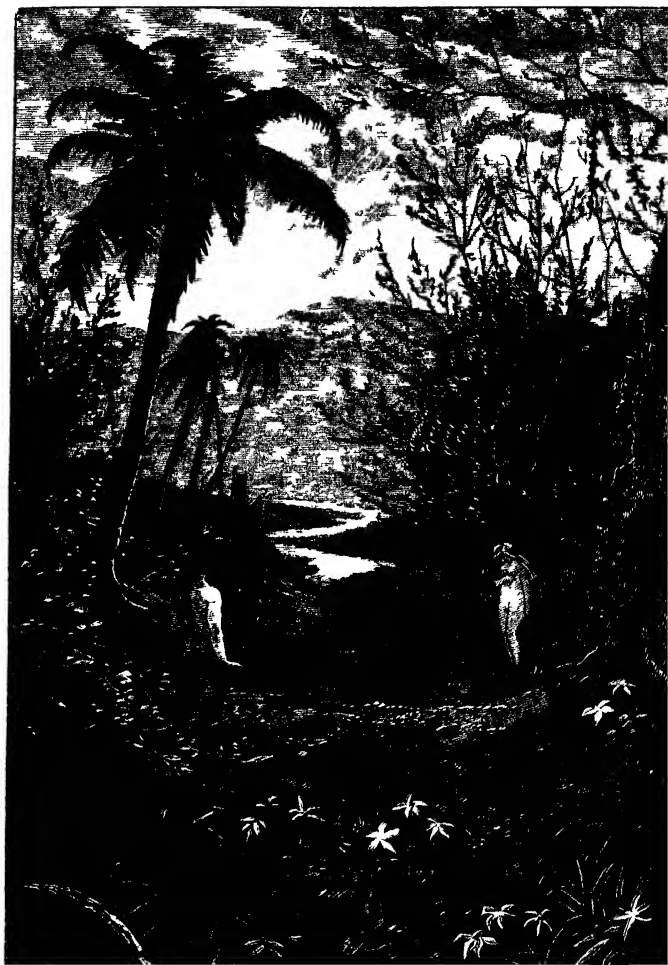
To entertain you two, her widest gates
 And send forth all her kings there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits to receive
 Your numerous offspring, if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
 On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt, as I do yet public reason just,
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
 By conquering this new world, compels me now
 To do what else though damn'd I should abhor

So spake the fiend, and with necessity
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those fourfooted kinds himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape served best his end
 Nearer to view his prey and unespied
 To mark what of their state he more might learn
 By word or action mark'd about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare
 Then as a tiger, who by chance had spied
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Griped in each paw when Adam first of men,
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
 Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow

Sole partner and sole part of all those joys,
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of His good
 As liberal and free as infinite,
 That raised us from the dust and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at His hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof He hath need, He who requires
 From us no other service than to keep
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees

In paradise that bear delicious fruit
 So various, not to taste that only Tree
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is
 Some dreadful thing no doubt, for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounced it death to taste that Tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferr'd upon us and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights,
 But let us ever praise him and extol
 His bounty following our delightful task
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
 Which were if toilsome, yet with thee were sweet
 To whom thus Eve replied: O thou, for whom
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head what thou hast said is just and right
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks, I chiefly, who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
 Pure as th' expanse of heav'n, I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd

Bending to look on me I started back,
 It started back, but pleased I soon return'd,
 Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now and pined with vain desire
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou seest,
 What there thou seest fair creature is thyself,
 With thee it came and goes but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of human race What could I do,
 But follow straight invisibly thus led?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan, yet, methought less fair,
 Less winning soft less amiably mild
 Than that smooth wat'ry image, back I turn'd,
 Thou following criest aloud, Return, fair Eve,
 Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest of him thou art,
 His flesh his bone, to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee nearest my heart,
 Substantial life to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear
 Part of my soul, I seek thee and thee claim,
 My other half With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine, I yielded and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair
 So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unproved
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
 On our first father half her swelling breast
 Naked met his under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid he, in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds
 That shed May flowers, and press'd her matron lip



Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair
Less winning soft less amiably mild
Thou hast me made more than a king

With kisses pure aside the devil turn'd
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
 Eyed them askance and to himself thus plain'd
 Sight hateful sight tormenting! thus these two
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy then fill
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least,
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From their own mouths all is not thus it seems,
 One fatal tree there stands of Knowledge call'd
 Forbidden them to taste knowledge forbidden?
 Suspicious reasonless Why should then Lord
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?
 Can it be death? and do they only stand
 By ignorance? is that then happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
 Equal with Gods, aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die what liker can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden and no corner leave unspied,
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wand'ring spirit of heav'n by fountain side,
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
 What further would be learn'd Live while ye may,
 Yet happy pair, enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
 But with sly circumspection, and began
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam
 Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heav'n
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect

Against the eastern gate of paradise
 Levell'd his ev'ning rays it was a rock
 Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high,
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel¹ sat,
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night,
 About him exercised heroic games
 Th' unarmed youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand
 Celestial armoury shields helms and spears,
 Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold
 Thither came Uriel, ghiding through the even
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
 Impress the air, and show the mariner
 From what point of his compass to beware
 Impetuous winds he thus began in haste
 Gabriel to thee thy course by lot hath given
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
 No evil thing approach or enter in
 This day at highth of noon came to my sphere
 A spirit zealous, as he seem'd to know
 More of the Almighty's works and chiefly man
 God's latest image I descried his way
 Bent all on speed and mark'd his aery gait
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
 Alien from heav'n with passions foul obscured
 Mine eye pursued him still but under shade
 Lost sight of him, one of the banish'd crew,
 I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise
 New troubles, him thy care must be to find
 To whom the wingèd warrior thus return'd
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight
 Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,

¹ The angel sent to Daniel (Dan ix 21), and to the Virgin Mary and to Zacharias (see Luke i 19 and 26)

See far and wide in at this gate none pass
 The vigilance here placed, but such as come
 Well known from heav'n, and since meridian hour
 No creature thence If spirit of other sort,
 So minded have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds
 On purpose hard thou know'st it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar
 But if within the circuit of these walls
 In whatsoever shape he lurk of whom
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know

So promised he and Uliel to his charge
 Return'd on that bright beam whose point now rais'd
 Bore him slope downward to the sun now fall'n
 Beneath th' Azores whether the prime orb,
 Incredible how swift, had hither roll'd
 Diurnal on this less volubil earth,
 By shorter flight to th' east had left him there,
 Amaying with reflected purple and gold
 The clouds that on his western throne attend
 Now came still evening on and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad,
 Silence accompanied, for beast and bird
 They to their grassy couch these to their nests,
 Were slunk all but the wicketul nightingale
 She all night long her amorous descant sung,
 Silence was pleased now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires Hesperus that led
 The starry host rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty at length
 Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw

When Adam thus to Eve Fair consort, the hour
 Of night and all things now retired to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
 Our eyelids other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind

Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways,
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account
To morrow ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth
Those blossoms also and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease
Meanwhile as nature wills, night bids us rest
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey so God ordains,
God is thy law, thou mine, to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise
With thee conversing I forget all time
All seasons and their change, all pleasures alike
Sweet is the breath of morn her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glist'ning with dew, fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild, then silent night
With this her solemn bird and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven her starry train
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds nor rising sun
On this delightful land nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night
With this her solemn bird nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor replied
 Daughter of GOD and man, accomplish'd Eve,
 Those have their course to finish, round the earth,
 By morrow evening and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministring light prepared they set and use,
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession and extinguish life
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm
 Temper or nourish or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray
 These then though unbetheld in deep of night
 Shine not in vain, nor think though men were none
 That heav'n would want spectators God wou'd praise
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night how often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator's oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number join'd their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven
 Thus talking hand in hand along they pass'd
 On to their blissful bower it was a place
 Chosen by the sov'reign planter when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side
 Acanthus and each odorous bushy shrub
 Fenced up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin

Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic, under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broader'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem other creature here,
 Beast, bud insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of man In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequester'd though but feign'd,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
 Nor Faunus haunted Here in close recess
 With flowers garlands and sweet smelling herbs,
 Espous'd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
 And heav'nly chous the Hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
 More lovely than Pandoia¹ whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
 In sad event when to the unwise son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnared
 Mankind with her fair looks to be avenged
 On him who had stolc Jove's authentic fire

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
 Both turn'd and under open sky adored
 The God that made both sky air, earth and heav'n
 Which they beheld the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants

¹ Pandoia was a most beautiful woman on whom the gods bestow'd all their gifts Jupiter enrag'd with Prometheus the son of Japhet for having stolen fire from heaven sent Pandora with a box of supposed treasures to him to punish him but he refused to receive her Hermes (or Mercury) then led her to Prometheus unwise

brother Epimetheus who received her and was perswaded by her to open the box she brought as her dowry It contained all the ills which have since afflicted humanity but Hope remained at the bottom It is very probable that this fable originated in the true story of Eve's disobedience and her enticing Adam to share her sin

Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek as now thy gift of sleep

This said unanimous and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best into their inmost bowels
Handed they went, and eased the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear
Straight side by side were laid nor turn'd I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refused
Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure and commands to some, leaves free to all
Our Maker bids increase who bids abstain
But our destroyer foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring sole propriety
In paradise of all things common else
By thee adulterous lust was div'n from men
Among the bestial herds to range by thee
Founded in reason loyal just and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities¹
Of father son, and brother first were known
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reins here and revels, not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition, nor in court amours,

¹ Affections

Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenate which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fan, best quitted with disdain
 These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
 Shower'd roses which the morn repair'd Sleep on
 Blest pair, and O' yct hippust if ye seek
 No happier state and know to know no more

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at the accustomed hour stood arm'd
 To their night watches in warlike parade,
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake

Uzziel¹ half these draw off and coast the south
 With strictest watch, these other wheel the north,
 Our circuit meets full west As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear
 From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
 That near him stood and gave them thus in charge

Ithuriel and Zephon with wing'd speed
 Search through this garden, leave unsarch'd no nook
 But chiefly where those two fun creatures lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm
 This evening from the sun's decline arriv'd,
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
 Hitherward bent who could have thought? escaped
 The bars of hell on errand bid no doubt
 Such where ye find, seize fast and hither bring

So saying on he led his radiant files,
 Dazzling the moon, these to the bowels direct
 In search of whom they sought him there they found,
 Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve,
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams,

¹ This angel's name signifies the strength of God

² The name of Ithuriel signifies the

discovery of God of Zephon a secret or searcher of secrets — *From Hume*

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 Th' animal spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure thence raise
 At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touch'd lightly for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness up he starts
 Discover'd and surpriz'd As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
 Against a rumour'd war, the smutty grain
 With sudden blaze diffused inflames the in
 So started up in his own shape the fiend
 Back stepp'd those two fair angels half amazed
 So sudden to behold the grisly king
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear accost him soon

Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell
 Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and transformed
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said Satan fill'd with scorn,
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no more
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar,
 Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng, or if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus Zephon answering scorn with scorn
 Think not, revolted spirit thy shape the same
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known
 As when thou stood'st in heav'n upright and pure,
 That glory then when thou no more wast good,
 Departed from thee, and thou resemblest now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul
 But come, for thou, beside, shalt give account
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable, and these from harm

So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
 Invincible abash'd the devil stood,
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pined
 His loss, but chiefly to find here observed
 His lustre visibly impair'd, yet seem'd
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
 Or all at once more glory will be won,
 Or less be lost. Thy fear said Zephon bold,
 Will save us trial what the least can do
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak

The fiend replied not overcome with rage,
 But like a proud steed rem'd went haughty on,
 Champing his non curb to strive or fly
 He held it vain, awe from above had quell'd
 His heart not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half rounding guards
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
 Awaiting next command. To whom their chief
 Gabriel from the front thus call'd aloud

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hasting this way and now by glimpse discern
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
 And with them comes a third of regal port,
 But faded splendour wan, who by his gait
 And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,
 Nor likely to part hence without contest
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours

He scarce had ended when those two approach'd,
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,
 How busied in what form and posture couch'd
 To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place,
 Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those

Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow
Gabriel, thou hadst in heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee, but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt: Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
Though thith' doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let Him surer bar
His non gates, if He intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd
The rest is true, they found me where they say,
But that implies not violence or harm

Thus he in scorn: The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied
O loss of one in heav'n to judge of wise
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew
And now returns him from his prison scaped,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to scape his punishment
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying: meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provoked
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief,
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern
 Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,
 Insulting angel, well thou know'st I stood
 Thy fiercest when in battle to thy aid
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear
 But still thy words at random as before,
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves
 From hard assays and ill successes past
 A faithful leader not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untried
 I therefore I alone first undertook
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
 This new created world whereof in hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on earth or in mid air,
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions due against
 Whose easier business were to serve then Lord
 High up in heaven with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practised distances to cringe not fight
 To whom the warrior angel soon replied
 To say and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced
 Satan and couldst thou faithful add? O name
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of fiends fit body to fit head
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to th' acknowledged Power supreme?
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawn'd and cing'd and servilely adored
 Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
 But mark what I arreel thee now, Avaunt,
 Fly thither whence thou fledst if from this hour

Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd
And seal thee so,¹ as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd

So threaten'd he but Satan to no threats
Gave heed but waxing more in rage replied

Then, when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub but ere then
For heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
Ride on thy wings,² and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of heav'n star-paved

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red sharpning in mooned horns
Then phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears as thick as when a field
Of Ceres, ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind
Sways them, the careful ploughman doubting stands,
Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff On the other side Satan alarm'd,
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremoved
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed, nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield Now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
In this commotion but the stony cope
Of heav'n perhaps or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales,³ yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,

¹ Rev xx 3

² Ezek i x and xi 22

³ The constellation Libra. This image of the Deity weighing the fates of the combatants is found both in Homer
XXII Iliad —and in Virgil who re-

presents Jupiter as weighing the fates of Turnus and Aeneas — Addison
1 Homer and Virgil the combatants weighed one against another but here Satan only is weighed in one scale the consequence of his retreating in the other

Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events
 Battles and realms in these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight
 The latter quick up flew and kick'd the beam
 Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the fiend
 Satan I know thy strength and thou know'st mine
 Neither our own but given, what folly then
 To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
 Than heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
 To trample thee as mine? for proof look up,
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign
 Where thou art weigh'd¹ and shown how light, how weak,
 If thou resist The fiend look'd up and knew
 His mounted scale aloft nor more, but fled
 Murmuring and with him fled the shades of night

of his fighting. And there is this further
 improvement that is in Homer and
 Virgil the fates are weighed to satisfy
 Jupiter himself it is here done to satisfy

only the contending parties—for Satan
 to read his own destiny! —NEWTON
¹ Dan v 27

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approached Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream he tells it not yet comforts her they come forth to their daily labours their morning hymn at the door of their habitation Col to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience of his free estate of his enemy near at hand who he is and why his enemy and whatever discourse avail Adam to know Raphael comes down to justify his appearance described his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his tower he goes out to meet him brings him to his lodge entertains him with the choicest fruits of paradise got taken her by Eve their discourse at table Raphael performs his message minds Adam of his state and of his enemy relates at Adam's request who that enemy is and how he came to be beginning from his first revolt in heaven and the occasion thereof how he drew his legion after him to the parts of the north and there incited them to rebel with him yet adding all but only Abdiel a seraph who in argument dissuades and opposes him then forsakes him

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
 Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills Aurora's fan
 Lightly dispersed and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
 With tresses discomposed and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest he on his side
 Leaning half rais'd with looks of cordial love
 Hung over her enamour'd and beheld
 Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar graces then with voice
 Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus Awake,
 My rarest, my espoused, my latest found,
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,

How nature paints her colours how the bee
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet
 Such whisp'ring waked her, but with startled eye
 On Adam, whom embracing thus she spake
 O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection, glad I see
 Thy face and mien returned, for I this night,
 Such night till this I never pass'd have dream'd,
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont of thee,
 Works of day pass'd or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble which my mind
 Knew never till this unksome night methought
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
 With gentle voice I thought it thine it said
 Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool the silent eve where silence yields
 To the night warbling bird that now awake
 'Tunes sweetest his love labour'd song now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things in vain,
 If none regard heav'n wiles with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee nature's desire
 In whose sight all things joy with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not,
 To find thee I directed then my walk,
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge fair it seem'd,
 Much finer to my fancy than by day
 And as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
 One shaped and wing'd like one of those from heav'n
 By us oft seen, his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia, on that tree he also gaz'd,
 And O fair plant said he with fruit surcharged
 Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor man, is knowledge so despised?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?

Thus said, he paused not, but with vent'rous arm
 He pluck'd, he tasted, me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold
 But he thus overjoy'd O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself but much more sweet thus crop'd,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For Gods yet able to make Gods of men
 And why not Gods of men since good the more
 Communicated more abundant grows,
 The author not impair'd, but honour'd more
 Here happy creature fan angelic Eve,
 Partake thou also happy though thou art,
 Happier thou may'st be worthier canst not be
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confined
 But sometimes in the air as we sometimes
 Ascend to heav'n by merit thine and see
 What life the Gods live there and such live thou
 So saying he drew nigh and to me held,
 I ven to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluck'd, the pleasant savoury smell
 So quicken'd appetit that I methought,
 Could not but taste Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various wond'ring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought sunk down,
 And fell asleep but O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
 Related and thus Adam answer'd sad

Best image of myself and dearer half
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally, nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure But know that in the soul
 Are many lesser faculties that serve
 Reason as chief among these Fancy next
 Her office holds, of all external things,

Which the five watchful senses represent
 She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
 Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion, then retires
 Into her private cell when nature rests
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
 To imitate her, but misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late
 Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream
 But with addition strange, yet be not sad
 Evil into the mind of God or man
 May come and go so unapproved, and leave
 No spot or blame behind which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do
 Be not dishearten'd then nor cloud those looks
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world,
 And let us to our flesh employments rise
 Among the groves the fountains and the flows,
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
 Reserved from night and kept for thee in store
 So cheer'd he his fair spouse and she was cheer'd,
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye and wiped them with her hair
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice he ere they fell
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
 And pious awe that fear'd to have offended
 So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste
 But first, from under shady arborous roof
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of dayspring and the sun who scarce uprisen
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
 Their orisons each morning duly paid
 In various style, for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
 Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from their lips in prose or numerous verse,
 More tuneable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness and they thus began

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty, thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair, thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable who sittest above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine
 Speak ye who best can tell ye sons of light,
 Angels for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing, ye in heaven,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night
 If better thou belong not to the dawn
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright cuclet, praise him in thy sphere
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime
 Thou sun of this great world, both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou clim'st
 And when high noon hast gun'd, and when thou fall'st
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song,¹ resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light
 Air, and ye elements the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternions run

¹ Alluding to the Pythagorean idea of the music of the spheres

Perpetual circle multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling still advance his praise
 His praise ye winds that from four quarters blow
 Breathe soft or loud, and wave your tops, ye pines
 With every plant in sign of worship wave
 Fountains and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs warbling tune his praise
 Join voices all ye living souls, ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven give ascends,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise,
 Ye that in waters glide and ye that walk
 The earth and stately tread or lowly creep,¹
 Witness it I be silent morn or even
 To hill or valley fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise
 Hail universal Lord be bounteous still
 To give us only good and if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recovered soon and wonted calm,
 On to their morning's rural work they haste
 Among sweet dew and flowers where any row
 Of fruit trees over woody reach'd too far
 Their pamper'd² boughs and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces or they led the vine
 To wed her elm she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms and with her brings
 Her dower th' adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves Them thus employ'd beheld

¹ See Psalm cxlviii.

² Unrestrained

With pity heav'n's high King and to Him called
 Raphael, the sociable spirit that deign'd
 To travel with Tobias, and secured
 His marriage with the seventimes wedded maid

Raphael, said he thou hear'st what stir on earth
 Satan, from hell scap'd through the darksome gulf,
 Hath rais'd in paradise, and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind
 Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
 To respite his day labour with repast,
 Or with repose, and such discourse bring on,
 As may advise him of his happy state
 Happiness in his power left free to will
 Left to his own free will his will though free,
 Yet mutable whence warn him to beware
 He swerve not too secure, tell him withal
 His danger and from whom, what enemy
 Late fill'd himself from heaven, is plotting now
 The fall of others from like state of bliss,
 By violence? no for that shall be withstood,
 But by deceit and lies this let him know,
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal unadmonish'd unforewarn'd

So spake the eternal Father and fulfill'd
 All justice nor delay'd the wing'd saint
 After his charge received, but from among
 Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
 Flew through the midst of heav'n, th' angelic choirs,
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
 Through all th' empyreal road, till at the gate
 Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate itself open'd wide
 On golden hinges turning as by work
 Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd
 From hence, no cloud, or to obstruct his sight,
 Star interposed, however small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining globes,

Earth and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
 Above all hills as when by night the glass
 Of Galileo, less assured, observes
 Imagined lands and regions in the moon
 Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades¹
 Delos, or Samos, first appearing kens
 A cloudy spot Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
 Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
 Winnows the luxuriant air, till within soar
 Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
 A phoenix gazed by all as that sole bird
 When, to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
 Bright temple to Egypt in Thebes he flies²
 At once on the eastern cliff of paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns
 A seraph wing'd six wings he wore to shade
 His lineaments divine the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast
 With regal ornament the middle pair
 Girt like a starry zone his waist and round
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
 And colours dipp'd in heaven the third his feet
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mul
 Sky-tinctur'd gait Like Man's son³ he stood,
 And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide Straight knew him all the bands
 Of angels under watch and to his state,
 And to his message high in honourise
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound
 Their glittering tents he pass'd and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
 And flowing odours, cassia, nard, and balm,

¹ Islands of the Archipelago

² The phoenix was a fabled bird of which one only was said to exist at a time. It was exquisitely beautiful and lived many hundred years. At the end of its life it made a pile of aromatic woods which it kindled, and, fanning

the flames with its wings perished in the blaze. From its ashes sprang another phoenix. The phoenix made his funeral pyre in the sun's temple at Thebes.

³ The feathered Mercury — SHAKESPEARE. Mercury had wings on his feet as well as his shoulders.

A wilderness of sweets, for nature here
 Wanton d as in her prime, and play d at will
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
 Adam discern d, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bower while now the mounted sun
 Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
 Earth s inmost womb more warmth than Adam needs,
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite and not dishdash thirst
 Of nectarous draughts between from mill y stream,
 Berry, or grape to whom thus Adam call d

Haste hither Eve and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those trees what glorious ships
 Comes this way moving seems another main
 Risen on mid noon some great behest from heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
 This day to be our guest But go with speed
 And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour
 Abundance fit to honour and receive
 Our heav'nly stranger, well we may afford
 Our givers their own gifts and large bestow
 From large bestow d, where nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth and by disburd'ning grows
 More fruitful which instructs us not to spare

To whom thus Eve Adam, earth s hallow d mould,
 Of God inspired small store will serve where store
 All seasons ripe for use hangs on the stalk ,
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish and superfluous moist consumes
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
 To entertain our angel guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in heav'n
 So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,

What order, so contrived as not to mix
 Tastes, not well join'd inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever earth, all bearing mother, yields
 In India east or west, or middle shore
 In Pontus, or the Punic coast,¹ or where
 Alcinous reign'd fruit of all kinds in coat
 Rough, or smooth rind or bearded husk or shell,
 She gathers tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unspiring hand for drink the grape
 She crushes inoffensive must² and meaths⁴
 From many a berry and from sweet kernels press'd
 She tempers dulcet creams nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure then strews the ground
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfum'd
 Meantime our primitive great sire to meet
 His god-like guest waits forth without more train
 Accompanied than with his own complete
 Perfections in himself was all his state
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On princes, when their rich retinue long
 Of horses led and grooms besmear'd with gold
 Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape
 Nearer his presence Adam though not awed
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior nature bowing low
 Thus said Native of heav'n for other place
 None can than heav'n such glorious shape contain,
 Since by descending from the thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
 To want and honour these vouchsafe with us
 Two only who yet by sov'reign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline

¹ Carthage² Ithaca, an island in the Ionian Sea³ Grape juice unfermented⁴ Mead

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answer'd mild
 Adam I therefore came nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heav'n,
 To visit thee lead on then where thy bower
 O'ershades for these mid hours till evening rise,
 I have at will So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's harbour smiled
 With flow'rets deck'd and fragrant smells but Eve
 Undeck'd save with her self more lovely fair
 Than wood nymph or the fairest goddess sigh'd
 Of three that in Mount Ida niled strove,¹
 Stood to entertain her guest from heav'n no veil
 She needed virtue proof no thought infirm
 Altered her cheek On whom the angel Hail
 Bestow'd the holy salutation used
 Long after to blest Mary second Eve

Hail mother of mankind whose fruitful womb
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
 Thin with these various fruits the trees of God
 Have heap'd this table Raised of grassy turf
 Then table was and mossy seats had round,
 And on her ample square from side to side •
 All autumn piled though spring and autumn here
 Danced hand in hand A while discourse they hold,
 No fear lest dinner cool, when thus began
 Our author Heavenly stranger, please to taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom
 All perfect good unmeasured out descends,
 To us for food and for delight hath caused
 The earth to yield, unsavoury food, perhaps,
 To spiritual natures only this I know,
 That one celestial Father gives to all

To whom the angel Therefore what He gives,
 Whose praise be ever sung to man in part
 Spiritual may of purest spirits be found
 No ingrateful food and food alike those pure

¹ Alluding to the judgment of Paris
 when Juno Minerva and Venus con-

tended for the apple inscribed To the
 fairest

Intelligent substances require,
 As doth your rational, and both contain
 Within them every lower faculty
 Of sense, whereby they hear see, smell, touch, taste,
 Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn
 For know whatever was created needs
 'To be sustain'd and fed, of elements
 The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
 Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
 Ethereal and as lowest first the moon,
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist continent to higher orbs
 The sun that light imparts to all, receives
 From all his alimential recompence
 In humid exhalations and it even
 Sips with the ocean Though in heav'n the trees¹
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear and vines
 Yield nectar tho' from off the boughs each morn
 We brush mellifluous dews and find the ground
 Cover'd with peevly grain,² yet God hath here
 Vindict his bounty so with new delights
 As may compare with heaven, and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice So down they sat,
 And to their viands fell, nor seemingly
 The angel nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger and concoctive heat
 'To transubstantiate what redounds transpires
 Through spirits with ease, nor wonder, if by fire
 Of sooty coal the empyric alchymist
 Can turn or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold
 As from the mine Meanwhile at table Eve
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups

¹ Psalm lxxviii 25 cv 40

² The bread of Heaven, i.e., manna. Rev xxii. 2 Matt xxvi 29

With pleasant liquors crown'd O innocence
Deserving paradise ! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Famour'd at that sight, but in those hearts
Love unbridled reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood the injured lover's hell

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burden'd nature sudden mind arose
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world and of their being
Who dwell in heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence whose high power so far
Exceeded human, and his weak speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he fram'd

Inhabitant with God now I now I will
Thy favour in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels yet accepted so
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At heav'n's high feasts to have fed yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarchy replied
O Adam one Almighty is from whom
All things proceed and up to Him return,
If not depraved from good created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance and, in things that live of life
But more refined, more spirituous and pure
As nearer to Him plac'd, or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till, Iody up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes, flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,

To intellectual, give both life and sense,
 Fancy and understanding, whence the soul
 Reason receives and reason is her being,
 Discursive or intuitive, discourse
 Is ofttest yours the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same
 Wonder not then what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not but convert, as you,
 To proper substance time may come when men
 With angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet nor too light fare
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit
 Improved by tract of time and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal as we or may at choice
 Here or in heavenly paradises dwell,
 If ye be found obedient and retain
 Unalterably firm His love entire,
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend incapable of more

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied
 O favourable spirit propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge and the scale of nature set
 From centre to circumference, whereon
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
 Obedient? Can we want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert,
 Who form'd us from the dust and placed us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel Son of heaven and earth
 Attend that thou art happy owe to God,
 That thou continu'st such owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience, therein stand
 This was that caution given thee, be advised
 God made thee perfect, not immutable,

And good He made thee, but to persevere
 He left it in thy power, ordain'd thy will
 By nature free, not over ruled by fate
 Inextricable or strict necessity
 Our voluntary service he requires,
 Not our necessitated, such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find, for how
 Can hearts, not free be tied whether they serve
 Willing or no who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?
 Myself and all th' angelic host that stand
 In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
 Hold as you yours while our obedience holds
 On other surety none, freely we serve,
 Because we freely love as in our will
 To love or not in this we stand or fall
 And some are fallen to disobedience fallen
 And so from heaven to deepest hell O fallen
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!
 To whom our great progenitor Thy words
 Attentive and with more delighted ear
 Divine instructor I have heard, than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
 Aereal music send nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free,
 Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our Maker and obey Him whose command
 Single is yet so just my constant thoughts
 Assured me and still assure though what thou tellest
 Hath past in heaven some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear if thou consent,
 The full relation which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard
 And we have yet large day for scarce the sun
 Hath finish'd half his journey and scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of heav'n
 Thus Adam made request and Raphael,
 After short pause assenting thus began
 High matter thou enjoinst me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate

To human sense th' invisible exploits
 Of warring spirits,¹ how without remorse
 The ruin of so many, glorious once
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good,
 This is dispensed and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense I shall delineate so
 By likening spiritual to corporeal forms
 As may express them best though what if earth
 Be but the shadow of heav'n, and things therein
 Each to other like more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not and Chaos wild
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll where earth now rests
 Upon her centre poised when on a day
 For time, though in eternity applied
 To motion measures all things durable
 By present past and future, on such day
 As heav'n's great year¹ brings forth the empyreal host²
 Of angels by imperial summons call'd
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of heav'n appear'd
 Under their hierarchies in orders bright
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
 Standards and gonfions twixt van and rear
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,
 Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake
 Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light

¹ Plato's great year was probably in Milton's mind. It was a revolution of all the spheres. Everything returns

to where it set out when their motion first began.—*From* RICHARDSON
² Job i 6 Dan. vi 10

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,
 Hear my decree,¹ which unrevoked shall stand
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand, your head I him appoint,
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in heav'n, and shall confess him Lord
 Under his great vice gerent reign abide
 United, as one individual soul,
 For ever happy him who disobeys
 Me disobeys breaks union, and, that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness deep ingulf'd his place
 Ordin'd without redemption, without end

So spake th' Omnipotent and with his words
 All seemed well pleased, all seem'd but were not all
 That day as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill,
 Mystical dance which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets and of fix'd in all her wheels
 Resembles nearest mazes intricate,
 Eccentric intervolv'd, yet regular
 Then most, when most irregular they seem,
 And in their motions harmony divine
 So smooths her charming tones that God's own ear
 Listens delighted Ev'ning now approach'd,
 For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,
 We ours for change delectable not need,
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous, all in circles as they stood,
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
 With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows,
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heav'n
 On flow'rs reposed and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure

Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who shower'd
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
 Spring both the face of brightest heav'n had changed
 To grateful twilight, for night comes not there
 In darker veil, and roseate dews disposed
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,¹
 Wide over all the plain and wider far
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread,
 Such are the courts of God, th' angelic throng
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
 By living streams among the trees of life,²
 Pavilions numberless and sudden reard,
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with cool winds save those who in their course
 Melodious hymns about the sov'reign throne
 Alternate all night long But not so waked
 Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in heav'n, he of the first
 If not the first arch angel, great in power,
 In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
 With envy against the Son of God, that day
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
 Messiah King anointed, could not bear
 Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipp'd, unbey'd, the throne supreme,
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake
 Sleep'st thou, companion dear, what sleep can close
 Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree
 Of yesterday so late hath past the lips

¹ Psalm cxxi 4 ' He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep

² Rev xxii.

Of heav'n's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart
 Both waking we were one, how then can now
 Thy sleep dissent? new laws thou see'st imposed,
 New laws from Him who reigns new minds may raise
 In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
 What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
 To utter is not safe Assemble thou
 Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief
 Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws I am to haste,
 And all who under me then banners wave,
 Homeward with flying march where we possess
 The quarters of the north¹ there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King
 The great Messiah, and his new commands,
 Who speedily through all the hierarchies
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws
 So spake the false arch angel and infused
 Bal influence into th unwary breast
 Of his associate, he together calls,
 On several one by one the regent Powers,
 Under him regent tells as he was taught,
 That, the Most High commanding, now ere night,
 Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heav'n,
 The great hierarchial standard was to move,
 Tells the suggested cause and casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies to sound
 On taint integrity but all obey'd
 The wonted signal, and superior voice
 Of their great potentate, for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in heav'n,
 His countenance, as the morning star that guides
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies

¹ How art thou fallen O Lucifer
 son of the morning For thou
 hast said in thine heart I will ascend
 into heaven I will exalt my throne
 above the stars of God I will sit also
 upon the mount of the congregation:
the sides of the north—Isaiah xiv part
 of 12 and 13 vs In Shakespeare 1st Part

of Henry VI Act V Sc 3 Joan of Arc
 addressing the fiends calls them -
 substitutes

Unto the lordly monarch of the north
i.e. the devil This was probably in
 accordance with popular superstition
 which actually gave an ill name to the
 north side of even a churchyard

Drew after him the third part of heav'n's host ¹

Meanwhile th' eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth His holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps ² that burn
Nightly before Him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn ³ what multitudes
Were banded to oppose His high decree,
And smiling to His only Son thus said

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence hear of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire, such a foe
Is rising who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north,
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle what our power is or our right
Let us advise and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence, lest uninvited we lose
This our high place our sanctuary, our hill

To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear
Light'ning divine, ineffable serene,
Made answer Mighty Father, Thou Thy foes
Justly hast in derision and secure
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,⁴
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Giv'n me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels or be found the worst in heav'n

So spake the Son but Satan with his powers
Far was advanced on winged speed, an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun

¹ Rev xii 3, 4.
² Rev iv 5

³ Isaiah xiv 12.
⁴ Psalm ii 4.

Impearls on every leaf and every flower
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones
In their triple degrees, regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude, which having pass'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rused on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer, so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted which not long after he,
Afflicting all equality with God
In imitation of that mount¹ whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of heav'n
The mountain of the congregation call'd,
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears

Thrones, dominations, principedoms virtues, powers,
If these magnificent titles yet remain
Not merely titular since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd
All power, and us eclipsed under the name
Of king anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best
With what may be devised of honours new
Receive him, coming to receive from us
Knee tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one; but double how endured,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?

¹ Psalm ii. 6

But what if better counsels might erect
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
 The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
 Natives and sons of heav'n, possess before
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free, for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist
 Who can in reason then or right assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right
 His equals, if in power and splendour less,
 In freedom equal? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to th' abuse
 Of those imperial titles, which assert
 Our being ordain'd to govern not to serve?

Thus far his bold discourse without control
 Had audience, when among the seraphim
 Abdiel thine whom none with more zeal adored
 The Duty and divine commands obey'd,
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
 The current of his fury thus opposed

O argument blasphemous, false, and proud,
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heav'n
 Expected, least of all from thee ingrate,
 In place thyself so high above thy peers
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
 That to His only Son, by right endued
 With regal sceptre, every soul in heav'n
 Shall bend the knee¹ and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful king² unjust thou say'st,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign,
 One over all with unsucceeded power

¹ Philip ii 9 10 11

Shalt thou give law to God?¹ shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and form'd the pow'rs of heav'n
 Such as he pleased, and circumscrib'd their being?
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good and of our dignity
 How provident He is, how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state under one head more near
 United But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign
 Thyself though great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
 As by His word the mighty Father made
 All things ev'n thee and all the spirits of heav'n
 By him created in their bright degrees,²
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named
 Thrones dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers,
 Essential powers, nor by his reign obscured,
 But more illustrious made, since he the head
 One of our number thus reduced becomes,
 His laws our laws all honour to him done
 Returns our own Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these, but hasten to appease
 Th' incens'd Father and th' incens'd Son³
 While pardon may be found in time besought
 So spake the fervent angel, but his zeal
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd
 Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
 The Apostate, and more haughty thus replied
 That we were form'd then say'st thou? and the work
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
 From Father to his Son? strange point and new
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd who saw
 When this creation was? remember'st thou
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?

¹ Rom ix 20

² Colos i 15, 16, 17

³ Psalm ii

We know no time when we were not as now,
Know none before us, self begot, self raised
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heav'n, ethereal sons
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address and to begird th' Almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging This report,
These tidings carry to th' anointed king,
And fly ere evil intercept thy flight

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host, nor less for that
The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes thus answer'd bold

O alienate from God O spirit accurst
For sicken of all good I see thy fall
Determined and thy hapless crew involved
In this perfidious fraud contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment Henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's MESSIAH, those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsafed, other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall
That golden sceptre which thou didst reject
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted lest the wrath
Impendent raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not, for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know

So spake the seraph Abdiel faithful found,
Among the faithless faithful only he
Among innumerable false unmoved,

Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept his love, his zeal,
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described. Satan and his powers retire under night. he calls a council. invents devilish engines which in the second days fight put Michael and his angels to some disorder. but they at length pulling up mountains overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. yet the tumult not so ending God on the third day sends Messiah his Son for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He in the power of his Father coming to the place and causing all his legions to stand still on either side with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of heaven which opening they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadless angel unpursued
 Through heav'n's wide champaign held his way, till morn,
 Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round
 Lodge and dislodge by turns which makes through heav'n
 Grateful vicissitude like day and night
 Light issues forth, and at the other door
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
 To veil the heav'n though darkness there might well
 Seem twilight here, and now went forth the morn
 Such as in highest heav'n, array'd in gold
 Empyrean, from before her vanish'd night,
 Shot through with orient beams when all the plain
 Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
 Chariots and flaming arms and fiery steeds,
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view
 War he perceived, war in prospect, and found
 Already known what he for news had thought
 To have reported gladly then he mix'd
 Among those friendly powers, who him received
 With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
 That of so many myriads fall'n yet one

Return'd not lost On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme, from whence a voice
From midst a golden cloud thus mild was heard

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth in word mightier than they in arms,
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach far worse to bear
Than violence for thus was all thy care,
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
Judged thee perverse The easier conquest now
Remains thee aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah who by right of merit reigns
Go, Michael of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible, lead forth my armèd Saints
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious, them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault and to the brow of heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall

So spake the sovereign voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow
At which command the powers militant
That stood for heav'n, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound

Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
 Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,
 Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah On they move
 Indissolubly firm nor obvious hill,
 Nor strait ning vale, nor wood nor stream, divides
 Their perfect ranks, for high above the ground
 Their march was and the passive air upbore
 Their nimble tread, as when the total kind
 Of birds in orderly array on wing
 Came summon'd over Eden to receive
 Their names of thee so over many a tract
 Of heav'n they march'd and many a province wide
 Tenfold the length of this terrene At last
 Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region stretch'd
 In battalious aspect and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd and shields
 Various, with boastful argument pourtray'd,¹
 The banded powers of Satan hasting on
 With furious expedition for they ween'd
 That self same day, by fight or by surprize,
 To win the mount of God, and on his throne
 To set the envier of his state, the proud
 Aspirer, but their thoughts proved fond and vain
 In the mid way Though strange to us it seem'd
 At first, that angel should with angel war,
 And in fierce hosting² meet, who wont to meet
 So oft in festivals of joy and love
 Unanimous as sons of one great Sire,
 Hymning th eternal Father, but the shout
 Of battle now began,³ and rushing sound
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought
 High in the midst exalted as a God
 Th' apostate in his sun bright chariot sat,

¹ Here is an allusion to the designs
 and mottoes on shields

² Mustering of hosts or armies

³ There was war in heaven Michael

and his angels fought against the dragon,
 and the dragon fought and his angels
 and prevailed not &c See Rev xii.
 7, 8, 9

Idol¹ of Majesty divine, enclosed
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields
 'Then lighted from his gorgeous throne for now
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
 A dreadful interval, and front to front
 Presented stood in terrible array
 Of hideous length before the cloudy van,
 On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
 Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores

O heav'n ! that such resemblance of the Highest
 Should yet remain where faith and reality²
 Remain not, wherefore should not strength and might
 There fail where virtue fails or weakest prove
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable²
 His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
 Unsound and false, nor is it aught but just,
 That he who in debate of truth hath won
 Should win in arms in both disputes alike
 Victor though brutish that contest and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that reason overcome

So pondering and from his armed peers
 Forth stepping opposite half way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incensed and thus securely him defied

Proud art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
 The highth of thy aspiring unopposed,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue fool, not to think how vain
 Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms,
 Who out of smallest things could without end

¹ For Counterfeit—false deity

² Reality.

Have raised incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly, or, with solitary hand
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
 Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
 Thy legions under darkness but thou seest
 All are not of thy train, there be, who faith
 Prefer and pity to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Stem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all my sect thou seest, now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye iskance,
 Thus answer'd Ill for thee but in wish'd hour
 Of my revenge first sought for thou return'st
 From flight seditious angel to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provoked since first that tongue
 Inspired with contradiction durst oppose
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met
 Their duties to assert who while they feel
 Vigour divine within them can allow
 Omnipotence to none But well thou com'st
 Before thy fellows ambitious to win
 From me some plume that thy success may show
 Destruction to the rest this pause between,
 Unanswer'd lest thou boast to let thee know,
 At first I thought that liberty and heav'n
 To heav'nly souls had been all one, but now
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Minst'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song,
 Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of heav'n,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern repli'd
 Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote
 Unjustly thou depriv'st it with the name
 Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,
 Or Nature, God and Nature bid the same,
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels

Them whom he governs This is servitude,
 To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd,
 Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid
 Reign thou in hell thy kingdom let me serve
 In heav'n God ever bless'd, and His divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,
 Yet chains in hell not realms expect meanwhile
 From me return'd as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive
 So saying a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not but so swift with tempest full
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield
 Such ruin intercept ten paces huge
 He back recoil'd, the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstay'd, as if on earth
 Winds under ground or waters, forcing way
 Side long had push'd a mountain from his seat,
 Half sunk with all his pines Amazement seized
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd their mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout,
 Presage of victory and fierce desire
 Of battle whence Michael bid sound
 The arch angel trumpet, through the vast of heav'n
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
 The horrid shock Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour, such as heard in heav'n till now
 Was never, arms on armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots rag'd, dire was the noise
 Of conflict, over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire
 So under fiery cope together rush'd
 Both battles main with ruinous assault
 And nextunguishable rage, all heav'n

Resounded, and had earth been then, all earth
Had to her centre shook What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encounter'g angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat,
Had not the eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of heav'n high overruled
And limited their might, though number'd such,
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each arm'd hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when and when to close
The ridges of grim war, no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear, each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite, for wide was spread
That war and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air, all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire Long time in even scale
The battle hung, till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference At his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil

Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heav'n, th' arch foe subdued
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflamed, first thus began

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in heav'n now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
And thy adherents how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands once upright
And faithful now prov'd false! But think not here
To trouble holy rest, heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines heav'n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and war
Hence then and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring to the place of evil hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew these mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain

So spake the prince of angels, to whom thus
The adversary Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? err not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join Him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable, for who, though with the tongue

Of angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
 Human imagination to such highth
 Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles, two broad suns their shields
 Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror, from each hand with speed retired,
 Where erst was thickest fight th' angelic throng
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as, to set forth
 Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung,
 Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
 Should combat and their jarring spheres confound
 Together both, with next to Almighty arm,
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
 That might determin'd and not need repeat,
 As not of power at once, nor odds appear'd
 In might or swift prevention, but the sword
 Of Michael from the armoury of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheer, nor stay'd,
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent ring, shared
 All his right side, then Satan first knew pain,
 And with'd him to and fro convolved, so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd thro' him, but th' ethereal substance closed,
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
 Sanguin^e, such as celestial spirits may bleed,¹
 And all his armour stain'd ere while so bright

¹ Homer calls the blood of the gods
chor, and describes it as differing from

human blood as Milton does that of
 Satan the Archangel.

Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
 By angels many and strong, who interposed
 Defence, while others bore him on their shields
 Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
 From off the files of war there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite, and shame,
 To find himself not mitchless, and his pride
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power
 Yet soon he heal'd, for spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In entrails heart or head, liver or reins,
 Cannot but by annihilating die,
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
 All intellect all sense, and as they please
 They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
 Assume, as likes them best condense or rare
 Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
 And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
 Of Moloch furious king who him defied,
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous, but anon,
 Down cloven to the waist with shatter'd aims
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing On each wing
 Uriel and Raphael his vaunting foe
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
 Vanquish'd, Adrameleck¹ and Asmadai,²
 Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
 Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight
 Mangled with ghastly wounds thro' plate and mail
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
 The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
 Ariel, and Arioc, and the violence

¹ One of the idols of Sepharvaim. 2 Kings xvii. 31

² The same as Asmodeus the persecutor of Sara in Tobit

Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew
 I might relate of thousands, and their names
 Eternize here on earth but those elect
 Angels, contented with their fame in heav'n,
 Seek not the praise of men the other sort,
 In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
 Nor of renown less eager yet by doom
 Cancell'd from heav'n and sacred memory,
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell
 For strength from truth divided and from just,
 Illaudable naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominy, yet to glory aspires
 Vainglorious, and through infamy seeks fame
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerved,
 With many an inroad gored, deformed rout
 Enter'd and foul disorder all the ground
 With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd
 And fiery foaming steeds, what stood, recoil'd
 O'erwearied through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprized,
 Then first with fear surprized and sense of pain
 Fled ignominious to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain
 Far otherwise th' inviolable saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
 Invulnerable impenetrably arm'd
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,
 Not to have disobey'd, in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence moved

Now night her course began, and, over heav'n
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence on the odious din of war
 Under her cloudy covert both retired, ..
 Victor and vanquish'd On the foughten field
 Michael and his angels prevalent

Encamping placed in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires on th' other part
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
 Far in the dark dislodged, and void of rest
 His potentates to council call'd by night,
 And in the midst thus undismay'd began

O now in danger tried, now known in arms
 Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,
 Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,
 Honour, dominion glory, and renown,
 Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,
 (And if one day why not eternal days?)
 What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
 Against us from about His throne and judged
 Sufficient to subdue us to His will,
 But proves not so then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem Him though till now
 Omniscient thought True is, less firmly arm'd
 Some disadvantage we endured and pain,
 Till now not known, but known, as soon condemn'd,
 Since now we find this our empvreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury
 Imperishable, and though pierced with wound
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd
 Of evil then so small as easy think
 The remedy, perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose
 He sat, and in th' assembly next upstood
 Nisroch,¹ of principalities the prime,
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,

¹ Nisroch was worshipped by the Assyrians. It was in his temple that

Sennacherib was slain by his two sons.
 See 2 Kings xix 37

Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havock hewn,
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake
 Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods, yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain
 Against unpaun'd, impassive, from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue, for what avails
 Valour or strength though matchless, quell'd with pain,
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hand
 Of mightiest? sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps and not repine,
 But live content which is the calmest life
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and excessive overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded enemies or arm
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe
 Whereto with look composed Satan replied
 Not uninvented that which thou aught
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious heav'n, adorn'd
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold,
 Whose eye so superficially surveys
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spumous and fiery spume, till touch'd
 With heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
 Which into hollow engines long and round
 Thick ram'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far with thund'ring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash

To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawn,
Effect shall end our wish Meanwhile revive,
Abandon fear, to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd,

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope revived
Th' invention all admired, and each, how he
To be th' inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible yet haply of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
With dev'lish machination, might devise
Like instrument, to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent
Forthwith from council to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
Th' originals of nature in their crude-
Conception sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art
Concocted and adusted they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd
Part hidden veins digg'd up nor hath this earth
Entrails unlike, of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin, part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire
So all ere day spring, under conscious night
Secret, they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespied

Now when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded, others from the dawning hills

Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armèd scour,
 Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
 Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
 In motion or in halt him soon they met
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh in slow
 But firm battalion back with speediest sail
 Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried

Arm, warriors arm for fight the foe at hand
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
 This day Fear not his flight so thiel a cloud
 He comes, and settled in his face I see
 Sad resolution and secure let each
 His adamantine coat gird well and each
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield
 Borne even or high for this day will pour down,
 If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r,
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire

So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
 In order quit of all impediment
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,
 And onward move embattell'd, when behold
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
 Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
 Trimming his devilish enginry, impaled
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
 To hide the fraud At interview both stood
 Awhile, but suddenly at head appear'd
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,
 That all may see, who hate us, how we seek
 Peace and composure and with open breast
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse,
 But that I doubt, however witness heaven,
 Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
 Freely our part ye who appointed stand
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
 What we propound, and loud that all may hear
 So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce

Had ended, when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retired
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir
With branches lopp'd, in wood or mountain fell'd,
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow tvice at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipp'd with fire while we suspense
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long for sudden all at once then ri'ds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke all heav'n appear'd,
From those deep throat'd engines belch'd, whose roar
Embell'd with outrageous noise the air
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes which on the victor host
Levell'd with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd,
The sooner for their arms unarm'd they might
Have easily as spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forced rout
Nor served it to relax their serr'd files
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
And to their foes a laughter for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd

O friends why come not on these victors proud ?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more ?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents and full of force urged home,
Such as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many, who receives them right,
Hid need from head to foot well understand,
Not understood, this gift they have besides
They shew us when our foes walk not upright
So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory eternal might
To match with their inventions they presumed
So easy, and of His thunder made a scorn,
And all His host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble, but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, and found them aims
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose
Forthwith, behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty angels placed !
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,
For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,
Light as the lightning glimpe they ran, they flew,
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up lifting bore them in their hands Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw

The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd,
 Till on those cursed engines triple row
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep,
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
 Main promontories flung which in the air
 Came shadowing and opprest whole legions arm'd
 Their armour help'd their harm crush'd in and bruised
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such prison though sprouts of purest light
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown
 The rest in imitation to like arms
 Betook them and the neighbouring hills upstare,
 So hills amid the an encounter'd hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade,
 Infernal noise, war seem'd a civil game
 To this uproar, horrid confusion heap'd
 Upon confusion rose and now all heav'n
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrined in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things foreseen
 This tumult and permitted all advised
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
 To honour his anointed Son avenged
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferr'd whence to his Son
 Th' assessor of his throne he thus began
 Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
 Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient, sore hath been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd,

For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
 Equal in their creation they were form'd,
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom,
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found
 War wean'd hath perform'd what war can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd which makes
 Wild work in heav'n and dangerous to the main
 'T'wo days are therefore past the third is thine,
 I or thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
 Of ending this great war since none but thou
 Can end it Into thee such virtue and grace
 Immense I have transfused that all may know
 In heav'n and hell thy power above compare,
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
 'To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
 Of all things to be heir and to be king
 By sacred unction,¹ thy deserved right
 Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might,
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh,²
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
 From all heav'n's bounds into the utter deep
 'There let them learn as likes them, to despise
 God and Messiah his anointed king
 He said and on his Son with rays direct
 Shone full He all his Father full exprest
 Ineffably into His face received,
 And thus the filial Godhead answering spake
 O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
 To glorify thy Son,³ I always thee,
 As is most just, thus I my glory account,

¹ Psalm xlv 7² Psalm xlv 3 4.³ John xvii 4 5

My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me well pleased declar'st thy will
 Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all my bliss
 Sceptre, and power thy giving I assume
 And gladlier shall resign when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all,¹ and I in thee
 For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st²
 But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things and shall soon,
 Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
 To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down
 To chains of darkness³ and th' undying worm,⁴
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire
 Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
 Far separate circling thy holy mount
 Unfain'd hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise and I among them chief
 So said he o'er his sceptre bowing rose
 From the right hand of glory where he sat,
 And the third sacred morn began to shine
 Dawning through heav'n forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
 The chariot of paternal Deity
 Flashing thick flames wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
 By four cherubic shapes, four faces each
 Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all
 And wings were set with eyes with eyes the wheels
 Of beryl⁵ and careering fires between⁶
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch
 He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
 Of radiant Uim⁷ work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victory

¹ 1 Cor xv 28

² John xvii 21 23

³ 2 Peter ii 4

⁴ Mark ix 44

⁵ A beryl is a precious stone of sea-green colour — NEWTON

⁶ See Ezek i

⁷ Exod xxviii 2

Sate eagle winged, beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three bolted thunder storea,
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 Of smoke,¹ and bickering flame, and sparkles dire
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints²
 He onward came, far off his coming shone,
 And twenty thousand,³ I their number heard,
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen
 He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime⁴
 On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned
 Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpris'd,
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed,
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heav'n⁵
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
 His army circumfused on either wing
 Under their Head⁶ embodied all in one
 Before him power divine his way prepared
 At his command the uprooted hills retired
 Each to his place they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious Heav'n his wonted face renew'd
 And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smiled
 Thus saw his hapless foes but stood obdured,
 And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
 Insensate hope conceiving from despair
 In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?
 They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
 Grieving to see His glory, at the sight
 Took envy and, aspiring to His highth,
 Stood reambattled fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper and at length prevail
 Against God and Messiah, or to fall
 In universal ruin last, and now
 To final battle drew, disdaining flight,

¹ Psalm xviii 8 1 3² Jude 14³ Psalm lxviii 17⁴ Psalm xviii 10⁵ Matt xxiv 30⁶ Rom xii 5

Or front retreat, when the great Son of God
 To all his host on either hand thus spake
 Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,
 Ye angels arm'd this day from battle rest,
 Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in His righteous cause,
 And as ye have received, so have ye done
 Invincibly but of this cursed crew
 The punishment to other hand belongs,
 Vengeance is His ¹ or whose He sold appoints
 Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
 Nor multitude, stand only and behold
 God's indignation on these godless pour'd
 By Me, not you but me they have despised,
 Yet envied against me is all their rage
 Because the Father to whom in heav'n supreme
 Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
 Hath honour'd me according to his will
 Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd,
 That they may have their wish, to try with me
 In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
 Or I alone against them, since by strength
 They measure all, of other excellence
 Not emulous, nor care who them excels,
 Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe
 So spake the Son and into terror changed
 His countenance too severe to be beheld
 And full of wrath bent on his enemies
 At once the Four spread out their starry wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
 Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
 Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host
 He on His impious foes right onward drove,
 Gloomy as night, under His burning wheels
 The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
 All but the throne itself of God Full soon
 Among them He arrived, in His right hand
 Grasping ten thousand thunders, which He sent

¹ Deut. xxxii. 35 Rom. xii. 19

² The four Cherubim Ezek. 1.

Before Him, such as in their souls infix'd
 Plagues they astonish'd all resistance lost,
 All courage, down their idle weapons dropp'd,
 O'er shields, and helms, and helm'd heads He rode
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 'That wish'd the mountains now might be again¹
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows from the fourfold visaged Four,
 Distinct with eyes and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
 One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
 Glued light'ning and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurst that wither'd all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
 Exhausted, spiritless afflicted fall'n
 Yet half his strength He put not forth, but check'd
 His thunder in mid volley, for He meant
 Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n
 The overthrown He rused and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
 Drove them before Him thunder struck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And crystal wall of heav'n, which op'ning wide
 Roll'd inward and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful deep, the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind, headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of heav'n eternal wrath
 Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit
 Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted, but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound
 Nine days they fell, confounded Chaos roar'd,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Incumber'd him with ruin hell at last

Yawning received them whole, and on th'm closed,
 Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable the house of woe and pain
 Disburden'd heav'n rejoiced, and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
 Messiah His triumphal chariot turn'd
 To meet Him all His saints, who silent stood
 Eye witnesses of His almighty acts,
 With jubilee advanced and as they went,
 Shaded with branching palm each order bright
 Sung triumph, and Him sung victorious King,
 Son Heir, and Lord to Him dominion given,
 Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid heav'n into the courts
 And temple of His mighty Father throned
 On high, who into glory Him received.¹
 Where now He sits at the right hand of bliss

Thus measuring things in heav'n by things on earth,
 At thy request and that thou may'st beware
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
 What might have else to human race been hid
 The discord which befell and war in heav'n
 Among th' angelic powers and the deep fall
 Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
 With Satan, he who envies now thy state,
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience, that with him
 Bereaved of happiness thou may'st partake
 His punishment eternal misery,
 Which would be all his solace and revenge,
 As a despite done against the Most High,
 Thee once to gain companion of his woe
 But listen not to his temptations, wain
 Thy weaker, let it profit thee to have heard
 By terrible example the reward
 Of disobedience, firm they might have stood,
 Yet fell remember, and fear to transgress

¹ 1 Tim iii 16 Heb i 3.

BOOK VII

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created: that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein: sends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of creation in six days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his ascension into heaven.

DESCEND from heav'n Urania¹ by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd whose voice divine
 Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
 Above the flight of Pegasean wing²
 'The meaning not the name, I call for thou
 Not of the Muses nine,³ nor on the top
 Of old Olympus dwellest, but heavenly born,
 Before the hills appear'd or fountain flow'd,
 'Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
 Wisdom thy sister and with her didst play
 In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy celestial song. Up led by thee
 Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presumed,
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air
 'Thy temp'ring, with like safety guided down
 Return me to my native element
 Least from this flying steed unrein'd as once
 Bellerophon,⁴ though from a lower clime,
 Dismounted on the Aleian field I fall
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn

¹ The word Urania signifies heavenly. Here the Poet means *Heavenly Muse*.

² The winged horse Pegasus said to belong to the Muses was emblematical of flights of imagination.

³ Urania amongst the Muses was the patroness of Astronomy.

⁴ Bellerophon the son of Glaucus was a beautiful youth who was falsely accused by Sthenoboea Queen of Argos to her hus-

band Proetus King of Argos sent him in consequence into Lycia with letters commanding, that he should be exposed to destruction. He escaped from many perilous enterprises forced on him but when he attempted to mount to heaven on the winged horse Pegasus (incited to the trial by vain glory) he was thrown off and wandered on the Aleian plains for the remainder of his life. The Aleian plains were in Cilicia.

Half yet remains unsung but narrower bound,
 Within the visible diurnal sphere
 Standing on earth not rapt above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
 To hoarse or mute though fall'n on evil days
 On evil days though fall'n and evil tongues
 In darkness and with dangers compass'd round
 And solitude, yet not alone while thou
 Visitest my slumbers nightly or when morn
 Purples the east Still govern thou my song
 Let him and his audience find though few
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope where woods and rocks had cusp
 To rapture till the savage climor drown'd
 Both harp and voice, nor could the Muse defend
 Her son¹ So fail not thou who thee implor'st
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream
 Say Goddess what ensued when Raphael,
 'The affable such angel had forewarn'd
 Adam by dire example to beware
 Apostasy by what befell in heav'n
 To those apostates, lest the like befall
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command
 So easily obey'd amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite
 Though wandering He with his consort Eve
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought
 So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,
 And war so new the peace of God in bliss
 With such confusion but the evil soon

¹ Orpheus was torn to pieces by the Bacchanalian women of Rhodope a mountain of Thrace nor could his

mother the Muse Calliope, save him
 Newton thinks that Milton here alludes to the dissolute Court of Charles II

Driven back redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung, impossible to mix
 With blessedness Whence Adam soon repeal'd
 The doubts that in his heart arose and now
 Led on, yet sinless with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him, how this world
 Of heav'n and earth conspicuous first began,
 When, and whereof, created for what cause,
 What within Eden or without, was done
 Before his memory as one whose drouth
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest
 Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
 Far differing from this world thou hast reveal'd,
 Divine interpreter by favour sent
 Down from the empyrean to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
 Unknown which human knowledge could not reach
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe
 Immortal thanks, and His admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably His sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are But since thou hast vouchsafed
 Gently for our instruction to impart
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
 Our knowing as to highest wisdom seem'd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps avail us known
 How first began this heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
 Innumerable and this which yields or fills
 All space the ambient air wide interfused
 Embracing round this florid earth, what cause
 Moved the Creator in his holy rest
 Through all eternity so late to build
 In Chaos, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolved, if unforbid thou may'st unfold
 What we not to explore, the secrets, ask
 Of His eternal empire, but the more

To magnify His works, the more we know
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep, suspense in heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep
Or in the star of evening and the moon
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and sleep listening to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence till thy song
End and dismiss thee ere the morning shine

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought,
And thus the Godlike Angel answered mild

This also thy request with caution ask'd
Obtain though to recount mighty works
What words or tongue of script can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend¹
Yet what thou canst attain which best may serve
To glorify the Maker and infer
That also happier shall not be withheld
Thy hearing such commission from above
I have received to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds, beyond abstain
To ask nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King¹
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night
To none communicable in earth or heav'n
Enough is left besides to search and know
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind

Know then that after Lucifer from heav'n,
So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep

¹ 1 Tim. i. 17

Into his place, and the great Son return'd
 Victorious with his saints th' omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of deity supreme, us dispossess,
 He trusted to have seized, and into fiand
 Diew many whom their place knows here no more
 Yet far the greater part have kept I see,
 Their station heav'n yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms
 Though wide and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due and solemn rites
 But lest his heart exalt him in the triumph
 Already done to have dispeopled heav'n,
 My damage fondly deem'd I can repay
 That detriment if such it be to lose
 Self lost and in a moment will create
 Another world out of one man a race
 Of men innumerable there to dwell,
 Not here till by degrees of merit raised,
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither under long obedience tried,
 And earth be changed to heav'n, and heav'n to earth,
 One kingdom, joy and union without end
 Meanwhile inhabit lax¹ ye powers of heav'n,
 And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform speak thou, and be it done
 My overshadowing spirit and might with thee
 I send along wide forth and bid the deep
 Within appointed bounds be heav'n and earth,
 Boundless the deep because I AM who fill
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space,
 Though I unincircumscribed myself retire,
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free

¹ The meaning seems to be Occupy the space left by the fall of the angels

To act, or not, necessity and chance
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate
 So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake
 His Word, the Fihal Godhead, gave effect
 Immediate are the acts of God: more swift
 Than time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heav'n,
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will,
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace,
 Glory to Him whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out th' ungodly from His sight
 And th' habitations of the just, to Him
 Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create instead
 Of spirits malign a better race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
 His good to worlds and ages infinite
 So sang the Hierarchies: Meanwhile the Son
 On his great expedition now appear'd
 Girt with omnipotence with radiance crown'd
 Of Majesty divine, sapience and love
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone
 About his chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones
 And Virtues winged Spirits and Chariots wing'd,
 From the armoury of God, where stand of old
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodge'd
 Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand
 Celestial equipage, and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived
 Attendant on their Lord: heav'n open'd wide
 Her ever-during gates: harmonious sound
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of glory, in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new worlds
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
 They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful wild,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves as mountains, to assault
 Heav'n's highth, and with the centre mix the pole
 Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou deep, peace,
 Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end
 Nor stay'd, but, on the wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted, in Paternal Glory rode
 Far into Chaos and the world unborn,
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation and the wonders of his might
 Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses¹ prepared
 In God's eternal store to circumscribe
 This universe and all created things
 One foot he centred and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said Thus far extend thus far thy bounds
 This be thy just circumference O world
 Thus God the heav'n created thus the earth
 Myster unform'd and void Darkness profound
 Cover'd th' Abyss, but on the watery calm
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread²
 And vital virtue infused and vital warmth
 Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
 The black, tartareous cold, infernal dregs
 Adverse to life then founded then conglobed
 Like things to like, the rest to several place
 Disparted, and between spun out the air
 And earth self balanced on her centre hung
 Let there be light, said God and forthwith light
 Ethereal first of things quintessence pure
 Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
 To journey through the aery gloom began,
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
 Was not * she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourn'd the while God saw the light was good,

¹ Prov viii. 27 — RICHARDSON² Gen i 1, 2.

And light from darkness by the hemisphere
 Divided light the day, and darkness night,
 He named Thus was the first day ev'n and morn
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the celestial choirs when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
 Birth day of heav'n and earth, with joy and shout¹
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
 And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
 God and his works creator him they sung
 Both when first evening was, and when first morn

Again God said Let there be firmament²
 Amid the waters and let it divide
 The waters from the waters and God made
 The firmament expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent elemental air diffused
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round, partition firm and sure,
 The waters underneath from those above
 Dividing for us earth, so he the world
 Built on circumfluous waters calm in wave
 Crystalline ocean and the loud misrule
 Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame
 And heav'n He named the firmament so ev'n
 And morning chorus sung the second day

The earth was form'd but, in the womb as yet
 Of waters embryon immature involved
 Appeared not over all the face of earth
 Main ocean flow'd not idle, but with warm
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her globe
 Fermented the great mother to conceive,
 Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,
 Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n,
 Into one place, and let dry land appear
 Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave

¹ Job xxxviii 4 7

² Firmament signifie expansion —NEWTON

Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky
 So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters thither they
 Hasted with glad precipitance uproll'd
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste, such flight the great command import
 On the swift floods as armies at the call
 Of trumpet, for of armies thou hast heard
 Troop to their standard, so the watery throng
 Wave rolling after wave where way they found,
 If steep with torrent rapture if through plain
 Soft ebbing nor withstood them rock or hill,
 But they or under ground or circuit wide
 With serpent error wandering found their way
 And on the washy ooze deep channels wore,
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry
 All but within those banks, where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train
 The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters He call'd seas,
 And saw that it was good and said, Let the earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
 And fruit tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth
 He scarce had said when the bare earth, till then
 Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
 Brought forth the tender grass whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green
 Then herbs of every leaf that sudden flow'd
 Opening then various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet and these scarce blown
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
 The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
 And bush with fizzled hair implicit last
 Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms with high woods the hills were crown'd,

With tufts the valleys and each fountain side
With borders long the rivers that earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in the earth,
God made and every herb before it grew
On the green stem God saw that it was good
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day

Again th' Almighty spake Let there be lights
High in th' expanse of heaven to divide
The day from night, and let them be for signs,
For seasons and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heav'n
To give light on the earth, and it was so
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide God saw,
Surveying His great work, that it was good
For of celestial bodies first the sun,
A mighty sphere, He fram'd, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould then form'd the moon
Globose, and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the heav'n thick as a field
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns

By tincture or reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all the horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude through heav'n's high road the gray
 Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced,
 Shedding sweet influence¹ Less bright the moon,
 But opposite in level'd west was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him for other light she needed none
 In that respect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
 Revolved on heav'n's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day

And God said Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant living soul
 And let fowl fly above the earth with wings
 Display'd on the open firmament of heav'n
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And every bird of wing after his kind
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply and in the seas,
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill,
 And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,

¹ The Pleiades are seven stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus which rising about the time of the vernal equinox are called by the Latins *Verigiliæ*. Milton therefore in saying that the Pleiades danced before the sun at his creation implies that creation began with the spring.—*From NEWTON* It has been

a recent idea of astronomers that the Pleiades or seven stars—for fixed stars are suns—are the centre of the universe round which the heavens revolve but this is not yet clearly ascertained. Job speaks of the sweet influence of the Pleiades.—See Job xxxviii 31

² Gen i 20 22

With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls¹ that oft
 Bank the mid sea part single, or with mate,
 Graze the seaweed their pasture, and through groves
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,
 Or in their pearly shells at ease attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch on smooth the seal
 And bended dolphins play, part huge of bulk,
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
 Tempest the ocean there Leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps, or swims
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills
 Draws in and at his trunk spouts out a sea
 Meanwhile the tepid caves and fens, and shores,
 Their brood is numerous hatch from the egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclosed
 Their callow young but feather'd soon and fledge,
 They summ'd their pens² and soaring the air sublime
 With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
 In prospect there the eagle and the stork
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build³
 Part loosely wing the region part more wise
 In common ranged in figure⁴ wedge their way,
 Intelligent of seasons⁵ and set forth
 Their aery caravan, high over seas
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
 Easing their flight, so steers the prudent crane
 Her annual voyage borne on winds, the air
 Flóts, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with wing
 Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings

¹ *Schools*. We say a school of whales for a shoal now. Scull comes from the Saxon *scolle* an assembly.

² Pens are feathers. Here the meaning is. They used their pinions as full fledged birds.

³ Jeremiah xxxix 2, 98

⁴ Migratory birds fly in shape of a wedge one bird leading alternately

⁵ Jeremiah viii. 7

Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale
 Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
 Their downy breast, the swan, with arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet yet oft they quit
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons tower
 The mid aerial sky Others on ground
 Walk'd firm the crested cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours and the other whose gay train
 Adorns him colour'd with the florid hue
 Of rainbows and starray eyes The waters thus
 With fish replenish'd and the air with fowl,
 Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day
 The sixth, and of creation last arose
 With evening harps and matin, when God said
 Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle and creeping things and beast of the earth
 Each in their kind The earth obey'd, and straight
 Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures perfect forms,
 Limb'd and full grown Out of the ground up rose
 As from his lair the wild beast, where he wonns¹
 In forest wild in thicket brake, or den,
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd,
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once and in broad herds upsprung
 The grassy clods now calved, now half appear'd
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane, the ounce
 The libbard² and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks, the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head, scarce from his mould
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved

¹ If one is SATOD for to dwell to inhabit — See CHAUCER *Comptouners Tale*, line 7715

² Leopard

His vastness fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants ambiguous between sea and land
 The river horse and scaly crocodile
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground
 Insect or worm, those waved their limber fans
 For wings and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green
 These as a line their long dimension drew,
 Striking the ground with sinuous trace not all
 Minims¹ of nature, some of serpent kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involved
 Then snaky folds and added wings First crept
 The parsimonious eminent provident
 Of future, in small room large heart inclosed,
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter join'd in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty swarming next appear'd
 The female bee that feeds her husband drone
 Deliciously and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stored the rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures know'st and gav'st them names,
 Needless to thee repeated, nor unknown
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific though to thee
 Not noxious but obedient at thy call

Now heav'n in all her glory shone and roll'd
 Her motions as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheel'd their course earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smiled, air water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast was flown, was swum, was walk'd
 Frequent, and of the sixth day yet remain'd,
 There wanted yet the master work the end
 Of all yet done, a creature, who not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but indu'd
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene

¹ Something exceedingly small a dwarf

Govern the rest self knowing and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with heav'n,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God supreme who made him chief
 Of all His works therefore the omnipotent
 Eternal Father,—for where is not He
 Present?—thus to his Son audibly spake

Let us make now man in our image, man¹
 In our similitude and let them rule
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground
 Thus said He form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
 The breath of life in his own image he
 Created thee in the image of God
 Express, and thou becam'st a living soul
 Male he created thee, but thy consort
 Female for race then bless'd mankind, and said
 Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth
 Subdue it and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea and fowl of the air
 And every living thing that moves on the earth
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste,
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
 Variety without end, but of the tree,
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not in the day thou eat'st thou diest,
 Death is the penalty imposed, beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, lest sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant death

¹ Gen. i 26-28

Here finish'd He, and all that He had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good,
 So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day
 Yet not, till the Creator from His work
 Desisting though unwearied up return'd,
 Up to the heav'n of heav'ns His high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created world,
 Th' addition of His empire how it show'd
 In prospect from His throne, how good how fur,
 Answering His great idea Up He rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand hurrys that tuned
 Angelic harmonies the earth, the air
 Resounded, thou remember'st for thou hear'd'st,
 The heav'ns and all the constellations rung
 The planet in their station list'ning stood
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant
 Open ye everlasting gates they sung¹
 Open ye heavens your living doors, let in
 The great Creator from His work return'd
 Magnificent, His six days' work, a world
 Open'd henceforth of, for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men
 Delighted and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace So sung
 The glorious train ascending He through heav'n
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
 To God's eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample road whose dust is gold,
 And pavement stars, as stairs to thee appear
 Scarr'd in the galaxy, that milky way
 Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
 Powder'd with stars And now on earth the seventh
 Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night, when at the holy mount

¹ Psalm xxiv 7 This Psalm was sung by the Levites when the ark of God was carried up into the sanctuary on Mount

Sion and is understood as a prophecy of our Lord's ascension—From NEWTON, and Mant's Bible

Of heaven's high seated top, th' imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Power arrived, and sat Him down
 With His great Father, for He also went
 Invisible, yet stay'd such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things, and from work
 Now resting bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
 As resting on that day from all His work,
 But not in silence holy kept, the harp
 Had work, and rested not, the solemn pipe
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
 Temper'd soft tunings intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison of incense clouds
 Fuming from golden censurs hid the mount
 Creation and the six days acts they sung,
 Great are thy works Jehovah, infinite
 Thy power, what thought can measure thee, or tongue
 Relate thee? greater now in thy return
 Than from the giant angels, thee that day
 Thy thunders magnified, but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy
 Who can impair thee mighty King or bound
 Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
 Of spirits apostate and their counsels vain
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers Who seeks
 To lessen thee against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might his evil
 Thou usest and from thence creat'st more good
 Witness this new made world, another heav'n
 From heaven gate not far founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea,
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destined habitation, but thou know'st
 Their seasons among these the seat of men,
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,

Their pleasant dwelling place Thrice happy men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
Created in His image, there to dwell
And worship Him, and in reward to rule
Over His works on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just thrice happy if they know
Then happiness and persevere upright

So sung they and the empyrean rung
With Hallelujahs thus was Sabbath kept
And thy request think now fulfill'd that ask'd
How first this world and fate of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning that posterity
Inform'd by thee might know If else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing him in measure, say

BOOK VIII

*
THE ARGUMENT

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions is doubtfully answered and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents and still desirous to detain Raphael relates to him what he remembered since his own creation his placing in Paradise his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society his first meeting and nuptials with Eve his discourse with the angel thereupon who after admonitions repeated departs.

THE angel ended and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice that he awhile
Thought him still speaking still stood fix'd to hear
Then, as new waked, thus gratefully replied
What thanks sufficient or what recompence
I equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian? who thus largely hast unlay'd
The trust I had of knowledge and vouchsafed
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable now heard
With wonder but delight and as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator something yet of doubt remains
Which only thy solution can resolve
When I behold this goodly frame this world,
(Of heav'n and earth consisting) and compute
Their magnitudes this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom with the firmament compared
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible for such
Their distance argues and their swift return
Diurnal merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth this punctual¹ spot,
One day and night in all their vast survey
Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
How nature wise and frugal could commit

¹ Small as a point in punctuation.

Such disproportions with superfluous hand
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold to this one use,
 For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Served by more noble than herself attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives,
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light
 Speed to describe whose swiftness number fails¹

So spake our sire and by his countenance seemed
 Intending on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
 Perceiving where she sat retired in sight
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery they at her coming sprung
 And touch'd by her fan-tendance gladder grew
 Yet went she not as not with such discourse
 Delighted or not capable her ear
 Of what was high such pleasure she received,
 Adam relating she sole auditress,
 Her husband the relation she preferred
 Before the angel and of him to ask
 Chose rather, he she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses, from his lip
 Not words alone pleased her O when meet now
 Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd?
 With Goddess like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended, for on her as queen
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight

¹ One is here reminded of the fact that Milton had held communion with

Galeo whose Epypure si move is historical

And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed
Benevolent and facile thus replied

To ask or search I blame thee not, for heav'n
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read His wondrous works and learn
His seasons, hours or days or months, or years
Thine to attain whether heav'n move or earth
Imports not if thou reckon right,¹ the rest
From man or angel the great architect
Did wisely to conceal and not divulge
His secrets to be scanned by them who ought
Rather admire, or if they list to try
Conjecture He has fabric of the heav'n's
Hath left to them disputes perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model heav'n
And calculate the stars how they will wield
The mighty frame how build unbuild, contrive,
To save appearances, how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er
Cycle and epicycle,² orb in orb
Already by thy reasoning thus I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor heav'n such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence the earth
Though, in comparison of heav'n, so small,
Nor glistening, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun, that barren shines
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth there first received
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find

¹ The subject was then matter of discussion and in the Roman Church of persecution. The Ptolemaic system made the earth the centre of the system and the sun and stars move round it the Copernican made the sun the centre and the earth move as Galileo asserted

² These terms were used by Ptolemaic astronomers to explain their system. *Centric* means a sphere whose centre is the same as that of the earth *eccentric* a sphere whose centre is quite different to that of the earth *Cycle* is a circle *epicycle* a circle on another circle

Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
 Officious, but to thee earth's habitant.
 And for the heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak
 The Maker's high magnificence who built
 So spacious, and His line stretch'd out so far
 That man may know he dwells not in his own,
 An edifice too large for him to fill
 Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.
 The swiftness of those circles attribute,
 Though numberless to his omnipotence
 That to corporeal substances could add
 Speed almost spiritual — me thou think'st not slow
 Who since the morning hour set out from heav'n
 Where God resides and ere midday arrived
 In Eden distance inexpressible
 By numbers that have name — But this I urge
 Admitting motion in the heav'ns to show
 Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved
 Not that I so affirm though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth
 God to remove His ways from human sense,
 Placed heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight
 If it presume, might err in things too high,
 And no advantage gain — What if the sun
 Be centre to the world and other stars,
 By his attractive virtue and their own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds?¹
 Their wandering course now high now low, then h'd
 Progressive, retrograde or standing still,
 In six thou seest² — and what if seventh to these
 The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem
 Insensibly three different motions³ move?
 Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
 Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,

¹ The moon and the five planets visible to Adam

² Three motions were attributed by the Copernicans to the earth. The *diurnal* round her own axis causing day and

night the *annual* round the sun and the *motion of libration* as it is called whereby the earth so proceeds in her orbit as that her axis is constantly parallel to the axis of the world —
 NEWTON

Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
 Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
 Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
 Of day and night, which needs not thy belief,
 If earth industrious of herself fetch day
 Travelling east, and with her part averse
 From the sun's beam meet night her other part
 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
 To the terrestrial moon be as a star
 Enlightning her by day as she by night
 This earth? reciprocal, if land be there,
 Fields and inhabitants her spots thou seest
 As clouds and clouds may run, and rain produce
 Fruits in her soft'ned soil for some to eat
 Allotted there, and other suns perhaps
 With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,
 Communicating male and female light,
 Which two great sexes animate the world,
 Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live
 For such vast room in nature unpossessed
 By living soul, desert and desolate
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each orb a glimpse of light convey'd so far
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the sun predominant in heav'n
 Rise on the earth or earth rise on the sun
 He from the east his flaming road begin,
 Or she from west her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft axle while she paces even
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along
 Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid
 Leave them to God above, Him serve and fear
 Of other creatures, as Him pleases best,
 Wherever placed, let Him dispose joy thou
 In what He gives to thee, this paradise
 And thy fair Eve, heav'n is for thee too high

To know what passes there, be lowly wise
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being,
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
 Live, in what state, condition, or degree,
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
 Not of earth only, but of highest heav'n

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied
 How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
 Intelligence of heav'n, angel serene,
 And freed from intricacies taught to live
 The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of life from which
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain
 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
 Uncheck'd and of her roving is no end,
 Till warn'd or by experience taught, she learn,
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom, what is more is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
 And renders us in things that most concern
 Unpractis'd unprepared and still to seek
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise
 Of something not unseasonable to ask
 By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd
 Thee I have heard relating what was done
 Ere my remembrance now hear me relate
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard,
 And day is not yet spent, till then thou seest
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in heav'n,
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm tree pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant, but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek
Not are thy lips ungraceful sire of men,
Not tongue ineloquent, for God on thee
Abundantly His gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both His image fur
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word each motion forms
Not less think we in heav'n of thee on earth,
Than of our fellow servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with man
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On man his equal love Say therefore on,
For I that day was absent, as befell
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure
Far on excursion toward the gates of hell,
Squared in full legion such command we had,
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy while God was in his work
Lest He, incensed at such eruption bold
Destruction with creation might have mix'd
Not that they durst without His leave attempt
But us He sends upon His high behests
For state, as Sovereign King and to enure
Our prompt obedience Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricaded strong
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Free sabbath ev'ning so we had in charge
But thy relation now for I attend,
Pleased with thy words, no less than thou with mine
So spake the godlike Power, and thus our sire
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard, for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induced me As new waked from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gazed a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams, by these
Creatures that lived, and moved and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling, all things smiled,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Survey'd and sometimes went and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led
But who I was or where, or from what cause
Knew not to speak I tried, and forthwith spake
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains
And ye that live and move fair creatures tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here
Not of myself, by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre eminent
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs
Pensive I sat me down, there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drows'd sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,

Whose inward apparition gently moved
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And lived one came methought, of shape divine,
 And said Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
 First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 First father ! call'd by thee I come thy guide
 'To the garden of bliss thy seat prepared
 So saying, by the hand He took me raised
 And over fields and waters, as in air
 Smooth sliding without step last led me up
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,
 A circuit wide, enclosed with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I saw
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd Each tree
 Loaden with finest fruit, that hung to the eve
 Tempting stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat where it I wak'd and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd here had new begun
 My wand'ring, had not He who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence Divine Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at His feet I fell
 Submiss He rais'd me, and, Whom thou sought'st I am
 Said mildly author of all this thou seest
 Above or round about thee, or beneath
 This paradise I give thee count it thine
 To till and keep and of the fruit to eat
 Of every tree that in the garden grows
 Eat it freely with glad heart, fear here no dearth
 But of the Tree whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith
 Amid the garden by the Tree of Life
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgress, inevitably thou shalt die,
 From that day mortal, and this happy state
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world

Of woe and sorrow Sternly He pronounced
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear though in my choice
 Not to incur, but soon His clear aspect
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd
 Not only these fair bounds but all the earth
 To thee and to thy race I give, as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live
 Or live in sea, or air, beast fish, and fowl
 In sign whereof each bird and beast beheld
 After their kinds I bring them to receive
 From thee their names and pay thee faulty
 With low subjection, understand the same
 Of fish within their wat'ry residence,
 Not hither summon'd since they cannot chauce
 Their element to draw the thinner air
 As thus he spake each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two these cowering low
 With blandishment each bird stoop'd on his wing
 I nam'd them as they pass'd and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God indu'd
 My sudden apprehension but in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still,
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presumed

O by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher
 Surpassest far my naming how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe
 And all this good to man, for whose well being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things? but with me
 I see not who partakes In solitude
 What happiness who can enjoy alone,
 Or all enjoying what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous, and ^{tho' my} vision bright
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd
 What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures and the air
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not

Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly, with these
Find pastime, and bear rule, thy realm is large.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering I, with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus replied

Let not my words offend thee heav'nly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due,
Given and received, but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss
(cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tidious alike of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek fit to participate

All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness,
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined,
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
So well converse nor with the ox the ape,
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all

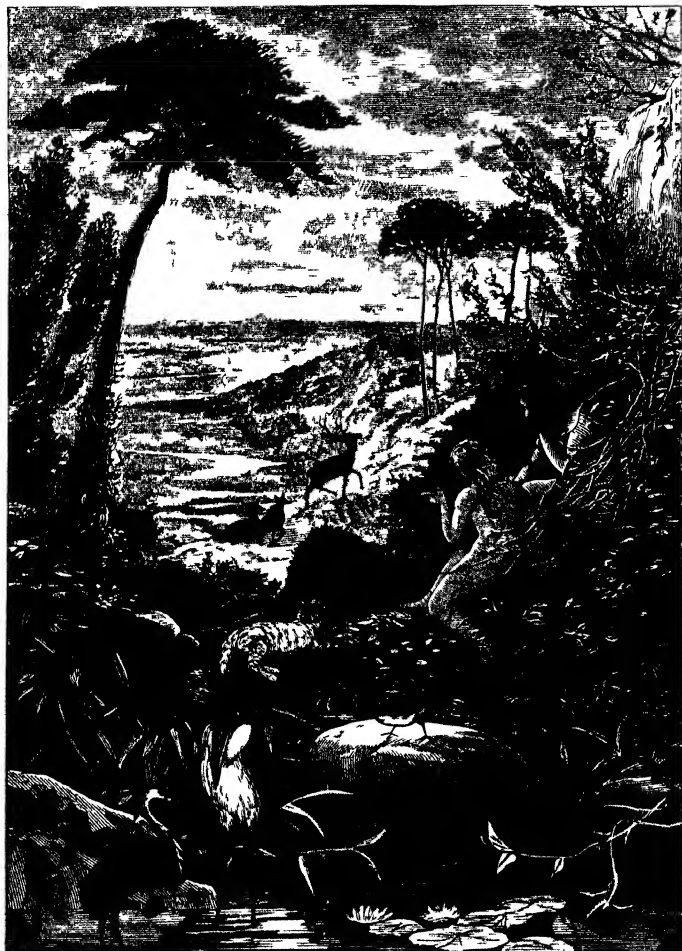
Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeased
A nice and subtle happiness I see
Thou to thyself propos'st in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness or not? who am alone
From all eternity, for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceased, I lowly answer'd To attain

The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things,
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
 Is no deficiency found not so is man,
 But in degree the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects No need that thou
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite
 And through all numbers absolute, though one
 But man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like his image multiplied,
 In unity defective which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amity
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with thyself accompanied seek'st not
 Social communication, yet so pleased
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
 Of union or communion, desired,
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find
 Thus I embolden'd spake and freedom used
 Permissive and acceptance found which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious Voice Divine
 Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,
 And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself,
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My image not imparted to the brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for man to be alone,
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire
 He ended, or I heard no more, for now

My earthly by His heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep which instantly fell on me call'd
 By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes¹
 Mine eyes He closed but open left the cell
 Of fancy my internal sight by which
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
 Though sleeping where I lay and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood
 Who stooping open'd my left side and took
 From thence a rib with cordial spirits warm,
 And life blood streaming fresh, wide was the wound
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with His hands,
 Under His forming hands a creature grew
 Manlike but different sex, so lovely fair
 That what seem'd fair in all the world seem'd now
 Me in, or in her summ'd up in her contain'd
 And in her looks which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspired
 The spirit of love and amorous delight
 She disappear'd and left me dark I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss and other pleasures all abjure
 When out of hope, benighted not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream adorn'd
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable on she came
 Led by her heav'nly Maker though unseen,
 And guided by his voice nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love

¹ Gen ii 21



'This turn hath made amends thou hast fulfilled
Thy words Creator bounteous and benign
Giver of all things fair but fairest this
Of all Thy gifts, nor enviest —p 257

I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud

 This turn hath made amends, thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me, woman is her name of man
Extracted, for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,
And they shall be one flesh one heart, one soul

 She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd and not unsought be won,
Not obvious not obtrusive but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd,
I follow'd her she what was honour knew
And with obsequious majesty approved
My pleaded reason To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn all heav'n,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence, the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill,
Joyous the birds, fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
Or his hill top to light the bridal lamp

 Thus I have told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,
Walks, and the melody of buds but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,

Transported touch, here passion first I felt,
 Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmoved, here only weak
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance
 Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain,
 Or from my side subducting took perhaps
 More than enough, at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of ornament in outward show
 Elaborate of inward less exact
 For well I understand in the prime end
 Of nature her th' inferior in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel,
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both and less expressing
 The character of that dominion giv'n
 O'er other creatures yet when I approach
 Her loveliness so absolute she seems
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally, and, to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic placed

To whom the angel with contracted brow
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part,
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,

Not thy subjection weigh with her thyself,
 Then value oft times nothing profits more
 Than self esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well managed of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shows,
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful that with honour thou may'st love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated seem such dear delight
 Beyond all other think the same vouchsafed
 To cattle and each beast, which would not be
 To them made common and divulged if aught
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The soul of man, or passion in him move
 What higher in her society thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational love still
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true love consists not love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges hath his seat
 In reason and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam replied
 Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds,
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far
 And with mysterious reverence I deem,)
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul,
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear
 Yet these subject not, I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense

Variously representing, yet still free
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
 Leads up to heav'n is both the way and guide,
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask
 Love not the heav'nly spirits, and how then love
 Express they? by looks only? or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red love's proper hue,
 Answer'd Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happy, and without love no happiness
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy st,
 (And pure thou wert created,) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring, nor restrain'd conveyance need
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul
 But I can now no more, the parting sun
 Beyond the earth's green Cape and Verdant Isles,¹
 Hesperian² sets, my signal to depart
 Be strong live happy, and love, but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey,³ and keep
 His great command, take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will
 Would not admit, thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is placed, beware
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the blest stand fast, to stand or fall
 Free in thine own arbitrement it lies,
 Perfect within, no outward aid require,
 And all temptation to transgress repel
 So saying, he arose, whom Adam thus
 Follow'd with benediction Since to part,
 Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,

¹ (Cape de Verde and the Cape de Verde Islands

² In the West where Hesperus, the evening star appears — From Newton

³ 1 John v 8

Sent from whose sov'reign goodness I adore
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful memory thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still and oft return.

So parted they, the angel up to heav'n
From the thuck shade, and Adam to his bower

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT

Satan having compassed the earth with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into paradise and creeps into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours which Eve proposes to divide in several places each labouring apart. Adam consents not alleging the danger lest that enemy of whom they were forewarned should attempt her found alone. Eve loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough urges her going apart the rather desirous to make trial of her strength. At last at last yields the serpent finds her alone his subtle approach first gazing then speaking with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve wondering to hear the serpent speak asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now the serpent answers that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden the serpent now grown bolder with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat she pleased with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not at last brings him of the fruit relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam at first amazed but perceiving her lost resolves through vehemence of love to part with her and extenuating the trespass eats also of the fruit the effects thereof in them both they seek to cover their nakedness then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel guest
 With man, as with his friend familiar used
 To sit indulgent and with him partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblamed, I now must change
 These notes to tragic foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,
 And disobedience on the part of heav'n
 Now alienated distance and distaste,
 Anger, and just rebuke, and judgment giv'n,
 That brought into this world a world of woe,
 Sin and her shadow Death, and misery
 Death's harbinger sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more heroic than the wrath
 Of stern Achilles on his foe¹ pursued
 Thrice fugitive about Troy wall, or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused,²
 Or Neptune's ire or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greek³ and Cytherea's son⁴

¹ Hector See *Iliad*
² See *Æneid*

³ Ulysses
⁴ Æneas

If answerable style I can obtain
 Of my celestial patroness who deigns
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse
 Since first this subject for heroic song
 Pleas'd me, long choosing and beginning late ¹
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deem'd, chief mast'ry to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
 In battles fign'd, the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung, or to describe races and games,
 Or tilting furniture emblazon'd shields
 Impresses quaint ² caparisons and steeds,
 Bases ³ and tinsel trappings gorgeous knights
 At joust and tournament then marshall'd feast
 Served up in hall with sewers and scenshals
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name
 To person or to poem Me of these
 Nor skill'd nor studious higher argument
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
 That name unless an age too late, or cold
 Climate or years damp my intended wing
 Depress'd, and much they may if all be mine,
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear
 The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Hesperus whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth short arbiter
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
 Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round
 When Satan who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved

¹ Milton is supposed to have begun his great poem in his forty eighth year and finished it in his fifty seventh. It was

published in 1667 when the Poet was in his sixtieth year

² Devices on shields

³ The mantles worn by knights

In meditated fraud and malice bent
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
 From compassing the earth, cautious of day,
 Since Uriel regent of the sun descied
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
 That kept their watch, thence full of anguish driv'n,
 The space of seven continued nights he rode
 With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled four times cross'd the ear of night
 From pole to pole traversing each colure,¹
 On the eighth return'd, and on the coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic watch by stealth
 Found unsuspected way There was a place,
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
 Where 'Igris at the foot of paradise
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose
 Satan involved in rising mist then sought
 Where to he hid, so he had search'd, and land
 From Eden over Pontus,² and the pool
 Maëotis up beyond the river Ob,³
 Downward as far Antarctic, and in length
 West from Orontes⁴ to the ocean barr'd
 At Darien,⁵ thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus⁶ thus the orb he roam'd
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep
 Consider'd every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field⁷
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest unsp of fraud, in whom

¹ The colures are two great imaginary circles encompassing the globe from north to south. Satan moved thus to keep in the shades of night—From
 NEWTON

The Euxine or Black Sea.

² Ob, a river of Siberia near the pole

³ A river of Syria

⁴ The Isthmus of Panama

⁵ India

⁶ Gen. iii. 1

To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight for in the writhing snake
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtlety
 Proceeding, which in other beasts observed
 Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r
 Active within beyond the sense of brute
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief
 His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd
 O earth, how like to heav'n, if not prefer'd
 More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old
 For what God after better worse would build?
 Terrestrial heav'n, danced round by other heav'ns
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 Light above light, for thee alone as seems,
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams
 Of sacred influence As God in heav'n
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs in thee,
 Not in themselves all their known virtue appears
 Productive in herb, plant and nobler birth
 Of creatures animate with gradual life
 Of growth, sense reason all summ'd up in man
 With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
 Rocks, dens, and caves ' but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge, and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
 Torment within me as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries, all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state
 But neither here seek I, no nor in heav'n
 To dwell, unless by mast'ring heav'n's Supreme,
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound
 For only in destroying I find ease

To my relentless thoughts and him destroy'd,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made all this will soon
 Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe
 In woe then, that destruction wide may range
 To me shall be the glory sole among
 The infernal powers in one day to have marr'd
 What He, Almighty styl'd six nights and days
 Continued making and who I nows how long
 Before had been contriving though perhaps
 Not longer than since I in one night freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of His adorers He to be avenged
 And to repair His numbers thus impair'd,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
 More angels to create if they at least
 Are His created, or to spite us more,
 Determined to advance into our room
 A creature form'd of earth and him endow,
 Exalted from so base origin
 With heav'nly spoils our spoils what he decreed
 He effected, man he made and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounced and O indignity!
 Subjected to his service angel wings,¹
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
 Their earthy charge Of these the vigilance
 I dread, and to elude thus wrapp'd in mist
 Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
 Into a beast, and mix'd with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the highth of deity aspir'd,

But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soared, obnoxious first or last
To basest things. Revenge at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils
Let it, I reckon not, so it light well aim'd
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy this new favourite
Of heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker raised
From dust. spite then with spite is best repaid

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight search where soonest he might find
The serpent him fast sleeping soon he found,
In labyrinth of many a round self roll'd
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,
Fearless unfeared he slept. In at his mouth
The devil entered and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
With act intelligential, but his sleep
Disturbed not, waiting close th' approach of morn

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flows, that breathed
Their morning incense when all things that breathe
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator and His nostrils fill

With grateful smell forth came the human pair,
And joined their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice, that done partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs
Then commune, how that day they best may ply
Their growing work, for much their work outgrew
The hands' dispatch of two, gard'ning so wide
And Eve first to her husband thus began

Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task enjoined, but till more hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
 Luxurious by restraint, what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides,
 Tending to wild Thou therefore now advise,
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,
 Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbour or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb, while I
 In yonder spring¹ of roses intermix'd
 With myrtle find what to redress till noon
 For while so near each other thus all day
 Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
 Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd
 To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd
 Sole Eve associate sole to me beyond
 Compare above all living creatures dear,
 Well hast thou motion'd well thy thoughts employ'd,
 How we might best fulfil the work which here
 God hath assign'd us nor of me shall pass
 Unpraised, for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to study household good,
 And good works in her husband to promote
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
 Labour, as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
 Food of the mind or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,
 To brute denied and are of love the food,
 Love not the lowest end of human life
 For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
 He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
 These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
 Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide

¹ A spring is a small coppice or thicket.

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us but if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Betall thee sever'd from me, for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envy'ing our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need,¹
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more,
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus replied
Offspring of heav'n and earth, and all earth's lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flow'rs
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it I expected not to hear
His violence thou fear'st not, being such,
As we, not capable of death or pain,

¹ Eccles iv 9, 10

Can either not receive, or can repel
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
 Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam replied
 Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
 For such thou art from sin and blame entire
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight but to avoid
 Th' attempt itself intended by our foe
 For he who tempts though in vain at least aspires
 The tempted with dishonour foul supposed
 Not incorruptible of faith not proof
 Against temptation Thou thyself with scorn
 And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
 Though ineffectual found misdeem not then,
 If such affront I labour to avert
 From thee alone which on us both at once
 The enemy though bold, will hardly dare,
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn,
 Subtle he needs must be who could seduce
 Angels, nor think superfluous others' aid
 I from the influence of thy looks receive
 Access in every virtue, in thy sight
 More wise, more watchful stronger, if need were
 Of outward strength, while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or over reach'd,
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?

So spake domestic Adam in his care
 And matrimonial love, but Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd

If this be our condition thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,

Subtle or violent, we not endued
 Single with his defence, wherever met
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin: only our foe
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integrity: his foul esteem
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
 Foul on himself, then wherfore shunn'd or fear'd
 By us? who rather double honour gain
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
 Favour from heav'n: our witness from th' event
 And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd
 Alone without exterior help sustain'd?
 Let us not then suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combin'd
 Frail is our happiness: if this be so,
 And Eden were no Eden thus exposed

To whom thus Adam fervently replied
 O woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them, His creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that He created, much less man,
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force, within himself
 The danger lies: yet lies within his power
 Against his will he can receive no harm
 But God left free the will, for what obeys
 Reason is free, and reason He made right,
 But bid her well beware and still erect,
 Lest by some fair appearing good surprized
 She dictate false, and misinform the will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd

Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely, if from me
 Thou sever not trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
 First thy obedience, th' other who can know?
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus wain'd thou seem'st,
 Go, for thy stay not free absents thee more,
 Go in thy native innocence, rely
 On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done His part, do thine
 So spake the patriarch of mankind, but Eve
 Persisted, yet submiss, though list, replied
 With thy permission then, and thus forewain'd,
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touch'd only, that our trial, when least sought,
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
 The willinger I go nor much expect
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek,
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse
 Thus saying from her husband's hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and like a wood nymph light,
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's¹ train,
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
 In gait surpass'd and goddess like deport
 Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
 But with such gauding tools as art, yet rude,
 Guiltless of fire had form'd, or angels brought
 To Pales² or Pomona³ thus adorn'd,
 Likest she seem'd Pomona when she fled
 Vertumnus,⁴ or to Ceres in her prime,
 Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove
 Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay
 Oft he to her his charge of quick return

¹ A surname of Diana because born in
 Velos

² Goddess of sheepfolds

³ Goddess of fruits

⁴ The god of orchards who assumed
 many shapes to win Pomona

Repeated, she to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast or afternoon s repose
O much deceived much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return ' event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose ,
Such ambush hid among sweet flow rs and shades
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence of faith of bliss
For now, and since first break of dawn the hnd,
Meie serpent in appearance, forth was come,
And on his quest where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey
In bow'r and field he sought where any tuft
Of grove or garden plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight,
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish'd but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,
Beyond his hope Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flow r of slender stalk, whose head though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd , them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while,
Herself, though fairest unsupported flow'r,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick woven arborets and flow'rs
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd

Or of revived Adonis,¹ or renown'd
 Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,²
 Or that, not mystic, where the Sapiient king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse³
 Much he the place admired, the person more
 As one who long in populous city pent
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms
 Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
 The smell of grain or tedded grass,⁴ or kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound,
 If chance with nymph like step fan virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most and in her look sums all delight
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
 This flow'ry plot, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early thus alone her heav'nly form
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
 Her graceful innocence her every air
 Of gesture or least action, o'eraw'd
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought
 That space the evil one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarm'd,
 Of guile of hate, of envy, of revenge,
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,
 Though in mid heav'n soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd then soon
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.
 Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope
 Of paradise for hell, hope here to taste

¹ At the request of Venus, he was restored to life

² Ulysses. For description of the gardens of Alcinous see the 'Odyssey'

³ Gardens of Solomon

⁴ Hay spread out

Of pleasure but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying other joy
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone
 The woman opportune to all attempts,
 Her husband (for I view far round) not nigh,
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun
 And strength, of courage haughty and of limb
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
 Foe not formidable ¹ exempt from wound
 I not so much hath hell debased, and pain
 Infeebled me, to what I was in heav'n
 She fair divinely fair, fit love for gods,
 Not terrible, though terror be in love
 And beauty not approach'd by stronger hate
 Hate stronger under show of love well feign'd,
 The way which to her run now I tend

So spake the enemy of mankind enclosed
 In serpent inmate bad, and toward Eve
 Address'd his way, not with indent'd wive,
 Prone on the ground, as since but on his rear,
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
 Fold above fold a suiging maze, his head
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
 Amidst his circling spues that on the grass
 Floated redundant pleasing was his shape,
 And lovely, never since of serpent kind
 Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
 Hermione and Cadmus,¹ or the God²
 In Epidaurus, nor to which transform'd
 Ammonian³ Jove on Capitoline⁴ was seen,
 He with Olympias this with her who bore

¹ Cadmus who introduced letters into Greece and Hermione his wife. They were changed by serpents into serpents.

² Esculapius the god of medicine. He is said to have taken the form of a serpent when he appeared at Rome during a pestilence.—From WARTON

³ Lybian

⁴ Roman. These lines relate to the fable of Jupiter being the father of Alexander the Great and of Scipio also. All these images picture the magnificence of the serpent's form.

Scipio the highth of Rome With tract oblique
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
 To interrupt side long he works his way
 As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
 Nigh rivers mouth or foreland, where the wind
 Veers oft as oft so steers, and shifts her sail
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train
 Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye, she busied heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field,
 From every beast, more dutious at her call,
 Than at Cuckean call the herd disguised
 He bolder now uncall'd before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring oft he bow'd
 His turret crest and sleek enamell'd neck,
 Fawning and lick'd the ground whereon she trod
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The eye of Eve to mark his play, he glad
 Of her attention gain'd with serpent tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began
 Wonder not sovereign mistress if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder much less aim
 Thy looks the heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze
 Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
 With ravishment beheld thee best beheld
 Where universally admired but here
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude and shallow to discern
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
 Who sees thee? and what is one? who shouldst be seen
 A Goddess among Gods, adored and served
 By angels numberless, thy daily train
 So glozed the tempter, and his poem tuned,

Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marvelling at length
 Not unamazed she thus in answer spake
 What may this mean? Language of man pronounced
 By tongue of brute and human sense express'd?
 The first at least of these I thought denied
 To beasts, whom God on their creation day
 Created mute to all articulate sound,
 The latter I demur, for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions oft appears
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endued,
 Redouble then this miracle, and say
 How cam'st thou speakable of mute and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind that duly are in sight?
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due
 To whom the guileful tempter thus replied
 Empress of this fair world resplendent Eve,
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all
 What thou command'st and right thou shouldst be obey'd
 I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food nor wight but food discern'd
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high
 Till on a day roving the field I chanced
 A goodly tree far distant to behold
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
 Ruddy and gold I nearer drew to gaze,
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite more pleased my sense
 Than smell of sweetest fennel or the teats
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
 Unsuck'd of lamb or kid that tend their play
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
 Not to defer, hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon,

For high from ground the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's round the tree
 All other beasts that saw with like desire,
 Longing and envying, stood but could not reach
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so nigh to pluck and eat my fill
 I spared not, for such pleasure till that hour
 At feed or fountain never had I found
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward powers and speech
 Wanted not long though to this shape retain'd
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
 I turn'd my thoughts and with capacious mind
 Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,
 Or earth, or middle all things fair and good,
 But all that fair and good in thy divine
 Semblance and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray
 United I beheld, no fair to thine
 Equivalent or second, which compell'd
 Me thus though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame
 So talk'd the spirited sly snake, and Eve
 Yet more amazed unwary thus replied
 Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved
 But say where grows the tree? from hence how far?
 For many are the trees of God that grow
 In paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
 Still hanging incorruptable, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden nature of her birth
 To whom the wily adder blithe and glad
 Empress, the way is ready, and not long,
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
 Of blowing myrrh and balm if thou accept

My conduct, I can bring thee hither soon

Lead then, said Eve He leading swiftly roll'd

In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,

To mischief swift hope elevates, and joy

Brightens his crest as when a wand ring fire

Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night

Condenses, and the cold envious round,

Kindled through agitation to a flame,

Which oft, they say some evil spirit attends,

Hovering and blazing with delusive light,

Misleads the amazed night wanderer from his way

To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,

There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far

So glister'd the due snake and into fraud

Led Eve our credulous mother, to the tree

Of prohibition root of all our woe

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake

Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,

Fruitless to me though fruit be here to excess,

The credit of whose virtue rest with thee,

Wondrous indeed if cause of such effects

But of this tree we may not taste nor touch,

God so commanded, and left that command

Sole daughter of his voice, the rest we live

Law to ourselves, our reason is our law

To whom the tempter guilefully replied

Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit

Of all these garden trees ye shall not eat,

Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?

To whom thus Eve yet sinless Of the fruit

Of each tree in the garden we may eat,

But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst

The garden, God hath said, ye shall not eat

Thereof, nor shall ye touch it lest ye die

She scarce had said, though brief when now more bold

The tempter, but with show of zeal and love

To man, and indignation at his wrong,

New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,

Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act

Raised, as of some great matter to begin

As when of old some orator renown'd
 In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
 Flourish'd, since mute to some great cause address'd,
 Stood in himself collected while each part,
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
 Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
 Of preface brooking through his zeal of right
 So standing moving, or to highth upgrown,
 The tempter all impassion'd thus began

O sacred, wise, and wisdom giving plant,
 Mother of science now I feel thy power
 Within me clear, not only to discern
 Things in their causes but to trace the ways
 Of highest agents deem'd however wise
 Queen of this universe¹ do not believe
 Those rigid threats of death, ye shall not die
 How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
 To knowledge by the threatener? look on me,
 Me who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
 Is open? or will God incense His ire
 For such a petty trespass and not praise
 Rather your dauntless virtue whom the pain
 Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
 Deter'd not from achieving what might lead
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just,
 Not just, not God, not fear'd then, nor obey'd
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear
 Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers, he knows that in the day
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then

¹ Gen. iii. 4

Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know
That ye should be as Gods, since I as man,
Internal man is but proportion meet,
I of brute, human, ye of human Gods
So shall ye die perhaps by putting off
Human, to put on Gods death to be wish'd,
Though threaten'd which no worse than this can bring
And what are Gods that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds,
I question it for this fur earth I see,
Warm'd by the sun producing every kind,
Them nothing if they all things who enclosed
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envy, and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breasts? These these and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit
Goddess humane reach then, and freely taste
He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easy entrance won
Fix'd on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye, yet first
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused
Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired,
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise
 Thy praise He also who forbids thy use
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil,
 Forbids us then to taste, but His forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want
 For good unknown sure is not had, or had
 And yet unknown is as not had at all
 In plain then, what forbids He but to know?
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions bind not But if death
 Bind us with after bands what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
 Of this fair fruit our doom is we shall die
 How dies the serpent? he hath eaten and lives,
 And knows and speaks and reasons, and discerns,
 Irrational till then For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us denied
 This intellectual food for beasts reserved?
 For beasts it seems yet that one beast which first
 Hath tasted envies not but brings with joy
 The good befall'n him author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile
 What fear I then, rather what know to fear
 Under this ignorance of good and evil,
 Of God or death, of law or penalty?
 Here grows the cure of all this fruit divine,
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
 Of virtue to make wise what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the fruit she pluck'd, she eat
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
 Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve
 Intent now only on her taste, naught else
 Regarded, such delight till then, as seem'd,

In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge, nor was Godhead from her thought
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
And knew not eating death satiate at length,
And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began

O sov'reign, virtuous precious of all trees
In Paradise, of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created but henceforth my early care
Not without song each morning and due praise
Shall tend thee and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all,
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know,
Though others envy what they cannot give,
For had the gift been theirs it had not here
Thus grown Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide,¹ not following thee I had remain'd
In ignorance, thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access though secret she retire,
And I perhaps am secret heav'n is high
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on earth, and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder safe with all his spies
About him But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without co-partner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior, for inferior who is free?

¹ The serpent

Thus may be well but what if God have seen,
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And Adam wedded to another Eve
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct
 A death to think Confirm'd then I resolve,
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe
 So dear I love him that with him all deaths
 I could endure, without him live no life

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,
 But first low reverence done, as to the power
 That dwelt within whose presence had infused
 Into the plant scintillating sap, derived
 From nectar drink of Gods Adam the while,
 Waiting desirous her return had wove
 Of choicest flowers a garland to adorn
 Her tresses and her rural labours crown,
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd,
 Yet oft his heart divine of something ill,
 Misgave him, he the falt'ring measure felt,
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That morn when first they parted By the Tree
 Of Knowledge he must pass there he her met,
 Scarce from the tree returning, in her hand
 A bough of fairest fruit that downy smiled,
 New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffused
 To him she hasted, in her face excuse
 Came prologue, and apology too prompt,
 Which with bland words at will she thus address'd

Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
 Thee I have miss'd and thought it long, deprived
 Thy presence, agony of love till now
 Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
 Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
 The pain of absence from thy sight But strange
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear
 This tree is not, as we are told a tree
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
 Op'ning the way, but of divine effect

To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste
And hath been tasted such The serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become
Not dead as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond, open'd mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead, which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise
For bliss as thou hast part to me is bliss,
Tedious unshared with thee and odious soon
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love,
Lest thou not tasting different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee when fate will not permit

Thus Eve, with countenance blithe, her story told,
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd
On th' other side Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve amazed,
Astonied stood and blank while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd
From his slick hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropp'd, and all the faded roses shed
Speechless he stood and pale till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke

O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works creature in whom exceli'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflower'd, and now to death devote!
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,

And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to die
 How can I live without thee? how forego
 Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
 To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
 Should God create another Eve and I
 Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart no no, I feel
 The link of nature draw me, flesh of flesh,
 Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 Mine never shall be parted bliss or woe

So having said as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and other thoughts disturb'd
 Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd

Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,
 And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
 Had it been only coveting to eye
 That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
 Much more to taste it under ban to touch
 But past who can recall, or done undo?
 Not God omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not die perhaps the fact
 Is not so heinous now foretasted fruit
 Profaned first by the serpent by him first
 Made common and unhallow'd ere our taste,
 Nor yet on him found deadly he yet lives,
 Lives as thou saidst, and gains to live as man
 Higher degree of life inducement strong
 To us as likely tasting to attain
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or angels demigods
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
 Us His prime creatures, dignified so high,
 Set over all His works, which in our fall,
 For us created, needs with us must fail,
 Dependent made, so God shall uncreate,
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose,
 Not well conceived of God, who, though His power

Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
 Us to abolish, lest the adversary
 Triumph and say Fickle their state whom God
 Most favours, who can please Him long? Me first
 He ruin'd, now mankind, whom will he next?
 Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
 Certain to undergo like doom, if death
 Consort with thee death is to me as life,
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,
 My own in thee, for what thou art is mine,
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,
 One flesh, to lose thee were to lose myself

So Adam, and thus Eve to him replied
 O glorious trial of exceeding love,
 Illustrious evidence, example high,
 Engaging me to emulate, but short
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
 Adam, from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak
 One heart, one soul in both, whereof good proof
 This day affords declaring thee resolved,
 Rather than death or aught than death more dead
 Shall separate us link'd in love so dear,
 To undergo with me one guilt one crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit,
 Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds
 Direct, or by occasion hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love, which else
 So eminently never had been known
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
 'Tis my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst and not persuade thee, rather die
 Deserted than oblige thee with a fact
 Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful love unequal'd, but I feel
 Far otherwise the event, not death but life
 Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,

Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
 Hath touch'd my sense flat seems to this and harsh
 On my experience, Adam freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds

So saying, she embrac'd him and for joy
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake or death
 In recompense, for such compliance bad
 Such recompense best merits from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand he scrupled not to eat
 Against his better knowledge not deceived,¹
 But fondly overcome with female charm
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs and Nature gave a second groan,
 Sky loud, and muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original, while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
 Him with her loved society, that now,
 As with new wine intoxicated both,
 They swim in mirth and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings
 Wherewith to scorn the earth, but that false fruit
 Far other operation first display'd,
 Carnal desire inflaming, he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid, in lust they burn,
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part,
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And palate call judicious, I the praise
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now

True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
 For this one time had been forbidden ten
 But come, so well refresh'd now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare
 For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee adorned
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardour to enjoy thee fairer now
 Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree
 So said he and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent, well understood
 Of Eve whose eye darted contagious fire
 Her hand he seiz'd and to a shady bank,
 Thine overhead with verdant roof imbower'd
 He led her nothing loth, flowers were the couch
 Pansies and violets and asphodel
 And hyacinth earth's freshest softest lap
 There they their fill of love and love's disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin till dewy sleep
 Oppress'd them wearied with their amorous play
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
 That with exhilarating vapour blind
 About their spirits hid play'd, and inmost powers
 Made enwreath'd was now exhaled and grosser sleep
 Bred of unkindly fumes with conscious dreams
 Encumber'd, now had left them up they rose
 As from unrest and each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how open'd and their minds
 How darken'd innocence that as a veil
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone,
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,
 And honour from about them, naked left
 To guilty shame, he cover'd but his robe
 Uncover'd more So rose the Danite strong
 Herculean Samson from the harlot lap
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
 Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare
 Of all their virtue silent, and in face

Confounded, long they sate, as stricken mute,
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd

O Eve in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall
False in our promised rising since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil good lost, and evil got,
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence, whence evil store,
Ev'n shame, the last of evils, of the first
Be sure then How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly, with their blaze
Insufferably bright O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun light spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd
And guded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer, shame,
There sit not and reproach us as unclean
So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood, there soon they chose
The figtree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms

Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother tree a pillar'd shade¹
 High overarch'd, and echoing walks between,
 There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loopholes cut thro' thickest shade. Those leaves
 They gather'd broad as Amazonian targe,
 And with what skill they had together sew'd,
 To gird their waist vain covering if to hide
 Their guilt and dreaded shame, O how unlike
 To that first naked glory! Such of late
 Columbus found the American so girt
 With feather'dincture naked else and wild
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores
 Thus fenced and as they thought their shame in part
 Cover'd but not at rest or ease of mind,
 They sat them down to weep, nor only tears
 Run'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind calm region once
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent
 For understanding ruled not and the will
 Heard not her lore both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite who from beneath
 Usurping over sovereign reason clum'd
 Superior sway from thus discomper'd breast
 Adam estrang'd in look and alter'd style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'
 With me as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wand'ring this unhappy morn
 I know not whence possess'd thee, we had then
 Remain'd still happy, not as now, despoil'd
 Of all our good shamed, naked miserable
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve

¹ The Indian fig called *Ficus Indica*
 by botanists or Banyan. The largest
 known near'y covers an island on the

Nerbudda. It is 2 000 feet round and
 has 1 300 trunks

The faith they owe, when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail

To whom soon moved with touch of blame thus Eve
What words have pass'd thy lips Adam severe?
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wand ring as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps hadst thou been there,
Or here th' attempt thou could'st not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake,
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib
Being as I am why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou said'st?
Too frail then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay didst permit, approve and fair dismiss
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me

To whom then first incensed Adam replied
Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve, express'd
Immutable when thou wert lost not I,
Who might have lived and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint what could I more?
I warn'd thee I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger and the lurking enemy
'That lay in wait beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial, and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue

The error now which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman overtrusting
Lest her will rule, restraint she will not brook
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours but neither self condemning
And of their vain contest appear'd no end

BOOK X

THE ARGUMENT

Man's transgression known the guardian angels forsake paradise and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance and are approved God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented He sends his Son to judge the transgressors who descends and gives sentence accordingly then in pity clothes them both and reascends Sin and Death sitting till then at the gates of hell by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world and the sin by man there committed resolve to sit no longer confined in hell but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos according to the track that Satan first made then preparing for earth they meet him proud of his success returning to hell their mutual gratulation Satan arrives at Pandemonium in full assembly relates with boasting his successful conquest man instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents according to his doom given in Paradise then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them they greedily reaching to take of the fruit chew dust and bitter ashes The proceedings of Sin and Death God foretells the final victory of his Son over them and the renewing of all things but for the present commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition heavily bewails rejects the condolence of Eve she persists and at length appeases him then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring proposes to Adam violent ways which he approves not but conceiving better hope puts her in mind of the late promise made them that her seed should be revenged on the serpent and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication

MEANWHILE the heinous and spiteful act
Of Satan done in paradise, and how
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heav'n, for what can scape the eye
Of God all seeing, or deceive His heart
Omniscient, who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, and freewill arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
The high injunction not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted, which they not obeying
Incurr'd, what could they less? the penalty,
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall
Up into heav'n from paradise in haste
Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad

For man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n
 Entrance unseen Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From earth arrived at heaven gate, displeased
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
 With pity, violated not their bliss
 About the new arrived in multitudes
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befell they towards the throne supreme
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approv'd, when the most high
 Eternal Father from his secret cloud
 Amidst in thunder utter'd thus his voice

Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge be not dismay'd,
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from hell
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed
 On his bad errand, man should be seduced
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker, no decree of mine
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free will to her own inclining left
 In even scale But fall'n he is, and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounced that day,
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd¹

All judgment, whether in heav'n or earth, or hell
 Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice,¹ sending thee
 Man's friend, his Mediator his design'd
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary
 And destined Man himself to judge man fall'n

So spake the Father and, unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand His glory on the Son
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity, He full
 Resplendent all His Father manifest
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild
 Father eternal thine is to decree

Mine both in heav'n and earth to do thy will
 Supreme that thou in me thy Son beloved
 May'st ever rest well pleased I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors but thou know'st
 Whoever judged the worst on me must light
 When time shall be, for so I undertook
 Before thou and not repenting thus obtain
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied and thee appaise
 Attendance none shall need, nor time where none
 Are to behold the judgment but the judged
 Those two, the third best absent is condemn'd,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law,
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs

Thus saying from His radiant seat He rose
 Of high collateral glory Him thrones and powers
 Princedoms and dominations ministrant
 Accompanied to heaven gate from whence
 Eden and all the coast in prospect lay
 Down He descended straight, the speed of gods
 Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd
 Now was the sun in western cadence low²
 From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
 To fan the earth now waked, and usher in

¹ Psalm lxxxv 10² Gen. iii 8

The evening cool, when He from wrath more cool
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
 'To sentence man the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears while day declined they heard,
 And from His presence hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife till God
 Approaching thus to Adam call'd aloud

Where art thou Adam,¹ 'wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here
 Not pleased thus entertain'd with solitude
 Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought
 Or come I less conspicuous or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detain? Come forth

He came and with him Eve more loth though first
 To offend discountenanced both and discomposed
 Love was not in their looks either to God
 Or to each other but apparent guilt
 And shame and perturbation, and despair
 Anger and obstinacy, and hate and guile
 Whence Adam falt'ring long thus answer'd brief

I heard thee in the garden and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked hid myself 'To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile replied

My voice thou oft hast heard and hast not fear'd
 But still rejoic'd how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied
 O heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life,
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
 By my complaint, but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,

¹ Gen. iii. 9 and following verses

Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolved though should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal
 This woman, whom thou madest to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit so acceptable so divine
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
 And what she did whatever in itself
 Her doing seem'd to justify the deed,
 She gave me of the tree and I did eat

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied
 Was she thy God that her thou didst obey
 Before His voice? or was she made thy guide,
 Superior or but equal that to her
 Thou didst resign thy manhood and the place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee
 And for thee whose perfection far excell'd
 Hers in all real dignity adorn'd
 She was indeed and lovely to attract
 Thy love not thy subjection, and her gifts
 Were such as under government well seem'd
 Unseemly to bear rule which was thy part
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aught

So having said He thus to Eve in few
 Say woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom said Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied
 The serpent me beguiled and I did eat

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment He proceeded on th' accused
 Serpent though brute unable to transfer
 The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief and polluted from the end
 Of his creation, justly then accursed
 As vitiated in nature more to know
 Concern'd not man, since he no further knew,
 Nor alter'd his offence yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom applied,

Though in mysterious terms judged as then best
And on the serpent thus His curse let fall

Because thou hast done this thou art accursed
Above all cattle each beast of the field,
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity and between thine and her seed,
Her seed shall bruise thy head thou bruise his heel

So spake this oracle then verified
When Jesus son of Mary second Eve
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heaven,
Prince of the air then rising from His grave
Spoiled principalities and powers triumphed
In open show and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air
The realm itself of Satan long usurped
Whom He shall tread at last under our feet,
Even He who now foretold His fatal bruise
And to the woman thus His sentence turned

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception, children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit he over thee shall rule

On Adam last thus judgment He pronounced
Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of the woman
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charged thee saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof
Cursed is the ground for thy sake thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life,
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbidd, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field,
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return

So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And the instant stroke of death denounced that day

Removed far off, then pitying how they stood
 Before him naked to the air, that now
 Must suffer change disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the form of servant¹ to assume,
 As when he wash'd his servants' feet,² so now
 As father of his family he clad
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slun
 Or as the snail with youthful coat repaid,
 And thought not much to clothe His enemies
 Nor He their outward only with the skins
 Of beasts but inward nakedness much more
 Opprobrious, with His robe of righteousness,
 Arriving cover'd from his Father's sight
 To Him with swift ascent He up return'd,
 Into His blissful bosom reassumed
 In glory as of old to Him appeased
 All though all knowing what had past with man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on earth
 Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death
 In counterview within the gates that now
 Stood open wide belching outrageous flame
 Far into Chaos since the fiend pass'd through
 Sin opening who thus now to Death began

O son why sit we here each other viewing
 Idly while Satan our great author thrives
 In other worlds and happier seat provides
 For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
 But that success attends him if mishap
 Ere this he had return'd with fury driven
 By his avengers since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment or then revenge
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise
 Wings growing and dominion giv'n me large
 Beyond this deep, whatever draws me on,
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kind

¹ Philip ii 7² John xiii 5

By secretest conveyance Thou my shade
 Inseparable must with me along
 For Death from Sin no power can separate
 But lest the difficulty of passing back
 Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
 Impassable impervious let us try
 Advent'rous work yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable to found a path
 Over this main from hell to that new world
 Where Satan now prevails a monument
 Of merit high to all th' infernal host,
 Easing their passage hence for intercourse,
 Or transmigration as their lot shall lead
 Nor can I miss the way so strongly drawn
 By this new felt attraction and instinct

Whom thus the magic Shadow answer'd soon
 Go whither fate and inclination strong
 Leads thee I shall not lag behind nor err
 The way thou leading such a scent I draw
 Of carnage prey innumerable and true
 The savour of death from all things there that live
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
 Be wanting but afford thee equal aid

So saying with delight he snuff'd the smell
 Of mortal change on earth As when a flock
 Of ravenous fowl though many a league remote,
 Against the day of battle to a field
 Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying lured
 With scent of living carcases design'd
 For death, the following day, in bloody fight
 So scented the grim future and upturn'd
 His nostril wide into the murky air,
 Sagacious of his quarry from so far
 Then both from out hell gates into the waste
 Wide anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
 Flew diverse, and with power, their power was great,
 Hovering upon the waters, what they met
 Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
 Tost up and down, together crowded drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell

As when the two polar winds blowing adverse
 Upon the Cronian sea,¹ together drive
 Mountains of ice that stop the imagined way²
 Beyond Persia eastward, to the rich
 Cithuan coast. The aggregated soil
 Death with his mace petrific cold and dry,
 As with a tudent smote and fix'd as firm
 As Delos floating once the rest his look
 Bound with Gorgonian rigour³ not to move,
 And with Asphaltic slime bound as the gate,
 Deep to the roots of hell the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd and the mole immense wrought on
 Over the foaming deep high arch'd a bridge
 Of length prodigious joining to the wall
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world
 Forfeit to death from hence a passage broad
 Smooth easy inoffensive down to hell
 So if great things to small may be compared
 Nerves the liberty of Greece to yoke
 From Susa his Memnonian pillar high
 Came to the Sea and over Hellespont
 Bridging his way Europe with Asia join'd,
 And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
 Pontifical⁴ a ridge of perident rock
 Over the void abyss, following the track
 Of Satan to the self same place where he
 First lighted from his wing and landed safe
 From out of Chaos to the outside bare
 Of this round world with pins of adamant
 And chains they made all fast too fast they made
 And durable and now in little space
 The confines met of empyrean heav'n
 And of this world and on the left hand hell
 With long reach interposed, three several ways

¹ Northern frozen sea — NIWTON

² The north east passage to China &c Cathay

³ Alluding to Medusa's power of turning people into stone

⁴ Pontifical i.e. the art of making

bridges. The high priest of Rome derived his title *Pontifex* from *pons* a bridge and *facere* to make perhaps because religious rites of great importance inaugurated these highly valued works which he always superintended

In sight to each of these three places led
 And now the way to earth they had descried,
 To paradise first tending when behold
 Sat in likeness of an angel bright
 Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
 His zenith while the sun in Aries rose
 Disguis'd he came but those his children den
 Their parent soon discern'd though in disguise
 He after I've seduced unminded slunk
 Into the wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel saw his guileful act
 By Eve, though all unwitting seconded
 Upon her husband saw their shame that sought
 Van covertures but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrified
 He fled not hoping to escape but shun
 The present fearing guilty what His wrath
 Might suddenly inflict that past return'd
 By night and listening where the hapless pair
 Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint
 Thence gather'd his own doom, which understood
 Not instant but of future time with joy
 And tidings brought to hell he now return'd
 And at the brink of Chaos near the foot
 Of this new wondrous pontifex unhoped
 Met who to meet him came his offspring dear
 Great joy was at their meeting and at sight
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased
 Long he admiring stood till Sin his fun
 Enchanting daughter thus the silence broke
 O parent these are thy magnific deeds
 Thy trophies which thou view'st is not thine own,
 Thou art their author and prime architect
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd
 My heart which by a secret harmony
 Still moves with thine join'd in connexion sweet,
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks

¹ To avoid being seen by Uriel Centaur and Scorpion are constellations in a different part of the heavens to Aries on the equator —NEWTON
² Bridge

Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet fel
 'That I must after thee with this thy son,
 Such fatal consequence unites us three
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track
 Thou hast achieved our liberty confined
 Within hell gates till now thou us empow'rd
 To fortify thus far and overhly
 With this portentous bridge the dark abyss
 'Thine now is all this world thy virtue hath won
 What thy hands builded not thy wisdom gun'd
 With odds what war hath lost and fully avenged
 On foil in heav'n, here thou shalt monarch reign
 There didst not there let Him still victor sway,
 As battle hath adjudg'd from this new world
 Retiring by His own doom alienated
 And heretoforth monarchy with thee divide
 Of all things puted by th' empyreal bounds,
 His quadrature from thy orbicular world,
 Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne
 Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad
 Full daughter and thou son and grandchild both,
 High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race
 Of Sittin' for I glory in the name
 Antagonist of heav'n's almighty King,
 Amply have mented of me, of all
 Th' infernal empire that so new heav'n's door
 Triumph'd with triumphal act have met,
 Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
 Of easy thoroughfare Therefore, while I
 Descend through darkness on your road with ease
 'To my associate powers them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoice
 You two this way among these numerous orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend,
 There dwell and reign in bliss thence on the earth
 Dominion exercise and in the air,

Chiefly on man sole lord of all declared,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill
 My substitutes I send ye and create
 Plenipotent on earth of matchless might
 Issuing from me on your joint vigour now
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit
 If your joint power prevail th' affairs of hell
 No detriment need fear go and be strong
 So saying he dismiss'd them they with speed
 Their course through thickest constellations held
 Spreading their banners, the blasted stars look'd wan,
 And planets planet struck real eclipse
 Then suffer'd Th' other way Satan went down
 The causeway to hell gate on either side
 Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclud'd,
 And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
 That scorn'd his indignation Through the gate,
 Wide open and unguarded Sat in pass'd
 And all about found desolate for those
 Appointed to sit there had left their charge
 Flown to the upper world, the rest were all
 Far to the inland retired about the walls
 Of Pandemonium city and proud seat
 Of Lucifer so by allusion call'd
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd
 There kept their watch the legions while the grand
 In council sat solicitous what chance
 Might intercept their emperor sent, so he
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd
 As when the Tartar from his Russian foe
 By Astracan over the snowy plains
 Retires, or Bactrian Sophy¹ from the horns
 Of Turkish crescent² leaves all waste beyond
 The realm of Aladule³ in his retreat

The Persian monarch thus named
 from Bactria one of the greatest provinces
 of Persia

² The ensign or emblem of Turkey

³ Aladule the greater Armenia

called by the Turks (under whom the
 greatest part of it is) Aladule of its
 first King Aladules slain by Selymus I
 in his retreat to Iunis¹ a great city
 in the kingdom of Persia now called

To Tauris or Casbeen so these the late
 Heav'n banish'd host left desert utmost hell
 Many a dark league reduced in careful watch
 Round their metropolis and now expecting
 Each hour then great adventurer from the search
 Of foreign worlds he through the midst unmark'd
 In show plumed angel militant
 Of lowest order pass'd, and from the door
 Of that Plutonian hall invisible
 Ascended his high throne which, under state
 Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
 Was placed in regal lustre Down awhile
 He sat and round about him saw unscen
 At last as from a cloud his fulgent head
 And shape stupendous bright appear'd or brighter, clad
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him or false glitter All amazed
 At that so sudden blaze the Stygian throng
 Bent their aspect and whom they wish'd beheld
 Their mighty chief return'd loud was the acclaim
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers
 Raised from their drowsy dream and with like joy,
 Congratulant approach'd him who with hand
 Silence and with these words attention won

Thrones dominations principedoms virtues, powers,
 For in possession such not only of right,
 I call ye and declare ye now, return'd
 Successful beyond hope to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit
 Abominable accurs'd, the house of woe
 And dungeon of our tyrant now possess,
 As lords a spacious world to our native heaven
 Little inferior by my adventure hard
 With peril great achieved Long were to tell
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain

Febratana sometime in the hands of
 the Turks but in 1603 retaken by Abbas
 King of Persia or Casbeen one of
 the greatest cities of Persia where the

Persian monarchs made their residence
 after the loss of Tauris from which it
 is distant sixty five German miles to the
 south east —HUME

Voyaged th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved
 To expedite your glorious march but I
 Told out my uncouth passage forced to ride
 Th' untractable abyss plunged in the womb
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
 That jealous of their secrets fiercely opposed
 My journey strange with clamorous uproar
 Protesting fate supreme, thence how I found
 The new created world which fame in heav'n
 Long had foretold a fabric wonderful
 Of absolute perfection therein man
 Placed in a paradise by our exile
 Made happy him by fraud I have seduced
 From his Creator and the more to increase
 Your wonder with an apple, He therewith
 Offended worth your laughter! hath given up
 Both His beloved man and all His world
 To Sin and Death a prey and so to us,
 Without our hazard labour or alarm
 To range in and to dwell and over man
 To rule as over all He should have ruled
 True is me also he hath judged or rather
 Me not but the brute serpent, in whose shape
 Man I deceived that which to me belongs
 Is enmity which he will put between
 Me and mankind I am to bruise his heel,
 His seed (when is not set)¹ shall bruise my head
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance what remains ye gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, awhile he stood expecting
 Their universal shout and high applause
 To fill his ear when contrary he hears
 On all sides from innumerable tongues,
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound

¹ The time (when) is not declared

Of public scorn, he wonder'd, but not long
 Had leisure wondering at himself now more
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant but in vain a greater power
 Now ruled him punish'd in the shape he sinn'd
 According to his doom. He would have spoke
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to serpents all is accessories
 To his bold not dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion and asp and amphisbina¹ dire
 Cerastes² horn'd, hydnus³ and clop⁴ dear
 And dipsas,⁵ not so thick swum'd once the soil
 Bedropp'd with blood of Gorgon⁶ or the isle
 Ophusa⁷ but still greatest he the midst
 Now dragon grown larger than whom the sun
 Ingendr'd in the Pythian vale on slime,
 Huge Pythou⁸ and his power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to return. They all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to the open field,
 Where all yet left of thit revolted rout
 Heaven fall'n in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief
 They saw, but other sight instead a crowd
 Of ugly serpents, horror on them full,
 And horrid sympathy, for what they saw
 They felt themselves now changing down their arms,

¹ A serpent said to have a head at both ends of its body

² A horned snake

³ A water snake

⁴ A water serpent

⁵ A snake the bite of which produces feverish thirst

⁶ Libya where the blood which

dropped from Medusa's head produced serpents

⁷ An island in the Mediterranean which was deserted on account of its serpents from which it derived its name—NEWTON

⁸ A huge serpent sprung from the slime left after the Deucalion deluge. It was slain by Apollo

Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd and the dire form
 Catch'd by contagion like in punishment
 As in their crime Thus was th' applause they meant
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame,
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths There stood
 A grove hard by sprung up with this their change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Their penance laden with fair fruit like that
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
 Used by the tempter on that prospect strange
 Their earnest eyes they had imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude
 Now us'd to work them further woe or shame
 Yet purch'd with scolding thirst and hunger fierce
 Though to delude them sent could not abstain,
 But on they roll'd in heaps and up the trees
 Climbing sat thicker than the snake coils
 That curl'd Megæra 'greedily they pluck'd
 The fruitage fair to sight like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed,
 'This more delusive not the touch but taste
 Deceived, they, fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust instead of fruit
 Chew'd bitter ashes which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected oft they assay'd,
 Hunger and thirst constraining drugg'd as oft,
 With hatefullest disrelish writhed their jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd, so oft they fell
 Into the same illusion, not as man
 Whom they triumph'd once lapsed Thus were they plagued
 And worn with famine long and ceaseless hiss
 'Till their lost shape permitted they resumed,
 Yet only enjoin'd some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain number'd days
 To dash their pride and joy for man seduced
 However, some tradition they dispersed

¹ One of the Euxine
 Lake Asphaltites (i. e. Dead Sea).
 Milton alludes to Josephus's account of

the apples of Sodom said to have a
 lovely exterior but within to be full of
 ashes. It is not true.

Among the heathen of their purchase got,
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call d
 Ophion with Eurynome (the wide
 Encroaching Eve perhaps,) had first the rule
 Of high Olympus thence by Seturn driv n
 And Ops ere yet Dictæan Jove was born

Meanwhile in paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arriv'd Sin there in power befit,
 Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant behind her Death
 Close following pace for pace not mounted yet
 On his pale horse to whom Sin thus began

Second of Seturn sprung all conquering Death
 What thinkst thou of our empire now though cunn'd
 With travail difficult not better far
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sate watch
 Unarmed, undreaded and thyself half starv'd?

Whom thus the sin born monster answer'd soon
 To me who with eternal famine pine
 Alike is hell or paradise or heaven
 There best where most with ravine I may meet
 Which here, though plenteous all too little seems¹
 To stuff this maw this vast unhide bound coips

To whom th incestuous mother thus replied
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits and flowers
 Feed first, on each beast next and fish, and fowl
 No homely morsels, and whatever thing
 The scythe of Time mows down devour unspar'd
 Till I in man residing through the race,
 His thoughts his looks, words, actions all infect,
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey

Thus said, they both betook them several ways,
 Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
 All kinds, and for destruction to mature
 Sooner or later, which th' Almighty seeing
 From his transcendent seat the saints among,
 To those bright orders utter'd thus his voice

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance

To waste and havoc yonder world which I
 So fair and good created, and had still
 Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
 Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
 Folly to me so doth the prince of hell
 And his adherents that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heavenly and conniving seem
 To gratify my scornful enemies
 That laugh as if transported with some fit
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
 At random yielded up to their misuse
 And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My hell bounds to lick up the druff and filth
 Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
 'On what was pure till cramm'd and goig'd nigh burst
 With suck'd and glutted offal, it one sling
 Of thy victorious arm well pleasing Son
 Both Sin and Death and yawning Grave, at last
 Through Chaos hurl'd obstruct the mouth of hell
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws¹
 Then heav'n and earth renew'd shall be made pure
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain
 'Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes
 He ended and the heavenly audience loud
 Sung Hallelujah as the sound of seas,
 Through multitude that sung Just are thy ways²
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works
 Who can extenuate thee? Next to the Son,
 Destined restorer of mankind by whom
 New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,
 Or down from heav'n descend Such was their song,
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mighty angels gave them several charge,
 As sorted best with present things The sun
 Had first his precept so to move so shine
 As might affect the earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tolerable and from the north to call

¹ See Dantes *Inferno* cant xxiii² Rev xv 3 xvi 7

Decrepit winter, from the south to bring
 Solstitial summer's heat To the blank moon¹
 Her office they prescribed to th' other five
 Their planetary motions and aspects
 In Sextile Square and Trine and Opposite,²
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
 In synod unbenign and taught the fix'd
 Their influence malignant when to show'r
 Which of them rising with the sun or falling
 Should prove tempestuous To the winds they set
 Their corners when with bluster to confound
 Sea air, and shore the thunder when to roll
 With terror through the dark æreal hall
 Some say he bid his angels turn askance
 The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the sun's axle, they with labour push'd
 Oblique the centric globe some say the sun
 Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
 Atlantic sisters³ and the Spartan twins⁴
 Up to the Tropic (Crib) thence down amain
 By Leo and the Virgin, and the Scales,
 As deep as Capricorn to bring in change
 Of seasons to each clime else had the spring
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernal flow'rs
 Equal in days and nights, except to those

¹ Some editions printed *blue moon*
the white

² Terms in use of by the astrologers and signifying the positions or aspects of the five (then known) planets. Sextile means a planet situated at a distance of two signs (the sixth of twelve) from another planet. Square separated by four signs. Trine separated by three signs. *Opposite* was considered a position of noxious efficacy. The period in which Milton lived explains the fact of his countenancing these superstitions as they were universally believed. After the great Fire of London the House of Commons called the astrologer Lilly before them to examine him as to his foreknowledge of that calamity and gravely received

his explanation of how he obtained his foresight from the art he practised. He had foretold the fire in a hieroglyphic resembling those formerly published in Old Moore's Almanack which might be interpreted in any manner the reader pleased. Did you foresee the year? asked one of the Committee. I did not replied Lilly nor was desirous of that I made no scrutiny. The astrologer then told them very wisely that the fire was not of man but of God. It was believed to have been caused by incendiaries.

³ The Plerides daughters of Atlas. This constellation is in the neck of Taurus.

⁴ Castor and Pollux the Gemini.

Beyond the polar circles, to them day
 Had unbenighted shone while the low sun
 To recompense his distance in their sight
 Had rounded still th' horizon and not known
 Or east or west which had forbid the snow
 From cold Estotiland¹ and south as far
 Beneath Magellan² At that tasted fruit
 The sun as from Thyestean banquet³ turned
 His course intended else how had the world
 Inhabited though sinless more than now
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
 These changes in the heavens though slow, produced
 Late chance on sea and land sidereal blast
 Vapour and mist and exhalation hot
 Corrupt and pestilent Now from the north
 Of Norumbega⁴ and the Samoid shore
 Bursting their frozen dungeon armed with ice,
 And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw
 Boras and Cicnis and Argestes loud,
 And Thrascias rend the woods and seas upturn,
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south
 Notus and Afer black with thund'rous clouds
 From Serrationa⁵ thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the Levant and the Ionent winds,
 Euris and Zephyr⁷ with their lateral noise
 Sirocco and Libeccio Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin among th' immortal
 Death introduced through fierce antipathy
 Beast now with beast began war and fowl with fowl,

¹ A tract of land north of America near the Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay — HUME

² Extreme south of South America

³ Atræus to avenge an injury invited his brother Thyestes to a banquet and dined up for his food the flesh of his murdered children This horrid revenge was visited on the family of Atræus for generations

⁴ A province of the northern Armenia Samoida in the north east of Muscovy upon the Frozen Sea — HUME

⁵ Names of the winds Boras the north Cicnis north west Argestes north east Thrascias from Thracia Notus the south wind Afer from Africa — FROM RICHARDSON

⁶ The Lion Mountains south west of Africa famous for storms

⁷ Levant and Ponent are Italian names for the east and west winds called by the Greeks Euris and Zephyr Sirocco and Libeccio are the south east and south west winds

And fish with fish, to graze the herb all leaving
 Devour'd each other, nor stood much in awe
 Of man but fled him, or with countenance grim
 Glued on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries which Adam saw
 Already in part though hid in gloomiest shade,
 To sorrow abandon'd but worse felt within,
 And in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint
 O miserable of happy! 'tis this the end
 Of this new glorious world and me so late
 The glory of that glory who now become
 Accus'd of blessed? Hide me from the face
 Of God whom to behold was then my highth
 Of happiness yet well it here would end
 The misery, I deserved it and would bear
 My own deservings but this will not serve,
 All that I eat or drink or shall beget
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
 Delightfully increase and multiply
 Now death to hear! for what can I increase
 Or multiply but curses on my head?
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me will curse
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure
 For this we may thank Adam but his thanks
 Shall be the execution so besides
 Mine own that bide upon me all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound
 On me as on their natural centre light
 Heavy though in their place O fleeting joys
 Of paradise dear bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee Maker, from my clay,
 To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
 From darkness to promote me or here place
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concurr'd not to my being it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resign, and render back
 All I received, unable to perform

Thy terms too hard by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not To the loss of that
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems, yet, to say truth, too late
 I thus contest then should have been refused
 These terms whatever when they were proposed
 Thou didst accept them, wilt thou enjoy the good
 Then cavil the conditions?¹ and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd retort
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election
 But natural necessity begot
 God made thee of choice his own and of his own
 To serve him thy reward was of his grace
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will
 Be it so for I submit his doom is fair
 That dust I am and shall to dust return
 O welcome hour whenever! why delays
 His hand to execute what He decrees
 I fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?²
 Why am I mock'd with death and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down
 As in my mother's lap? there I should rest
 And sleep secure, His dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die,
 Lest that pure breath of life the spirit or man
 Which God inspir'd cannot together perish
 With this corporeal clod, then in the grave
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living death? O thought

¹ Job ii 10² Gen ii 7

Horr'd if true! yet why? it was but breath
 Of life that sinn'd, what dies but what had life
 And sin? the body properly hath neither
 All of me then shall die, let this appease
 The doubt since human reach no further knows
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is His wrath also? be it man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd. How can He exercise
 Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
 Can He make deathless death? that were to make
 Strange contradiction which to God Himself
 Impossible is held as argument
 Of weakness not of power. Will He draw out,
 For angels sake finite to infinite
 In punish'd man to satisfy his rigour
 Satisfied never? that were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
 By which all causes else, according still
 To the reception of their matter act
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say,
 That death be not one stroke as I supposed
 Bereaving sense but endless misery
 From this day onward which I feel begun
 Both in me and without me, and so last
 To perpetuity — ay me! that fear
 Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head both death and I
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both,
 Nor I on my part single, in me all
 Posterity stands curs'd, fair patrimony
 That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
 So disinherited how would ye bless
 Me, now your curse! Ah! why should all mankind,
 For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt, both mind and will depraved,
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? how can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,

Forced I absolve all my evasions vain,
And reasonings though through mazes lead me still
But to my own conviction first and last
On me, me only as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due
So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden heavier than the earth to bear
Than all the world much heavier though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou desist
And what thou feinst alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future
To Satan only like both crime and doom
O Conscience into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me out of which
I find no way from deep to deeper plunged!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night, not now as ere man fell
Wholesome and cool and mild but with black air
Accompanied with dumps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror On the ground
Outstretch'd he lay on the cold ground and oft
Cursed his creation death is oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence Why comes not death
Said he with one thrice acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just?
But death comes not at call, justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowrs,
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed
But her with stern regard he thus repulld
Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false

And hateful, nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his and colour serpentine may show
 Thy inward fraud to wain all creatures from thee
 Henceforth lest that too heavenly form, pretended
 To hellish falsehood snare them But for thee
 I had persisted happy had not thy pride
 And wandering vanity when least was safe
 Rejected my forewarning and disdained
 Not to be trusted longing to be seen
 Though by the devil himself him overweening
 To overreach, but with the serpent meeting
 Fool'd and beguiled by him thou I by thee
 To trust thee from my side imagined wise
 Constant mature proof against all assaults,
 And understood not ill wis but a show
 Rather than solid virtue all but a rib
 Cooled by nature bent as now appears,
 More to the part sinister from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out is supernumerary
 To my just number found Oh! why did God
 Creator wise that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine create at last
 This novelty on earth this fair defect
 Of nature and not fill the world it once
 With men as angels without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares
 And strait conjunction with this sex for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse, or if she love withhold
 By parents, or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame,
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound

He add'ed not, and from her turn'd but Fve
Not so repuls'd with tears that ceased not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd at his feet
Fell humble and embracing them besought
His peace and thus proceeded in her plaint

Forsake me not thus, Adam witness heav'n
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee and unwitting have offended
I unhappily deceived thy suppliant
I beg and clasp thy knees believe me not
Whereon I live thy gentle looks thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betide me where subsist?
While yet we live scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us
That cruel serpent On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n
On me already lost me than thyself
More miserable both have sinn'd but thou
Against God only I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return
There with my cries importune heaven that all
The sentence from thy head removed may light
On me sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me me only just object of his ire

She ended weeping and her lowly plight
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
Commiseration soon his heart relented
Towards her his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking
His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid,
As one disarm'd his anger all he lost
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon

Unway and too desirous as before
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir'st

The punishment all on thyself, alas
 Bear thine own first ill able to sustain
 His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,
 And my displeasures be 'st so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees I to that place
 Would speed before thee and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited,
 Thy faulty and infirmity forgiv'n,
 To me committed and by me exposed
 But now let us no more contend nor blame
 Each other blimed enough elsewhere but strive
 In offices of love how we may lighten
 Each other's burden in our share of woe
 Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
 Will prove no sudden but a slow paced evil,
 A long day's dying to augment our pain
 And to our seed O hapless seed! derived
 To whom thus Eve recovering heart replied
 Adam by sad experiment I'll now
 How little weight my words with thee can find,
 Found so uncious thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate nevertheless
 Restored by thee vile as I am to place
 Of new acceptance hopeful to begin
 Thy love the sole contentment of my heart
 Living or dying from thee I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n,
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,
 Or end though sharp and sad yet tolerable,
 As in our evils and of easier choice
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
 By Death at last and miserable it is
 To be to others cause of misery,
 Our own begotten and of our loins to bring
 Into this cursed world a woful race,
 That after wretched life must be at last
 Food for so foul a monster in thy power
 It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot

Childless thou art, childless remain — so Death
 Shall be deceived his glut — and with us two
 Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
 (Conversing looking loving to abstain
 From love's duties nuptial embraces sweet
 And with desire to languish without hope
 Before the present object languish
 With like desire which would be misery,
 And torment less than none of what we dread
 Then both ourselves and seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both let us make short
 Let us seek Death or be not found supply
 With our own hands his office on ourselves
 Why stand we longer shivering under fears
 That show no end but death — and have the power
 Of many ways to die the shortest choosing
 Destruction with destruction to destroy."

She ended here — her vehement despair
 Broke off the rest — so much of death her thoughts
 Had entertained — as dyed her cheeks with pale
 But Adam with such counsel nothing sway'd,
 To better hopes his more attentive mind
 Labouring had raised — and thus to Eve replied

Eve thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent than what thy mind contemns,
 But self destruction therefore sought refutes
 That excellence thought in thee — and implies,
 Not thy contempt but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overloved
 Or if thou covet death as utmost end
 Of misery — so thinking to evade
 The penalty pronounced doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier aim'd his vengeful ire than so
 To be forestall'd — much more I fear lest death
 So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
 We are by doom to pay — rather such acts
 Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
 To make death in us live — then let us seek

Some safer resolution, which methinks
 I have in view calling to mind with heed
 Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
 The serpent's head piteous amends unless
 Be meant whom I conjecture our grand foe
 Satan, who in the serpent hath contrived
 Against us this deceit To crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed which will be lost
 By death brought on ourselves or childless days
 Resolved, as thou propos'st, so our foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd and we
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness
 That cuts us off from hope and savours only
 Rancour and pride impatience and despite
 Reluctance against God and His just yoke
 Laid on our necks Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper He both heard and judged
 Without wrath or reviling we expected
 Immediate dissolution which we thought
 Was meant by death that day when lo' to thee
 Pains only in child bearing were foretold
 And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,
 Fruit of thy womb on me the curse aslope
 Glanced on the ground with labour I must earn
 My bread, what harm'd idleness had been worse,
 My labour will sustain me and lest cold
 Or heat should injure us His timely care
 Hath unbesought provided and His hands
 Clothed us unworthy, pitying while He judged
 How much more, if we pray Him, will His ear
 Be open and His heart to pity incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement seasons, rain ice, hail, and snow,
 Which now the sky with various face begins
 To show us in this mountain, while the winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair spreading trees, which bids us seek
 Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish

Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
 Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected may with matter seere foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grind
 The air attrite¹ to fire as late the clouds
 Justling or push'd with winds rude in their shock
 kindle the slant lightning whose thwart flame driv'n down
 kindles the cummy burl of fir or pine,
 And sends a comfortable heat from far
 Which might supply the sun Such fire to use,
 And what may else be remedy or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 He will instruct us paying and of grace
 Beseeching Him so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life sustained
 By Him with many comforts till we end
 In dust our final rest and native home
 What better can we do than to the place
 Repining where He judg'd us prostrate fall
 Before Him reverent and there confess
 Humbly our faults and pardon beg with tears
 Watering the ground and with our sighs the air
 Frequenting sent from hearts contrite in sign
 Of sorrow unforg'd and humiliation meek²
 Undoubtedly He will relent and turn
 From His displeasure in whose look serene
 When angry most He seem'd and most severe
 What else but favour grace and mercy shone?
 So spake our father penitent nor Eve
 Felt less remorse they forthwith to the place
 Repining where He judg'd them prostrate all
 Before Him reverent and both confess'd
 Humbly their faults and pardon begg'd with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting,³ sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unforg'd and humiliation meek

¹ Worn by rubbing or friction² To kindle³ Beating the air

BOOK XI

THE ARGUMENT

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting and intercedes for them. God accepts them but declares that they must no longer abide in paradise sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs he discerns Michael's approach goes out to meet him the angel denounces their approaching departure Eve's lamentation Adam pleads but submits the angel leads him up to a high hill sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood
 Praying for from the mercy sent above
 Preventing grace descending had removed
 The stony from their hearts and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead that sighs now breathed
 Unutterable¹ which the spirit of prayer
 Inspired and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight
 Than loudest oratory yet then port
 Not of mean suitors nor important less
 Seem'd their petition than when the ancient pur
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha to restore
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shine
 Of Themis stood devout² To heav'n their prayers
 Flew up nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
 Blown vagabond or frustrate in they pass'd
 Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad
 With incense,³ where the golden altar fumed,
 By their great Intercessor came in sight
 Before the Father's throne them the glad Son
 Presenting thus to intercede began

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
 From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs

¹ Romans viii 26

² Themis the goddess of justice The fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha evidently

founded on a heathen tradition of Noah's flood is told by Ovid *Met* I fav 8

³ *I* salm cxli 2

And prayers, which in this golden censer mix'd
 With incense I thy priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sown with contrition in his heart than those
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees
 Of paradise could have produced ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
 To supplication hear his sighs though mute,
 Unskilful with what words to pray let me
 Interpret for him me his advocate¹
 And propitiation all his works on me
 Good or not good ingraft my merit those
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay
 A debt me, and in me from these receive
 The smell of peace toward mankind, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd at least his days
 Number'd though sad, till death his doom (which I
 To mitigate thus plead not to reverse)
 To better life shall yield him where with me
 All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.²
 To whom the Father without cloud, serene,
 All thy request for man accepted Son
 Obtain all thy request was my decree
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell
 The law I gave to nature him forbids
 Those pure immortal elements that know
 No gross no unharmonious mixture foul
 Eject him tainted now and purge him off
 As a distemper gross, to air as gross,
 And mortal food as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Distemper'd all things and of incorrupt
 Corrupted I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd with happiness
 And immortality that fondly lost,
 This other served but to eternize woe
 Till I provided death, so death becomes

¹ 1 John ii 1 2² John xvii 21 22

His final remedy, and after life
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
 By faith and faithful works to second life,
 Wiked in the renovation of the just
 Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd
 But let us call to synod all the best
 Through heav'n's wide bounds, from them I will not hide
 My judgment, how with mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd

He ended and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright minister that watch'd he blew
 His trumpet heard in Oreb since perhaps
 When God descended and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom The angelic blast
 Filled all the regions from their blissful bow'rs
 Of Amaranthine shade fountain or spring,
 By the waters of life where e'er they sat
 In fellowships of joy the sons of light
 Hasted resorting to the summons high,
 And took their seats till from His throne supreme
 The Almighty thus pronounced His sov'reign will

O Sons like one of us man is become
 To know both good and evil, since his taste
 Of that defended fruit but let him boast
 His knowledge of good lost and evil got,
 Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
 Good by itself and evil not at all
 He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
 My motions in him, longer than they move
 His heart I know how variable and vain
 Self left Lest therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the garden forth to till
 The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil
 Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,

Tale to thee from among the Cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming warriors lest the fiend,
 Or in behalf of man, or to invade
 Vacant possession some new trouble rouse
 Haste thee and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful pair
 From hallow'd ground the unholy and denounce
 To them and to their progeny from thence
 Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint
 At the sad sentence rigorously urged
 For I behold them soften'd and with tears
 Bewailing their excess all terror hide
 If patiently thy bidding they obey
 Dismiss them not disconsolate reveal
 To Adam what shall come in future days,
 As I shall thee enlighten intermix
 My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd,
 So send them forth though sorrowing yet in peace
 And on the east side of the garden place,
 Where entrance up from Eden eases't climbs,
 Cherubic watch and of a sword the flame
 Wide waving all approach fu off to flight
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life
 Lest paradise a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul and all my taces their prey
 With whose stol'n fruit man once more to de'ade
 He ceased and the archangelic pow'r prepared
 For swift descent with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim, four faces each
 Had like a double Janus,¹ all then shape
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than in those
 Of Argus² and more wakeful than to drowse
 Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
 To resalute the world with sacred light
 Leucothea³ waked, and with fresh dews imbalm'd

¹ Ezek. x. 12, 14

² Argus the spy of Juno who had a hundred eyes was lulled to sleep and killed by Mercury (or Hermes) by the command of Jupiter. The Caduceus of Mercury is called an opiate rod because

with it he could charm sleep on any eyelids he pleased.

³ The white Goddess or Dawn. The same with Matutina or early morning in Latin. She preceded Aurora - NEWTON

The earth, when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons and found
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring
 Out of despair joy, but with fear yet link'd,
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd

Eve easily may fath admit that all
 The good which we enjoy from heav'n descends,
 But that from us ought should ascend to heav'n
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high bless'd or to incline His will,
 Hard to belief may seem yet this will prayer
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
 Even to the seat of God For since I sought
 By prayer th' offended Duty to appease,
 Kneel'd and before Him humbled all my heart,
 Methought I saw Him pliable and mild
 Bending His ear persuasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour, peace return'd
 Home to my breast and to my memory
 His promise that thy seed shall bruse our foe,
 Which then not minded in dismay yet now
 Assumes me that the bitterness of death
 Is past and we shall live Whence hail to thee
 Eve¹ rightly call'd mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all things living since by thee
 Man is to live and all things live for man

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek
 Ill worthy I such title should belong
 To me transgressor who for thee ordain'd
 A help, became thy snare to me reproach
 Rather belongs distrust and all dispraise
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge
 That I who first brought death on all, am graced
 The source of life next favourable thou
 Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,
 Far other name deserving But the field
 To labour calls us now with sweat imposed,
 Though after sleepless night, for see, the morn,

¹ Eve signifies Life

All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosy progress smiling, let us forth,
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where'er our days work bes though now enjoind
 Laborious till day droop while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
 Here let us live thou in full state content

So spake so wish'd much humbled Eve but fate
 Subscribed not, nature first gave signs impress'd
 On bird beast air, air suddenly eclipsed
 After short blush of morn'ning in her sight
 The bird of Jove stoop'd from his airy tow'r,
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
 First hunter then pursued a gentle brace
 Goodliest of all the forest hart and hind,
 Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight
 Adam observ'd and with his eye the chase
 Pursuing; not unmoved to Eve thus spake

O Eve some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows
 Forerunners of his purpose or to warn
 Us haply too secure of our discharge
 From penalty because from death released
 Some days, how long and what till then our life,
 Who knows or more than this that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more?
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground,
 One way the selfsame hour? Why in the west
 Darkness ere day's mid course and morning light
 More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
 O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends with something heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not for by this the heav'nly bands
 Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
 In Paradise, and on a hill made halt,
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met

Jacob in Mahanaim,¹ where he saw
 The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright,
 Not that which on the flaming mount appear'd
 In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,²
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
 One man in assassin like had levy'd war,
 War unproclaim'd The princely monarch
 In their bright stand there left his powers to seize
 Possession of the garden he alone,
 To find where Adam shelter'd took his way,
 Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve
 While the great visitant approach'd thus spake

Eve now expect great tidings which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine or impose
 New laws to be observ'd, for I descry
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill
 One of the heavenly host, and by his gait
 None of the meanest some great potentate,
 Or of the thrones above such majesty
 Invests him coming, yet not terrible,
 That I should fear nor sociably mild
 As Raphael, that I should much confide,
 But solemn and sublime whom not to offend
 With reverence I must meet and thou retire

He ended, and the archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flow'd,
 Livelier than Melibœus³ on the grain
 Of Samarra worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce, Iris⁴ had dy'd the woof,
 His stately helm unbuckled show'd him prime
 In manhood where youth ended, by his side
 As in a glistening zodiac hung the sword

¹ Gen xxxii 1 2

² Alluding to the king of Syria's attempt to take the prophet Elisha captive and to the vision the prophet vouchsafed to obtain for his servant of the angel guards which defended him 2 Kings vi 1

³ Melibœus a city of Thessaly was famous for dyeing the noblest purple Samarra the dye of Tyre—HUMERUS was the name of the fish from which the Tyrian purple dye was extracted

⁴ The rainbow hues are meant

Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear
Adam bow'd low he kingly from his state
Inclined not but his coming thus declared

Adam heav'n's high behest no preface needs
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard and doth,
'Th'n due by sentence when thou didst transgress
Defeated of his seizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover well may then thy Lord appeased
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim,
But longer in this Paradise to dwell

Permits not to remove thee I am come
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken fitter soil

He added not for Adam at the news
Heart struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound, Eve who unseen
Yet all had heard with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retreat

O unexpected stroke worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, paradise? thus leave
Thy native soil these happy walls and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
Who now shall ren ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'd by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild
Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign

What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
 Thus over fond on that which is not thine
 Thy going is not lonely with thee goes
 Thy husband, him to follow thou art bound,
 Where he abides, thine there thy native soil

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
 To Michael thus his humble words address'd

Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
 Of them the highest for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy message which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us, what besides
 Of sorrow, and dejection and despair,
 Our faulty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes all places else
 Inhospitable appear and desolate
 Nor knowing us nor known and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of Him who all things can I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries
 But pray against His absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind
 Blown staffing back on him that breathes it forth
 Therefore to His great bidding I submit
 This most afflicts me that departing hence
 As from His face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessed count'nance here I could frequent,
 With worship place by place, where he vouchsafed
 Presence divine and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
 Stood visible, among these pines His voice
 I heard here with Him at this fountain talk
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs

In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bight appearances or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angry yet recall'd
 To life prolong'd and promised race I now
 Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts
 Of glory and far off His steps adore.

To whom thus Michael with regard benign
 Adam thou know'st how heav'n His and all the earth,
 Not this rock only, His omnipresence fills
 Land sea and air and every kind that lives,¹
 Fomented by His virtual power and warm'd
 All the earth He gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined
 Of Paradise or Eden this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat from whence had spread
 All generations and had hither come
 From all the ends of the earth to celebrate
 And reverence thee their great progenitor
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
 Gois as here and will be found alike
 Present and of His presence many a sign
 Still following thee still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love His face
 Express and of His steps the trail divine
 Which that thou may'st believe and be confirm'd
 Ere thou from hence depart I now I am sent
 To show thee what shall come in future days
 To thee and to thy offspring, good with bad
 Expect to hear supernatural grace contending
 With sinfulness of men, thereby to learn
 True patience and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally inured
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure

¹ Jeremiah xxiii 24

Thy mortal passage when it comes Ascend
 This hill, let Eve, for I have drench'd her eyes,
 Here sleep below, while thou to foreright wak'st,
 As once thou slept'st while she to life was form'd
 To whom thus Adam gratefully replied
 Ascend I follow thee, safe guide the path
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit,
 However chast'ning to the evil turn
 My obvious breast aiming to overcome
 By suffering and can rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain So both ascend
 In the visions of God It was a hill
 Of Paradise the highest from whose top
 The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
 Stretch'd out to the unimpair'd prospect lay
 Not higher than this hill nor wider looking round,
 Whereon for different cause the tempter set
 Our second Adam in the wilderness,
 To show him all earth's kingdoms and their glory
 His eye might there command wherever stood
 City of old or modern fame the seat
 Of mightiest empire, from the bastined walls
 Of Cimbiliu, seat of Catharin Can
 And Samarchind by Oxus Lemir's throne,¹
 To Piquin of Sinaan kings² and thence
 To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul
 Down to the golden Chersonese³ or where
 The Persian in Ecbatun sat or since
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Czar
 In Mosco or the Sultan in Bizance⁴
 Turchestan born, nor could his eye not ken
 The empire of Negus⁵ to his utmost port
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings

¹ 1 Cor. xi. 45 Matt. iv. 8

² The principal city of Cathay

³ The chief city of Zagathian Tartary
 It was the royal residence of the great
 conqueror Tamerlane or Lemir

⁴ Piquin or Pekin in China the
 country of the ancient Sines—NEWTON

⁵ The golden Chersonese is Malacca

⁶ Byzantium or Constantinople The
 Turks came from Turkistan in Tartary

⁷ Upper Ethiopia or Abyssinia whose
 king is still styled the *Negus* Ercoco
 or Erquico on the Red Sea

Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind¹
 And Sofala thought Ophir to the realm
 Of Congo, and Angola furthest south,
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
 The kingdoms of Almisor² Fez and Sus,
 Marocco, and Algiers, and Premisen,
 Or Europe thence and where Rome was to sway
 The world in spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico the seat of Motazumc,
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer scat
 Of Atabalipa³ and yet unspoild
 Guiana whose great city Geryon's sons⁴
 call El Dorado but to nobler sights
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
 Had bred then purged with euphrasy⁵ and rue
 The visual nerve for he had much to see
 And from the well of life three drops instill'd
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
 Even to the innermost seat of mental sight
 That Adam now enforced to close his eyes,
 Sunk down and all his spirits became intranced
 But him the gentle angel by the hand
 Soon rais'd and his attention thus recall'd
 Adam now open thine eyes, and first behold
 The effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee who never touch'd
 The excepted tree nor with the snake conspired
 Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds
 His eyes he open'd and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth whereon were sheaves
 New reap'd, the other part sheep walks and folds

¹ All on the eastern coast of Africa

² Almisor was King of Barbary where these states lie

³ Atahualpa the last native Emperor or Inca subdued by Pizarro

⁴ The Spaniards so called from Geryon an ancient King of Spain El Dorado

revives the memory of the explorers and navigators of Elizabeth's days The whole inhabited world is summed up in this sweeping and glorious description of the vision of our Lord on the Mount

⁵ The herb called in English eyebright Both it and rue were thought to have great medicinal power

I th' midst an altar as the land mark stoo'd,
 Rustic of grassy sord,¹ thither anon
 A swetty reaper from his tillage brought
 First fruits the green ear and the yellow sheaf
 Uncull'd as came to hand, a shepherd next
 More meek came with the firstlings of his flock
 Choicest and best then sacrificing laid
 The inwards and then fat with incense strew'd
 On the cleft wood and all duties perform'd
 His offering soon propitious fire from heav'n
 Consumed with humble glance and grateful steam
 The others not for his was not sincere
 Whereat he only rag'd and as they talk'd,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone
 That beat out life, he fell and deadly pale
 Grown'd out his soul with gushing blood effused
 Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
 Dismay'd and thus in haste to the angel cried
 O teacher some great mischief hath befall'n
 To that meek man who well had sacrific'd
 Is pity thus and pure devotion paid?

To whom Michael thus he also mov'd* replied
 These two are brethren Adam and to come
 Out of thy loins, the unjust the just hath slain
 For envy that his brother's offering found
 From heav'n acceptance but the bloody fact
 Will be aveng'd and the others faith approved
 Lose no reward though here thou see him die
 Rolling in dust and gore To which our sire
 Alis both for the deed and for the cause'
 But have I now seen death? is this the way
 I must return to native dust? O sight
 Of terror foul and ugly to behold
 Horrid to think how horrible to feel'

To whom thus Michael Death thou hast seen
 In his first shape on man, but many shapes
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead

¹ Sward See green sord for green sward in early editions of Shakespeare

² Gen. iv. 2

To his grim cave all dismal, yet to sense
 More terrible at the entrance than within
 Some as thou saw'st by violent stroke shall die,
 By fire flood famine, by intemperance more
 In meats and drinks which on the earth shall bring
 Diseases due of which a monstrous crew
 Before thee shall appear that thou may'st know
 What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
 Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
 Before his eyes appeared, sad and noisome dark,
 A lizar house it seem'd wherein were laid
 Numbers of all diseased all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm or racking torture qualms
 Of heart sick agony all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs
 Dæmonic frenzy moping melancholy,
 And moon struck madness pining atrophy,
 Marasmus and wide wasting pestilence
 Dropsies and asthmis and joint-racking rheums.
 Dne was the tossing deep the groans despair
 Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch,
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shool but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
 With vows as their chief good and final hope
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry ey'd behold? Adam could not but wept,
 Though not of woman born, compassion quell'd
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
 And since recovering words his plaint renew'd

O miserable mankind to what fall
 Degraded to what wretched state reserved!
 Better end here unborn. Why is life giv'n
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why
 Obtruded on us thus? who if we know
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
 Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
 The image of God in man, created once

So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased
 Under inhuman pams? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And for his Maker's image sake exempt?

Their Maker's image answer'd Michael, then
 Forsook them when themselves they villified
 To serve ungovern'd appetite and took
 His image whom they served a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve

Therefore so abject is their punishment
 Disfiguring not God's likeness but their own
 Or if His likeness by themselves defaced,
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rule
 To loathsome sickness worthily since they
 God's image did not reverence in themselves

I yield it just said Adam and submit
 But is there yet no other way besides
 These painful passages how we may come
 To death and mix with our connatural dust?

There is said Michael if thou well observe
 The rule of not too much by temperance taught
 In what thou eatest and drinkst seeking from thence
 Due nourishment not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return
 So mayst thou live till like ripe fruit thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd not harshly pluck'd for death mature
 This is old age, but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength thy beauty, which will change
 To wither'd, weak, and gray thy senses then
 Obtuse all taste of pleasure must forego
 To what thou hast and for the air of youth,
 Hopeful and cheerful in thy blood will reign
 A melancholy damp of cold and dry
 To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
 The balm of life To whom our ancestor

Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit

Foremost and easiest of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rending up, and patiently attend
My dissolution Michael replied

Nor love thy life nor hate, but what thou livest
Live well how long, or short permit to Heaven
And now prepare thee for another sight
He look'd and saw a spacious plain, wherein
Were tents of various hue, by some were herds
Of cattle grazing,¹ others whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard of harp and organ, and who moved
Their stops and chords was seen his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Lied and pursued to answer the re-echoing fugue.²
In other part stood one who at the forge³
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted, whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain crin vale,
Down to the veins of earth thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether wash'd by stream
From underground, the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepared from which he form'd
First his own tools, then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,
But on the hither side a different sort
From the high neighbouring hills which was their seat
Down to the plain descended by their guise
Just men they seem'd,⁴ and all their study bent
To worship God aright and know His works
Not hid, nor those things list, which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men, they on the plain
Long had not walk'd when from the tents behold
A bevy of fair women richly gay
In gems and wanton dress, to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on

¹ Jabal See Gen iv 20

² Jubal See Gen iv 21

³ Tubal-cain Gen iv 22

⁴ The descendants of Seth

The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes
 Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
 Fast caught they lied, and each his liking chose
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
 Love's harbinger, appear'd, then all in heat
 They light the nuptial torch and bid invoke
 Hymen then first to marriage rites invoked,
 With feast and music all the tents resound
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost sons, girlinds flow'rs,
 And charming symphonies attach'd the heart
 Of Adam soon inclined to admit delight
 The bent of nature which he thus express'd

True opener of mine eyes prime angel bless'd,
 Much better seems this vision and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends than those two past
 Those were of hate and death or pain much worse
 Here nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends

To whom thus Michael: Judge not what is best
 By pleasure though to nature seeming meet
 Created as thou art to nobler ends
 Holy and pure conformity divine
 Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
 Of wickedness wherein shall dwell his race
 Who slew his brother studious they appear
 Of arts that polish life inventors rare,
 Unmindful of their Maker though his Spirit
 Taught them but they his gifts acknowledged none
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st that seem'd
 Of Goddesses so blithe so smooth so gay,
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists
 Woman's domestic honour and chief praise,
 Bred only and complet'd to the taste
 Of lustful appetite to sing to dance,
 To dress and trol the tongue, and roll the eye
 To these that sober race of men whose lives
 Religious tited them the sons of God,
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles

Of these fan atheists, and now swim in joy
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh, for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weep

To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft,
O pity and shame that they who to live well
Entered so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect or in the midway faint !
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin

From man's effeminate sickness it begins
Said the angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom and superior gifts received
But now prepare thee for another scene

He looked and saw wide territory spread
Before him towns and rural wilds between,
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers
Concourse in arms fierce faces thine tning war
Criminals of mighty bone and bold emprise
Put wield their arms put curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ringed
Both horse and foot no idly mustering stood
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of bees fur oxen and fur kine
From a fat meadow ground or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain
Their booty scarce with life the shepherds fly
But call in aid which makes a bloody fray
With cruel tournament the squadrons join,
Where cattle pastured late now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms th' ensanguined field,
Deserted Others to a city strong
Lay siege encamp'd by battery scale and mine
Assaulting, others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds
In other part the sceptred heralds call
To council in the city gates anon
Gray headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
Assemble and harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last

Of middle age one rising ¹ eminent
 In wise deport spake much of right and wrong
 Of justice, of religion truth and peace,
 And judgment from above him old and young
 Exploded and had seized with violent hands
 Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence
 Unseen amid the throng so violence
 Proceeded and oppression and sword law,
 Through all the plain and refuge none was found
 Adam was ill in tears and to his guide
 Lamenting turned full sad, O! what are these
 Death's ministers not men who thus deal death
 Inhumanly to men and multiply
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
 His brother for of whom such massacre
 Mile they but of their brethren men of men?
 But who was that just man whom had not heav'n
 Rescued had in his righteousness been lost?
 To whom thus Michael These are the product
 Of those ill matched marriages thou saw'st,
 Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
 Abhor to join, and by imprudence mix'd
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind
 Such were these giants men of high renown
 For in those days might only shall be admird,
 And valour and heroic virtue call'd
 To overcome in battle and subdue
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
 Manslaughter shall be held the highest pitch
 Of hum in glory and for glory done
 Of triumph to be styl'd great conquerors
 Patrons of man and Gods and sons of Gods
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and plagues of men
 Thus fame shall be achiev'd renown on earth,
 And what most merits fame in silence hid
 But he, the seventh from thee whom thou beheld'st
 The only righteous in a world perverse,

¹ Enoch said to be of middle age
 because he was translated when he was

only 365 years old a middle age then
 Gen v 23 - RICHARDSON

And therefore hated, therefore so beset
 With foes for daring single to be just,
 And utter odious truth that God would come
 To judge them with his saints, him the most High
 Wript in a balmy cloud with winged steeds
 Did as thou saw'st receive to walk with God
 High in salvation and the dunes of bliss
 Exempt from death to show thee what reward
 Awaits the good, the rest what punishment
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold

He look'd and saw the face of things quite changed,
 The bruzen throat of war had ceased to roar,
 All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
 To luxury and not feist and dance,
 Murrying or prostituting as befall
 Ripe or adultery where passing fair
 Allured them, thence from cups to civil broils
 At length a reverend sire¹ among them came,
 And of their doings great dislike declared,
 And testified against their ways, he oft
 Frequented their assemblies whereso met
 Triumphs or festivals and to them preach'd
 Conversion and repentance, as to sculs
 In prison under judgments imminent
 But all in vain which when he saw he ceased
 Contending and removed his tents far off
 Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
 Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,
 Measured by cubit length and breadth and highth,
 Smear'd round with pitch, and in the side a door
 Contrived, and of provisions laid in large
 For men and beast when lo a wonder strange!²
 Of every beast and bird, and insect small,
 Came sevens, and pairs and enter'd in, as taught
 Their order last the sire and his three sons
 With their four wives, and God made fast the door
 Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings

¹ Noah See 1 Peter iii 19

² Noah's removal to another land is

taken from Josephus *Antiq. Jud.* lib. 1.
 c. 3

Wide hovering all the clouds together drove
 From under heav'n, the hills to their supply
 Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist
 Sent up amain and now the thick'ned sky
 Like a dark ceiling stood down rush'd the rain
 Impetuous and continued till the earth
 No more was seen, the floating vessel swum
 Uplifted and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o'er the waves all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelm'd and them with all their pomp
 Deep under water roll'd, sea cover'd sea,
 Sea without shore and in their palaces
 Where luxury late reign'd sea monsters whelp'd
 And stabled, of man and, so numerous late
 All left in one small bottom swum embark'd
 How didst thou grieve then Adam to behold
 The end of all thy offspring end so sad,
 Depopulation! thee another flood
 Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd
 And sunk thee as thy sons, till gently rear'd
 By the angel on thy feet thou stoodst at last
 Though comfortless as when a father mourns
 His children all in view destroy'd at once,
 And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint

O visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Lived ignorant of future so had borne
 My part of evil only each day's lot
 Enough to bear those now that were dispensed
 The burden of many ages, on me light
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 Abortive to torment me ere their being,
 With thought that they must be Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
 Him or his children, evil he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension than in substance feel,
 Grievous to bear but that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn, those few escaped
 Famine and anguish will at last consume

Wand'ring that wat'ry desert I had hope,
 When violence was ceased and war on earth
 All would have then gone well peace would have crown'd
 With length of happy days the rue of man,
 But I was far deceived for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste
 How comes it thus? unfold celestial guide,
 And whether here the race of man will end

To whom thus Michael Those whom late thou saw'st
 In triumph and luxurious wealth are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits but of true virtue void,
 Who having spill'd much blood and done much waste
 Subduing nations and achieved thereby
 Fame in the world high titles and rich prey,
 Shall change their course to pleasure ease and sloth
 Surfeit and lust till wantonness and pride
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace
 The conquer'd also and enslaved by war
 Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose
 And fear of God from whom their pity feign'd
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid
 Against invaders therefore cool'd in zeal
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure
 Worldly or dissolute on what their lords
 Shall leave them to enjoy for the earth shall bear
 More than enough that temperance may be tried
 So all shall turn degenerate all depraved,
 Justice and temperance truth and faith forgot,
 One man except, the only son of light
 In a dark age against example good,
 Against allurements, custom and a world
 Offended, fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence he of their wicked ways
 Shall them admonish, and before them set
 The paths of righteousness how much more safe
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
 On their impenitence, and shall return
 Of them derided, but of God observed
 The one just man alive, by his command

Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
 To save himself and household from amidst
 A world devote to universal wreck
 No sooner he with them of man and beast
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodged
 And shelter'd round, but all the cat'racts
 Of heav'n set open on the earth shall pour
 Run day and night all fountains of the deep
 Broke up shall heave the ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds till inundation rise
 Above the highest hills then shall this mount
 Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
 Out of his place push'd by the horn'd flood
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
 Down the great river to the opening gulf
 And there take root in island salt and bare,
 The haunt of sculls and oies and sea mews' clang,
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctity if none be thither brought
 By men who there frequent or therein dwell
 And now what further shall ensue behold
 He look'd and saw the ark hull on the flood,
 Which now ibited for the clouds were fled
 Driv'n by a keen north wind, that blowing dry
 Wrinkled the face of deluge as decav'd,
 And the clear sun on his wide wat'ry glass
 Gazed hot and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As utter thirst, which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb that staid
 With soft foot towards the deep who now had stop'd
 His sluices as the heav'n his windows shut
 The ark no more now floats but seems on ground
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear,
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
 Towards the retreating sea their furious tide
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger
 A dove, sent forth once and again to spy
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light,

The second time returning, in his bill
 An olive leaf he brings pacific sign
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
 The ancient sire descends with all his train,
 Then with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
 Grateful to heaven, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud and in the cloud a bow
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
 Betokening peace from God and covenant new
 Whereat the heart of Adam erst so sad
 Greatly rejoiced and thus his joy broke forth

O thou who future things canst represent
 As present, heavenly instructor I receive
 At this first sight assured that man shall live
 With all the creatures and their seed preserve
 Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroyed than I rejoice
 For one man found so perfect and so just
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 From him and all his anger to forget
 But say what mean those colour'd streaks in heaven
 Distended as the bow of God appeared?
 Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same wat'ry cloud
 Lest it again dissolve and shew'r the earth?

To whom the unchangel'd Deity thus thou answer'st
 So willingly doth God remit His ire,
 Though late repenting Him of man depraved
 Grieved at His heart when looking down He saw
 The whole earth fill'd with violence and ill
 Corrupting each then way, yet those removed
 Such grace shall one just man find in His sight,
 That He relents, not to blot out mankind
 And makes a covenant never to destroy
 The earth again by flood, nor let the sea
 Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world
 With man therein or beast, but when he brings
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set

His triple colour'd bow whereon to look,
And call to mind his cov'nant day and night,
Seed time and harvest heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,
Both heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed then in the mention of Adam's most dearly desired to explain who that seed of the woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall his incarnation death resurrection and ascension the state of the church till his second coming Adam greatly satisfied and recomfited by the certainties and promise descends the hill with Michael to kiss Eve who all this while had slept but with gentle dreams composed to quietness found in submission Michael on either hand leads them out of paradiſe the way ſwearing behind them and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place

As one who in his journey bates at noon
 Though bent on speed so here the archangel paused
 Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restored,
 If Adam might perhaps might interpose
 Then with transition sweet new speech resumes
 Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end
 And man is from a second stock proceed
 Much thou hast yet to see but I perceive
 Thy mental sight to full objects divine
 Must needs impair and weary human sense
 Henceforth what is to come I will relate
 Thou therefore give due audience and attend
 This second source of men while yet but few,
 And while the dial of judgment past remains
 Fresh in their minds fearing the Deity
 With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead their lives and multiply space,
 Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn, wine and oil, and from the herd, or flock,
 Oft sacrificing bullock lamb or kid,
 With large wine offerings pour'd and sacred feast,
 Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell
 Long time in peace by families and tribes
 Under paternal rule, till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
 With fair equality, fraternal state,

Will arrogate dominion undeserved
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,
 Hunting and men not beasts shall be his game,
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled¹
 Before the Lord as in despite of heav'n
 Or from heav'n claiming second sovereignty,
 And from rebellion shall derive his name
 Though of rebellion others he accuse
 He with a crew whom like ambition joins
 With him or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from Eden towards the west² shall find
 The plain wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boils out from under ground the mouth of hell
 Of brick and of that stuff they cast to build
 A city and tower whose top may reach to heav'n,
 And get themselves a name, lest far dispers'd
 In foreign lands their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame
 But God, who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings them beholding soon,
 Comes down to see their city ere the tower
 Obstruct Heav'n towers and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spirit to raise
 Quite out their native language and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown
 Forthwith a hideous gibble rises loud
 Among the builders each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse and all in rage,
 As mock'd they storm great laughter was in heav'n,
 And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
 And hear the din, thus was the building left

¹ Nimrod who is supposed to have been the first who assumed kingly power. See Gen. x. 9.

² The name Nimrod is derived from a Hebrew word that signifies to rebel.

³ And it came to pass as they journeyed from the east that they found a plain in the land of Shinar. And they had brick for stone and slime had they for mortar. Gen. xi. 2, &c.

Ridiculous, and the work Confusion¹ named

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeased

O execrable son! so to aspire

Above his brethren to himself assuming

Authority usurp'd from God not given

He gave us only over beast fish fowl

Dominion absolute that might we hold

By His donation such title to Himself

Leaving human left from human free

But this usurper his encroachment proud

Stays not on man to God his tower intends

Scale and defiance Wretched man! what food

Will he convey up thither to sustain

Himself and his rash army where thou art

Above the clouds will pine his cutnals gross

And furnish him of breath if not of bread?

To whom thus Michael Justly thou abhorst

That son who on the quiet state of men

Such trouble brought affecting to subdue

Rational liberty, yet know withal,

Since thy original lapse true liberty

Is lost which always with right reason dwells

Twinn'd and from her hath no dividuall being

Reason in man obscured or not obey'd,

Immediately inordinate desires

And upstart passions catch the government

From reason and to servitude reduce

Man till then free Therefore since he permits

Within himself unworthy powers to reign

Over free reason, God in judgment just

Subjects him from without to violent lords

Who oft as undeservedly enthrall

His outward freedom Tyranny must be,

Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse

Yet sometimes nations will decline so low

From virtue which is reason, that no wrong,

But justice and some fatal curse annex'd,

Deprives them of their outward liberty,

¹ Babel signifies *confusion* in Hebrew

Their inward lost witness the irreverent son
 Of him who built the ark, who for the shame
 Done to his father heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants on his vicious race¹
 Thus will this latter as the former world,
 Still tend from bad to worse till God at last,
 Wearied with their iniquities withdraw
 His presence from among them and avert
 His holy eyes resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted ways,
 And one peculiar nation to select
 From all the rest of whom to be involved
 A nation from one faithful man² to spring
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing
 Bred up in idol worship ' O that men
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the patriarch lived who scaped the flood,
 As to forsake the living God and fall
 To worship their own work in wood and stone
 For Gods, yet him God the most high vouchsafes
 To call by vision from his father's house,
 His kindred and false Gods into a land
 Which he will show him and from him will raise
 A mighty nation and upon him show'r
 His benediction so that in his seed
 All nations shall be blessed he straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what land yet firm believes
 I see him but thou canst not with what faith
 He leaves his Gods his friends and native soil,
 Un of Chalda passing now the ford
 To Hiran after him a cumbrous train
 Of herds and flocks and numerous servitude
 Not wandering poor but trusting all his wealth
 With God who call'd him in a land unknown
 Canaan he now attains I see his tents
 Pitch'd about Sechem and the neighbouring plain
 Of Moreh, there by promise he receives

¹ Gen ix 22-23² Abraham³ Terah Abraham's father was an idolater See Josh xxiv 2 Jewish tradition
 represents the father and grandfather of
 Abraham to have been carvers of idols
 Terah was born in Noah's lifetime

Gift to his progeny of all that land,
 From Hamath northward to the desert south
 Things by their names I call though yet unnamed
 From Hermon east to the great western sea
 Mount Hermon yonder sea each place behold
 In prospect as I point them out the shore
 Mount Carmel here the double founted stream
 Jordan true limit eastward but his sons
 Shall dwell to Scir that long ridge of hills
 This ponder that all nations of the earth
 Shall in his seed be blessed by that seed
 Is meant thy great Deliverer who shall bruise
 The serpent's head whereof to thee anon
 Plainlier shall be revealed This patriarch bless'd,
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call
 A son and of his son a grandchild leaves,
 Like him in faith in wisdom and renown
 The grandchild with twelve sons increased departs
 From Canaan to a land hereafter call'd
 Egypt divided by the river Nile
 See where it flows disgorging at seven mouths
 Into the sea To sojourn in that land
 He comes invited by a younger son
 In time of dearth a son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that realm
 Of Pharaoh there he dies and leaves his race
 Growing into a nation and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent king who seeks
 To stop their overgrowth as inmate guests
 Too numerous whence of guests he makes them slaves
 Inhospitably, and kills their infant males
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
 His people from enthralment they return
 With glory and spoil back to their promised land
 But first the lawless tyrant who denies
 To know their God or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire,
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land,

His cattle must of rot and murrain die,
 Blotches and bluns must all his flesh imboss,
 And all his people, thunder mix'd with hail,
 Hail mix'd with fire must rend the Egyptian sky,
 And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls,
 What it devours not herb or fruit, or grain,
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness and blot out three days
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first born
 Of Egypt must be dead¹ Thus with ten wounds
 This river dragon¹ tamed at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart but still as ice
 More harden'd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd the sea
 Swallows him with his host but them lets pass
 As on dry land between two crystal walls,
 Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
 Divided till his rescued gain their shore
 Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
 Though present in His angel, who shall go
 Before them in a cloud and pillar of fire,
 By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire
 To guide them in their journey and remove
 Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning watch,
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot wheels when by command
 Moses once more his potent rod extends
 Over the sea, the sea his rod obeys,
 On their unbattled ranks the waves return
 And overwhelm their war The race elect
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
 Through the wild Desert, not the readiest way,
 Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd

¹ An allusion to the crocodile the Egyptian animal Ezekiel also styles

Pharoah the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers¹

War terrify them ineffect, and fear
 Return them back to Egypt choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude for life
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in arms where ashness leads not on
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wide wilderness there they shall find
 Their government and then great senate choose
 Through the twelve tribes to rule by laws ordain'd
 God from the mount of Sinai whose gray top
 Shall tremble He descending will Himself
 In thunder lightning and loud trumpets sound
 Ordain them laws part such as appertain
 To civil justice part religious rites
 Of sacrifice informing them by types
 And shadows of that destined seed to bruise
 The serpent by what means He shall achieve
 Mankind's deliverance But the voice of God
 To mortal ear is dreadful they beseech
 That Moses might report to them His will
 And terror cease He grants what they besought
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without mediator whose high office now
 Moses in figure bears to introduce
 One greater of whose day he shall foretell
 And all the prophets in their age the times
 Of great Messiah shall sing Thus laws and rites
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
 Obedient to His will that He vouchsafes
 Among them to set up His tabernacle
 The Holy One with mortal men to dwell
 By His precept a sanctuary is framed
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold therein
 An ark and in the ark His testimony
 The records of His covenant, over these
 A mercy seat of gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim before Him burn
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing
 The heavenly fires, over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,

Save when they journey, and at length they come
 Conducted by His angel to the land
 Promised to Abraham and his seed The rest
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought
 How many kings destroy'd and kingdoms won,
 Or how the sun shall in mid heav'n stand still
 A day entire and nights due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding—Sun in Gibeon stand,
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
 Till Israel overcome,—so call the third
 From Abraham son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent who thus shall Canaan win

Here Adam interposed O sent from heav'n,
 Enlightener of my darkness gracious things
 Thou hast reveal'd those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed now first I find
 Mine eyes true opening and my heart much eased
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all mankind but now I see
 His day in whom all nations shall be bless'd
 Favour unmerited by me who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means
 This yet I apprehend not why to those
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
 So many and so various laws are given
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot
 And therefore was law given them to evince
 Their natural pravity by stirring up
 Sin against law to fight, that when they see
 Law can discover sin but not remove,
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
 To them by faith imputed they may find
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies

Cannot appease, nor in the moral part
 Perform and not performing cannot live
 So I w appears imperfect and but giv'n
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better covenant disciplin'd
 From shadowy types to truth from flesh to spirit,
 From imposition of strict laws to free
 Acceptance of large grace from servile fear
 To final works of law to works of faith
 And therefore shall not Moses though of God
 Highly beloved being but the minister
 Of law his people into Canaan led,
 But Joshua whom the Gentiles Jesus call
 His name and office bearing who shall quell
 The adversary serpent and bring back
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man
 Safe to eternal paradise of rest
 Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac'd
 Long time shall dwell and prosper but when sins
 National interrupt their public peace
 Provoking God to rouse their enemies,
 From whom as oft He saves them penitent,
 By judges first, then under kings, of whom
 The second both for piety renown'd
 And puissant deeds a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable that his regal throne
 For ever shall endure the like shall sing
 All prophesy that of the royal stock
 Of David so I name this king shall rise
 A son the woman's seed to thee foretold
 Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall trust
 All nations and to kings foretold, of kings
 The last for of his reign shall be no end
 But first a long succession must ensue,
 And his next son for wealth and wisdom famed,
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
 Wandring, shall in a glorious temple enshrine
 Such follow him, as shall be register'd
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll,
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults

Heap'd to the popular sum will so incense
 God as to leave them, and expose their land
 Their city His temple, and His Holy ark
 With all His sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd
 There in captivity He lets them dwell
 The space of seventy years then brings them back
 Remembering mercy and His covenant sworn
 To David establish'd as the days of heav'n
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
 Their lords, whom God disposed the house of God
 They first re-edify and for a while
 In mean estate live moderate till grown
 In wealth and multitude fictions they grow
 But first among the priests dissension springs,¹
 Men who attend the altar and should most
 Endeavour peace then strife pollution brings
 Upon the temple itself at last they seize
 The sceptre and regard not David's sons²
 Then lose it to a stranger that the true
 Anointed king Messiah might be born
 Barr'd of his right, yet at his birth a star
 Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come,
 And guides the eastern sages who inquire
 His place to offer incense myrrh and gold
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds keeping watch by night,
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The power of the Most High, he shall ascend

¹ The murder of Jesus or Joshua in the Temple by his brother John the high priest is perhaps alluded to here. Bagoas the general of Antiochus's army had promised to procure Jesus the high priesthood. In confidence of the Persian's support Jesus insulted his brother in the Temple and so provoked him that the latter slew him. Thus the Temple was polluted by fratricide committed by the high priest himself. The old commentators suppose however

that the passage alludes to the quarrels between Jason and Menelaus for the high priesthood which led to the profanation of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes.

² Aristobolus a Maccabee or Asmonean erected the theocratic republic of the Jews into a kingdom 451 years after the return from the Babylonian captivity.

³ Herod an Idumean or Edomite

The throne hereditary and bound his reign
 With earth's wide bounds his glory with the heav'ns¹
 He ceased discerning Adam with such joy
 Surcharged as had like grief been drow'd in tears
 Without the vent of words which these he breathed
 O prophet of glad tidings finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my sturdiest thoughts have search'd in vain
 Why our great expectation should be cild
 The seed of woman Virgin Mother hail
 High in the love of heav'n yet from my loins
 Thou shalt proceed and from thy womb the Son
 Of God most high so God with man unites
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain say where and when
 Their fight what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel
 For whom thus Michael Diem not of then fight
 As of a duel or the local wounds
 Of head or heel not therefore joins the Son
 Manhood to Godhead with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy, nor so is overcome
 Satan whose fall from heav'n a deadlier bruise,
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound
 Which He, who comes thy Saviour shall recure
 Not by destroying Satan but his world
 In thee and in thy seed nor can this be
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want
 Obedience to the law of God imposed
 On penalty of death and suffering death,
 The penalty to thy transgression due
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow
 So only can high justice rest appaid
 The law of God exact He shall fulfil,
 Both by obedience and by love, though love
 Alone fulfil the law, thy punishment
 He shall endure by coming in the flesh
 To a reproachful life and cursèd death
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe

In His redemption, and that His obedience
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith His merits
 To save them not their own (though legal) works
 For thus He shall live hated be blasphemed,
 Seized on by force, judged and to death condemn'd
 A shameful and accursed nail'd to the cross
 By His own nation slain for bringing life
 But to the cross He nails thy enemies
 The law that is against thee and the sins
 Of all mankind with Him there crucified
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this His satisfaction so He dies
 But soon revives death over Him no power
 Shall long usurp, ere the third dawning light
 Return the stars of morn shall see Him rise
 Out of His grave fresh as the dawning light
 Thy ransom paid which man from death redeems,
 His death for man as many as offer'd life
 Neglect not and the benefit embrace
 By faith not void of works This godlike act
 Annuls thy doom the death thou shouldst have died,
 In sin for ever lost from life this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan crush his strength,
 Defeating sin and death his two main arms
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings,
 Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom He redeems a death like sleep
 A gentle wafting to immortal life
 Nor after resurrection shall He stay
 Longer on earth than certain times to appear
 To His disciples men who in His life
 Still follow'd Him, to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of Him they learn'd
 And His salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure and in mind prepared if so befall,
 For death like that which the redeemer died
 All nations they shall teach for from that day
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins

Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world
So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd
Then to the heav'n of heav'ns He shall ascend
With victory triumphing through the air
Over His foes and thine there shall surprise
The serpent prince of air and drag in chains
Through all his realm and there confounded leave,
Then enter into glory and resume
His seat at God's right hand exalted high
Above all name in heav'n, and thence shall come,
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead,
To judge the unfaithful dead but to reward
His faithful and receive them into bliss
Whether in heav'n or earth for then the earth
Shall all be paradise far happier place
Than this of Eden and far happier days

So spake the Archangel Michael then paused,
As at the world's great period and our sire
Repate with joy and wonder thus replied

O goodness infinite goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce
And evil turn to good more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasion'd or rejoice
Much more than much more good thereof shall spring
To God more glory more good will to men
From God and over with grace shall abound
But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n
Must reascend what will betide the few
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deal
Worse with His followers than with Him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said the angel, but from heav'n
He to His own a Comforter will send
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell

His spirit within them, and the law of faith
Working through love upon their hearts shall write
To guide them in all truth and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
What man can do against them not afraid,
Though to the death against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors for the Spirit
Poured first on his apostles whom he sends
To evangelize the nations then on all
Baptized shall them with wondrous gifts endue,
To speak all tongues and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heav'n at length
Their ministry performed, and race well run
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die, but in their room as they forewarn
Wolves shall succeed for teachers grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names
Places and titles, and with these to join
Secular power though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike and giv'n
To all believers, and from that pretence
Spiritual laws by carnal powers shall force
On every conscience, laws which none shall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace itself and bind
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,

Their own faith not another's? for on earth
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth the rest for greater part
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
 Religion satisfied, truth shall retire
 Bestuck with slanderous darts and works of faith
 Rarely be found so shall the world go on
 To good malignant to bad men benign
 Under her own weight groaning till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just
 And vengeance to the wicked at return
 Of Him so lately promised to thy aid
 The woman's seed obscurely then foretold
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord
 Last in the clouds from heaven to be revealed
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted world then raise
 From the conflagrant mass purged and refined,
 New heavens, new earth ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love,
 To bring forth fruits joy and eternal bliss

He ended, and thus Adam last replied
 How soon hath thy prediction, Scie bless'd
 Measured this transient world the race of time,
 Till time stand fix'd! beyond is all abyss,
 Eternity whose end no eye can reach
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain,
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire
 Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in His presence ever to observe
 His providence and on Him sole depend,
 Merciful over all His works with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak

Subverting worldly strong and worldly wise
 By simply meek, that suffering for truth's sake
 Is fortitude to highest victory,
 And to the faithful death the gate of life,
 Taught this by His example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever bless'd

To whom thus also the angel last replied
 This having learn'd thou hast attain'd the sum
 Of wisdom: hope no higher though all the stars
 Thou know'st by name and all the ethereal powers,
 All secrets of the deep all nature's works
 Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'st,
 And all the rule, one empire, only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable add faith,
 Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul
 Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
 To leave this paradise but shalt possess
 A paradise within thee happier far
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of speculation, for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence, and see the guards,
 By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion at whose front a flaming sword
 In signal of remove waves fiercely round,
 We may no longer stay: go waken Eve,
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd
 Portending good and all her spirits composed
 To meek submission: thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come,
 For by the woman's seed, on all mankind
 That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happy end

He ended, and they both descend the hill
 Descended, Adam to the bower where Eve

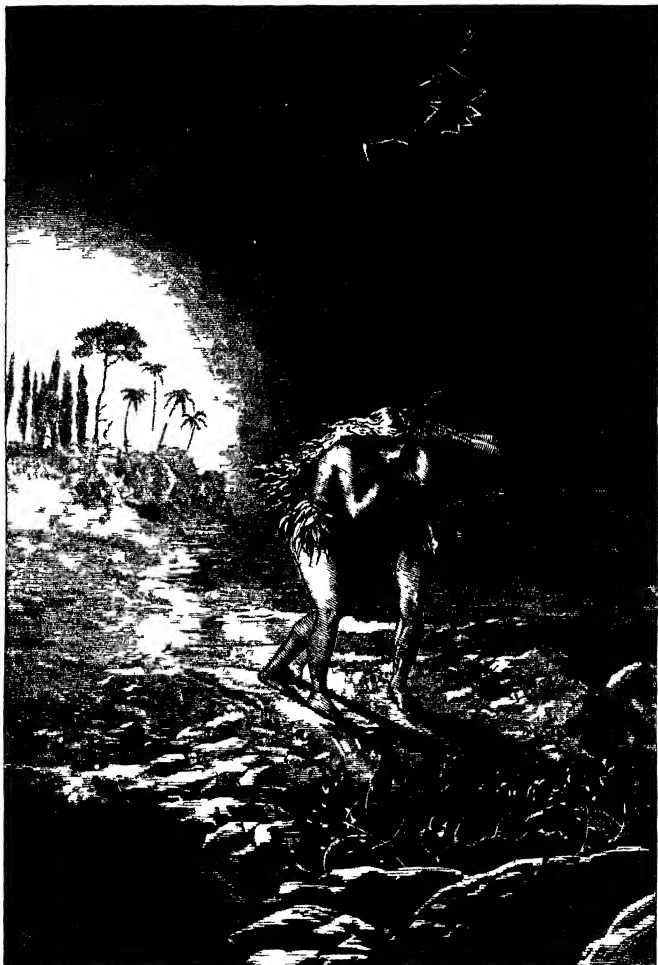
Lay sleeping, I an before, but found her waked,
And thus with words not sad she him received

Whence thou return'st and whither went'st, I know,
For God is also in sleep and dreams advise
Which He hath sent propitious some great good
Piercing since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep but now lead on
In me is no delay with thee to go
I to stay here without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence
Th'is further consolation yet secure
I carry hence though doubly me is lost
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore

So spake our mother Eve and Adam heard
Well pleased but answer'd not for now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood and from the other hill
To their fix'd station all in bright array
The Cherubim descended on the ground
Gilding meteorous as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marsh¹ glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning High in front advanced
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet, which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust
Began to parch that temperate clime whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents and to the eastern gate
Led them direct and down the cliff as fast
To the subje'ct plain, then disappear'd
They looking back all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat
Waved over by that flaming brand the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms

¹ An old word for marsh

Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them soon,
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide
They hand in hand with wand'ring steps and slow,
Though Eden took their solitary way



They hand in hand with wand ring steps and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way —p 366

Paradise Regained.

BOOK I

I, who erewhile the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation and the tempter foil'd
In all his wiles defeated and repuls'd
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness
In a Spirit who led st this glorious Eremit
Into the desert ¹ His victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe and brought'st Him thence
By proof the undoubted Son of God inspire,
As thou art wont my prompted song else mute
And be u through highth or depth of nature's bounds
With prosperous wing full summ'd ¹ to tell of deeds
Above heroic though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age
Worthy t have not remain'd so long unsung
Now had the great Proclumer ² with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet cried
Repentance and heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand
To a'll baptized to his great baptism flock'd
With we the regions round and with them came
From Nazareth the Son of Joseph deem'd
To the flood Jordan, came, as then obscure,
Unmark'd unknown, but Him the Baptist soon
Descried divinely warn'd and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd

¹ Full feathered a term used in falconry

² John the Baptist

To him his heavenly office, nor was long
 His witness unconfirm'd on Him baptized
 Heav'n open'd and in likeness of a dove
 The Spirit descended while the Father's voice
 From heav'n pronounced Him His beloved Son
 That heard the adversary, who roving still
 About the world at that assembly fumed
 Would not be last and with the voice divine
 Nigh thunder struck the exalted Man to whom
 Such high estate was given a while survey'd
 With wonder then with envy fraught and rage
 Flies to his place nor rests but in mid air
 To council summons all his mighty peers
 Within thick clouds and dark ten fold involved
 A gloomy consistory and them amidst
 With looks ghast and sad he thus bespake
 O ancient Powers of air¹ and this wide world,
 For much more willingly I mention air
 This our old conquest than remember Hell,
 Our hated habitation well we know
 How many ages as the years of men,
 This universe we have possess'd and ruled
 In manner at our will the affairs of earth,
 Since Adam and his frail consort Eve
 Lost Paradise deceived by me though since
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
 Upon my head, long the decrees of heav'n
 Delay for longest time to Him is short
 And now too soon for us the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compast wherein we
 Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,
 At least if so we can and by the head
 Broken be not intended all our power
 To be infringed our freedom and our being,
 In this fair empire won of earth and air
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed,
 Destined to this, is late of woman born,

¹ See Ephes ii 2 vi 12

His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
 But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying
 All virtue grace and wisdom to achieve
 Things highest greatest multiplies my fear
 Before him a great prophet to proclaim
 His coming is sent harbinger who all
 Invite and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin and fit them so
 Purified to receive Him pure or rather
 To do Him honour as then king all come
 And He Himself among them was baptized,
 Not thence to be more pure but to receive
 The testimony of heav'n that who He is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt I saw
 The prophet do him reverence on Him, rising
 Out of the water heav'n above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors thence on His head
 A perfect dove descend whatever it meant
 And out of heav'n the sovereign voice I hear,
 —This is my Son beloved, in Him am pleased
 His mother then is mortal but His sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n,
 And what will He not do to advance His Son?
 His first begot we know and sore have felt
 When His fierce thunder drove us to the deep
 Who this is we must learn,¹ for man He seems
 In all His lineaments though in his face
 The glimpses of His Father's glory shine
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard which admits no long debate,
 But must with something sudden be opposed,
 Not force but well couched fraud well woven snares,
 Ere in the head of nations He appear
 Their king their leader and supreme on earth
 I when no other durst sole undertook
 The dismal expedition to find out

¹ Milton's idea that Satan did not know that the wondrous Man baptized was the Messiah, originated probably by the opinions of Ignatius Bezu &c

who believed that the devil did not recognize in mortal form the Son of God—*From Newton*

And ruin Adam, and the exploit perform'd
 Successfully, a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me, and the way found prosperous once
 Induces best to hope of like success

He ended and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
 Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings, but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprise
 To him their great dictator whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thrived
 In Adam's overthrow and led them march
 From hell's deep vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents and potentates and kings yea gods
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps guided with snaky wiles,¹
 Where he might himself find this new declared
 This man of men attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guide on Him to try,
 So to subvert whom he suspected used
 To end his reign on earth so long enjoyed
 But contrary unexpecting he fulfilled
 The proposed counsel preordained and fixt
 Of the most High who in full frequency bright
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
 Thou and all angels conversant on earth
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message late,
 On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
 In Galilee that she should bear a son
 Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God,
 Thou told'st her, doubting how these things could be

¹ Alluding to the habits of pretended sorcerers who wore a girdle of snakes skin. NEWTON. Milton also alluded to the temptation of Eve

² The rabbis say that Gabriel was the angel of mercy Michael of justice
 From NEWTON

To her a virgin, that on her should come
 The Holy Ghost and the power of the Highest
 Oershadow her this man born and now up grown,
 To show him worthy of his birth divine
 And high predication henceforth I expose
 'To Satan, let him tempt and now assay
 His utmost subtlety because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
 Of his apostasy he might have learnt
 Less overweening since he fald in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent
 He now shall know I can produce a man
 Of female seed far able to resist
 All his solicitations and at length
 All his vast force and drive him back to hell
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost
 By fallacy surprised But first I mean
 To exercise him in the wilderness,
 There he shall first lie down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare ere I send him forth
 To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes
 By humiliation and strong sufferance
 His weakness shall overcome satanic strength
 And all the world and mass of sinful flesh,
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,
 They now and men hereafter may discern
 From what consummate virtue I have chose
 This perfect man, by merit call'd my son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men

So spake the eternal Father, and all heav'n
 Admiring stood a space then into hymns
 Burst forth and in celestial measures moved,
 Circling the throne and singing while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and thus the argument

Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles
 The Father knows the Son, therefore secure
 Ventures His filial virtue, though untried,

Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 Allure or terrify, or undermine
 Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell,
 And devilish machinations come to nought

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tuned
 Meanwhile the Son of God who yet some days
 Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptized,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind and which way first
 Publish his godlike office now mature
 One day forth walk'd alone the Spirit leading,
 And his deep thoughts the better to converse
 With solitude tall far from track of men,
 Thought following thought and step by step led on,
 He enter'd now the bordering desert wild¹
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditations thus pursued

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm while I consider
 What from within I feel my self, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compared
 When I was yet a child no childish play
 To me was pleasing all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know and thence to do
 What might be public good, myself I thought
 Born to that end born to promote all truth
 All righteous things therefore above my years,
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast
 I went into the temple, there to hear
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own,
 And was admired by all, yet this not all

¹ The Wilderness of Judea or Ziph It extended from the Jordan along the western side of the Dead Sea

To which my spirit aspired victorious deeds
 Flamed in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power
 Till truth were freed and equity restored
 Yet held it more humane more heavenly first
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts
 And make persuasion do the work of fear,
 At least to try, and teach the crying soul,
 Not wilfully misdoing but unware
 Mislead the stubborn only to subdue
 These growing thoughts my Mother soon perceiving
 By words at times cast forth only rejoiced
 And said to me apart High are thy thoughts
 O son but nourish them and let them soar
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth
 Can raise them thou above example high
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire
 For I now thou art no son of mortal man
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage
 Thy father is the eternal King who rules
 All heaven and earth angels and sons of men
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth
 Conceived in me a virgin¹ he foretold
 Thou shouldst be great and sit on David's throne
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night²
 And told them the Messiah now was born
 Where they might see him and to thee they came
 Directed to the manger where thou layst
 For in the inn was left no better room
 A star, not seen before in heaven appearing
 Guided the wise men thither from the east³
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh and gold
 By whose bright course led on they found the place

¹ Luke i 30-35

² Luke ii 8 and following vs

³ Matt ii

Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,
 By which they knew the king of Israel born
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna warn'd
 By vision found thee in the temple and spake,
 Before the altar and the vested Priest,
 Take things of thee to all that present stood
 This having heard straight I again revolved
 The law and prophets searching what was writ
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
 Known partly and soon found of whom they spake
 I un- this chiefly that my way must lie
 'Through many a hard assay even to the death,
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
 On work redemption for mankind whose sins
 I full weight must be transferred upon my head
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
 The time prefixt I waited when behold!
 'The Baptist of whose birth I oft had heard,
 Not knew by sight! now come who was to come
 Before Messiah and his way prepare
 I, as all others to his baptism came
 Which I believed was from above but he
 Straight knew me and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me Him (for it was shown him so from heav'n)
 Me Him whose harbinger he was, and first
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater and was hardly won
 But as I rose out of the living stream,
 Heaven open'd her eternal doors from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove,
 And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from heav'n pronounced me His,
 Me His beloved Son in whom alone
 He was well pleased, by which I knew the time
 Now full that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The authority which I derived from heav'n

¹ St. John was brought up in a different part of the country from Jesus, and first

saw his divine cousin at his baptism John i. 31-32 I knew him not⁷

And now by some strong motion I am led
 Into this wilderness to what intent
 I learn not yet perhaps I need not know
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals
 So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,
 And looking round on every side beheld
 A pathless desert dust with horrid shades,
 The way he came not having mired return
 Was difficult by human steps untrod,
 And he still on was led but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come
 Lodged in his breast as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society
 Full forty days he pass'd whether on hill
 Sometimes anon in shady vale each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak
 Or cedar to defend him from the dew
 Or harbour'd in one cave as not reveal'd
 Nor tasted human food nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts they at his sight grew mild
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof
 But now an aged man in rural weeds
 Following as seem'd the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather which might serve
 Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,
 To warm him wet return'd from field at eve
 He saw approach who first with curious eye
 Perused him then with words thus utter'd spake

Sir what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
 So far from path or road of men who pass
 In troop or caravan, for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd and dropt not here
 His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought
 I ask the rather and the more admire,
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
 Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son

Of God, I saw and heard, for we sometimes
 Who dwell this wild constrain'd by want, come forth
 To town or village nigh, (nighest is far,)
 Where aught we hear and curious are to hear
 What happens new, fame also finds us out
 To whom the Son of God Who brought me hither
 Will bring me hence, no other guide I seek

By miracle he may, replied the swain,
 What other way I see not for we here
 Live on tough roots and stubs to thirst inured
 More than the camel and to drink go far,
 Men to much misery and hardship born
 But if thou be the Son of God command
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread
 So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve
 With food whereof we wretched seldom taste

He ended and the Son of God replied
 Thinkst thou such force in bread? is it not written
 (For I discern thee other than thou seemst)
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word
 Proceeding from the mouth of God who fed
 Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank,
 And forty days Elijah without food
 Wander'd this barren waste the same I now
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd the arch fiend now undisguised
 'Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate
 Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt,
 Kept not my happy station but was driv'n
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep,
 Yet to that hideous place not so confined
 By rigour unconquering but that oft,
 Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
 Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
 Or range in the air nor from the heav'n of heav'ns
 Hath he excluded my resort sometimes
 I came among the sons of God, when he
 Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job

To prove him and illustrate his high worth,
 And when to all his angels he proposed
 To draw the proud king Ahab into triand
 That he might fall in Ramoth they demurring
 I undertook that office and the tongues
 Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with hes¹
 To his destruction as I had in charge,
 For what He bids I do Though I have lost
 Much justice of my native brightness, lost
 To be beloved of God I have not lost
 To love at least contemplate and admire
 What I see excellent in good or fair
 On virtuous I should so have lost all sense
 What can be then less in me than desire
 To see thee and approach thee whom I know
 Declared the Son of God to be intent
 Thy wisdom and behold thy godlike deeds²
 More graciously than I much a foe
 To all mankind why should I³ they to me
 Never did wrong or violence by them
 I lost not what I lost rather by them
 I gund what I have gain'd and with them dwell,
 Copartners in these regions of the world
 If not disposed lend them oft my aid
 Oft my advice by presages and signs
 And answers oracles portents and dreams
 Whereby they may direct their future life²
 Envy they say excites me thus to gain
 Companions of my misery and woe
 At first it may be but long since with woe
 Never acquainted now I feel by proof
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load

¹ 1 Kings xxii 19 and following vs

² The following passage of Cicero reflects so much light on these lines as would incline one to think that Milton had it in his mind. *Multa credunt haruspices multa augures prodeunt multa oraculis declarantur* *an n i x v i*

inationibus multa omnis multa portentis quibus cognitio multae sapientis hominum sententia atque utilitate partae *on is I unbanus reads ex animi sententia atque utilitate partae* *multa etiam pericula lepulesa sunt* —
De Nat Deor II 60 — NEWTON

Small consolation then woe man adjoin'd
 'This wounds me most what can it less? that man,
 Man fall'n shall be restored I never more

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied
 Deservedly thou griev'st composed of lies
 From the beginning and in lies wilt end
 Who boast release from hell and leave to come
 Into the Heaven of Heavens Thou com'st indeed
 As a poor miserable captive thrill

Comes to the place where he before had sat
 Among the prime in splendour now deposed
 Rejected emptied gazed unpitied shunn'd,
 A spectacle of ruin or of scorn

To all the host of heaven The happy place
 Imports to thee no happiness no joy

Rather inflames thy torment representing
 Lost bliss to thee no more communicable

So never more in hell than when in heaven

But thou art servicable to heavens King

Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
 Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?

What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem

Of righteous Job then cruelly to afflict him

With all afflictions? but his patience won

The other service was thy chosen task,

To be a liar in four hundred months

For lying is thy sustenance thy food

Yet thou pretend'st to truth, all oracles

By thee are given, and what confess more true

Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,

By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies

But what have been thy answers? what but dark,

Ambiguous and with double sense deluding,

Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,

And not well understood as good not known?

Who ever by consulting at thy shrine

Return'd the wiser or the more instruct

To fly or follow what concern'd him most,

And run not sooner to his fatal snare?

For God hath justly given the nations up

To thy delusions justly, since they fell
 Idolatrous But when His purpose is
 Among them to declare His providence
 To thee not known whence hast thou then thy faith
 But from Him or His angels president
 In ev'ry province? who themselves disdaining
 To approach thy temples give thee in command
 What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say
 To thy ad acts thou with trembling fear,
 Or like a fawning parasite obey'st
 Then to thyself ascribest the truth foretold
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd,
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
 The Gentiles, henceforth oracles are ceased¹
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere
 At least in vain for they shall find thee mute²
 God hath now sent his living oracle
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious heart and inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know
 So spile our Saviour but the subtle fiend,
 Though only stung with anger and disdain
 Disabled and this answer smooth return'd
 Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke
 And urged me hush'd with doings which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me where
 Easily couldst thou find one miserable
 And not enforced oftentimes to part from truth,
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie
 Say and unsay feign flatter or abuse?
 But thou art plac'd above me thou art Lord,
 From thee I can, and must, submit endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit

¹ Ceased *Jes Sat VI 504*

Delphis oracula cessant

² Thus the priestess tells Appian when
 he wishes to consult the oracle at Delphi
 and finds it dumb

Muto Iarnassus huius

*Conticuit pressitque Deum seu spiritus
 istis*

*Destituit faucos mundique in devia
 versum*

Duxit iter

LUCAN quoted by DUNSTER

Hard are the ways of truth and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to th' ear,
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song,
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
 Virtue who follow not her lore permit me
 To hear thee when I come since no man comes
 And talk at least though I despair to attain
 Thy Father who is holy, wise and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread his sacred courts and minister
 About his altar handling holy things
 Praying or vowing and vouchsafed his voice
 To Balaam reprobate a prophet yet
 Inspired disdain not such access to me
 To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow
 Thy coming hither though I know thy scope
 I bid not or forbid do as thou findest
 Permission from above thou canst not more
 He added not and Satan bowing low
 His gray dissimulation disappear'd
 Into thin air diffused ¹ for now began
 Night with her sullen wings to double shade
 The desert fowls in their clay nests were couch'd
 And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam

¹ These our actors
 As I foretold you were all spirits and
 Are now enter'd into air into thin air
 SHAKESPEARE *Temp.* 4, Act IV. Sc.

BOOK II

MEANWHILE the new baptized who yet remain'd
 At Jericho with the Baptist and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 Jesus Messiah Son of God declared
 And on that high authority had believed
 And with him talk'd and with him lodged,¹ I mean
 Andrew and Simon famous after known
 With others though in holy writ not named,
 Now missing him their joy so lately found,
 So lately found and so abruptly gone
 Began to doubt and doubted many days,
 And as the days increased increased their doubt
 Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
 And for a time caught up to GOD as once
 Moses was in the Mount and missing long
 And the great Ihsbite, who on fiery wheels
 Rode up to heav'n yet once again to come
 Therefore as those young prophets then with care
 Sought lost Elijah² so in each place these
 Nigh to Bethbaran in Jericho
 The city of palms⁴ Aenon and Salem old
 Macharus⁵ and each town or city wall'd
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
 Or in Peraa but return'd in vain
 Then on the bank of Jordan by a creek,
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
 Plain fishermen no greater men them call,
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed
 Alas, from what high hope to what relapse

¹ See John i 35-40² Elijah³ 2 Kings ii. 17⁴ Jericho is called the City of palm trees in Deut xxxiv 8⁵ A stronghold fortified by Herod Antipas

Unlook'd for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers, we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth
 Now now for sure deliverance is at hand,
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turn'd
 Into perplexity and new amaze
 For whither is he gone what accident
 Hath wrapt him from us ? will he now retire
 After appearance and again prolong
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,
 Send thy Messiah forth the time is come,
 Behold the kings of the earth how they oppress
 Thy chosen to what height their power unjust
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee Avenge and vindicate
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke
 But let us wait, thus far He hath perform'd,
 Sent His Anointed and to us reveal'd him
 By His great prophet pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have conversed,
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on His providence, He will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
 Mock us with his blest sight then snatch him hence,
 Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought
 But to his mother Mary, when she saw
 Others return'd from baptism, not her Son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm her breast though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad

O what avails me now that honour high
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,
 Hail, highly favour'd, among women blest !
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot

Of other women by the birth I bore,
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air 'till a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his yet soon enforced to fly
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
 Were dead who sought his life and missing fill'd
 With innocent blood the streets of Bethlehem
 From Egypt home return'd in Nivarch
 Hath been our dwelling many years, his life
 Private unactive calm contemplative
 Little suspicious to any king but now
 Full grown to man acknowledged as I hear,
 By John the Baptist and in public shown
 Son own'd from heav'n by his Father's voice
 I look'd for some great change to honour? no,
 But trouble as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel and to a sign
 Spoken against that through my very soul
 A sword shall pierce This is my favour'd lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high,
 Afflicted I may be it seems and blest,
 I will not argue that nor will repine
 But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him When twelve years he scarce had seen
 I lost him, but so found as well I saw
 He could not lose himself, but went about
 His father's business What he meant I mused
 Since understand Much more his absence now
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures
 But I to wait with patience am inured,
 My heart hath been a store house long of things
 And sayings laid up portending strange events
 Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
 Since first her salutation heard with thoughts
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,
 Sole but with holiest meditations fed,

Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set,
 How to begin how to accomplish best
 His end of being on earth, and mission high
 For Satan with sly preface to return,
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
 Up to the middle region of thick air,
 Where all his potentates in council sat,
 There without sign of boast, or sign of joy
 Solicitous and blink he thus began

Princes heav'n's ancient sons ethereal thrones
 Demoniac spirits now from the element
 Each of his reign allotted rightlier call'd
 Powers of fire air, water and earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place and these mild seats
 Without new trouble, such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell,
 I as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd,
 Have found him view'd him, tasted him,¹ but find
 Far other labour to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
 However to this man inferior far,
 If he be man by mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds
 Therefore I am return'd lest confidence
 Of my success with Eve in paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion oversure
 Of like succeeding here I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist lest I, who erst
 Thought none my equal now be overmatch'd
 So spake the old Serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid

¹ A Grecism See also Psalm xxxiv 8 O taste and see how gracious the Lord is!

At his command, when from amidst them rose
Behal, the dissolutes spirit that fell,
The sensualest and after Asmodai¹

The fleshiest Incubus and thus advised

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found,
Many are in each region passing fair
As the noon sky more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet
Expert in amorous arts enchanting tongues
Persuasive virgin majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd yet terrible to approach,
Skill'd to retire and in retiring draw
Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets
Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper smooth the ruggedst brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At wit the manliest resolute breast,
As the magnetic² hardest iron draws
Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
Of wisest Solomon and made him build,
And made him bow to the gods of his wives

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd
Behal, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself, because of old
Thou thyself doat'st on woman kind admiring
Their shape, their colour and attractive grace,
None are thou think'st, but taken with such toys
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False tited sons of god, roaming the earth
Cast want'n eyes on the daughters of men,
And coupled with them, and begot a race
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st,
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way lay

¹ Or Asmodeus the angel who persecuted Sara the daughter of Raguel, and slew her husbands. See Tobit

² The loadstone or magnet

Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,¹
 Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
 Satyr, or fawn, or sylvan? but these haunts
 Delight not all, among the sons of men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent?
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,²
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd,
 How he surnamed of Africa³ dismiss'd
 In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid
 For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state,
 Thence to the but of women lay exposed
 But He whom we attempt is wiser far
 Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
 Of greatest things, what woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,
 Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell,
 How would one look from his majestic brow,
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despised and put to rout
 All her array, her female pride deject,
 Or turn to reverent-awe? for beauty stands

¹ Women beloved by the heathen deities. Ovid relates these fables. Calisto Semele and Antiopa were the loves of Jupiter. Clymene and Daphne, of Apollo, Syrinx of Pan.

² Alexander the Great. He was born at Pella in Macedonia.

³ Scipio Africanus. His generous treatment of his Spanish captive is well known.

In the admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive Cease to admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd,
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond,
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wide wilderness,
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage and his strength as oft assay

He ceased and heard their grant in loud acclaim
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile,
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons each to know his part,
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight,
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days' fasting had remain'd,
 Now hung ring first and to himself thus said

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wand ring this woody maze and human food
 Nor tasted nor had appetite that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here If nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks, yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain so it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hung'ring more to do my father's will

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son

Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven, there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream
 Of meats and drinks nature's refreshment sweet
 Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks¹
 Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
 Though ravenous taught to abstain from what they
 He saw the prophet also how he fled [brought
 Into the desert and how there he slept
 Under a juniper then how awak'd
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof sufficed him forty days,
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse²
 Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
 Left his ground nest, high towing to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
 Fasting he went to sleep and fasting wak'd
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep cote, or herd,
 But cottage, herd, or sheep cote none he saw,
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
 With chirp of tuneful birds resounding loud,
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High roof'd, and walks beneath and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene,
 Nature's own work it seem'd, nature taught art,
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt
 Of wood gods and wood nymphs, he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,

¹ 1 Kings xvii 5 6² Daniel i 12

Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
And with fair speech these words to him address'd

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide
Of all things destitute, and well I know
Not without hunger Others of some note
As story tells, have trod this wilderness,
The fugitive bond woman with her son
Out cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel ¹ all the race
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from heav'n manna, and that prophet bold
Native of Thebez ² wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat ³
Of thee these forty days none hath regard
Forty and more deserted here indeed

To whom thus Jesus What conclud'st thou hence:
They all had need I as thou seest have none

How hast thou hunger then? Satan replied
Tell me if food were now before thee set
Would'st thou not eat? Thereafter as I like
The giver answer'd Jesus Why should that
Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend
Hast thou not right to all created things?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid
But tender all their power? nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, those young Daniel could refuse,
Nor proffer'd by an enemy though who
Would scruple that, with want oppress? behold
Nature ashamed, or, better to express

¹ Hagar and Ishmael See Gen xxi
14-21 Nebaioth was Ishmael's eldest
son who gave their name to the nation
descended from him the Nebatheans

² Thibe was the birthplace of Elijah

³ Hagar, the Israelites and Elijah did

not suffer hunger on the identical spot
where our Lord fasted but Milton takes
in the whole desert at one view not caring
to distinguish different spots in one wide
tract — From NEWTON

Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the elements her choicest store
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
 With honour, only digne to sit and eat

He spake no dream for as his words had end,
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld
 In ample space under the broadest shade
 A table richly spread, in regal mode
 With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
 And savour beasts of chase or fowl of game,
 In pastry built¹ or from the spit or boil'd
 Gris amber² steam'd, all fish from sea or shore,
 Freshet³ or purling brook, of shell or fin,
 And exquisitest name for which was drain'd
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay⁴ and Afric coast
 Alas how simple, to these cates compared,
 Was that crude apple that diverted⁵ Eve⁶
 And at a stately side board by the wine
 That fragrant smell diffused in order stood
 Tall stripling youths rich clad of fairer hue
 Than Ganymed or Hylas⁷ distant more
 Under the trees now tupp'd, now solemn stood
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
 With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
 And ladies of the Hesperides,⁸ that seem'd
 Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
 Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
 By knights of Logres,⁹ or of Lyones,⁹

¹ Milton alludes to the culinary feasts called *subtilties*, or *sotilities* — wonderful pastry built in the shape of embattled towers &c. to a great height.

² *Ambergris* which was used in Milton's day in cookery.

³ A stream of fresh water.

⁴ Pontus is the Black Sea the Lucrine bay in Italy.

⁵ Diverted here means turned aside, from the Latin *diverto* to turn aside.

⁶ Ganymede was the cupbearer of Jupiter Hylas drew water for Hercules.

⁷ The ladies of the Hesperides were famed for their lovely singing. The nymphs of the chase and of the water

(the Naiades) appropriately attend such a feast.

⁸ Logres or Logris is the same as *Loegria* an ancient name for England. See Holinshed's History of England B II 4 5 Spenser uses this name in his *Faerie Queene* —

And Cumber did possess the western quart

Which Severn now from Logris doth depart

From DUNSTER'S Note

⁹ Lyones or Lionesse was an ancient name for part of Cornwall—the extreme west, towards the Land's End.

Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore,¹
 And all the while harmonious airs were heard
 Of chiming strings or charming pipes, and winds
 Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
 From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells
 Such was the splendour, and the tempter now
 His invitation earnestly renew'd

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
 These are not fruits forbidden no interdict
 Defends the touching of these vint pure,
 Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger with sweet restorative delight
 All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers who come to pay
 Thee homage and acknowledge thee their lord
 What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied
 Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?
 And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?
 Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
 When and where likes me best I can command?
 I can at will, doubt not as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant,
 Array'd in glory, on my cup to attend
 Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
 Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
 And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent
 That I have also power to give thou seest
 If of that power I bring thee voluntary
 What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleased,
 And rather opportunely in this place
 Chose to impart to thy apparent need,

¹ Lancelot's name has again become a household word through Tennyson's exquisite Idylls. It is scarcely neces-

sary to say that he Pelleas and Pellenore were three of Arthur's knights

Why should'st thou not accept it? but I see
 What I can do or offer is suspect,
 Of these things others quickly will dispose,
 Whose pains have earn'd the far fet¹ spoil With that
 Both table and provision vanish quite
 With sound of Harpies' wings and talons heard,
 Only the importune tempter still remain'd,
 And with these words his temptation pursued
 By hunger that each other creature tames,
 Thou art not to be harm'd therefore not moved,
 Thy temperance invincible besides,
 For no allurements yields to appetite
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,
 High actions, but wherewith to be achieved?
 Great acts require great means of enterprise,
 Thou art unknown, unfriended low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known thyself
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
 Lost in a desert here and hunger bit
 Which way, or from what hope dost thou aspire
 To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?
 What followers what retinue canst thou gain?
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
 Longer than thou can'st feed them on thy cost?
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms
 What raised Antipater the Edomite,
 And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,²
 Thy throne but gold that got him puissant friends?
 Therefore if at great things thou would'st arrive,
 Get riches first, get wealth and treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
 While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want
 To whom thus Jesus patiently replied
 Yet wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd

¹ Far fetched 'Far fet' is used by
Chaucer and Spenser

² See Josephus B IV 26

Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
 In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved
 But men endued with these have oft attain'd
 In lowest poverty to highest deeds,
 Gideon¹ and Jephtha,² and the shepherd lad,
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
 So many ages and shall yet regain
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end
 Among the heathen, for throughout the world
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy of memorial, canst thou not remember
 Quintus,³ Fabricius,⁴ Curius,⁵ Regulus?⁶
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings
 And what in me seems wanting but that I
 May also in this poverty as soon
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
 Extol not riches then, the toil of fools
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not suare more apt
 To slacken virtue and abate her edge
 Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise
 What, if with like aversion I reject
 Riches and realms?⁷ yet not, for that a crown,
 Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns
 Brings dangers troubles cares and sleepless nights
 To him who wears the regal diadem
 When on his shoulders each man's burden lies,
 For therein stands the office of a king,
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
 That for the public all this weight he bears
 Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules

¹ Judges vi 15

² Judges xi 1

³ Quintus Cincinnatus twice taken from the plough to be Consul and Dictator of Rome. After subduing the enemies of his country he refused the wealth the people would have lavished on him and returned to his cottage and humble life.

⁴ Fabricius refused to be bribed by all the wealth of Pyrrhus of Epirus to negotiate a peace for that King with the Ro-

mans and died so poor that he was obliged to be buried at the public expense.

⁵ Curius Dentatus when offered a large sum of money by the Samnites as he sat by the fire roasting turnips with his own hands refused it saying that it was not his ambition to be rich but to command those who were so.

⁶ The story of how Regulus kept his word to the Carthaginians and returned to die in torture rather than break his pledged promise is well known.

Passions, desires, and fears,* is more a king,
Which ev'ry wise and virtuous man attains
And who attains not ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or head strong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine and from error lead
To know and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part
That other o'er the body only reigns
And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind,
So reigning can be no sincere delight
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done and to lay down
Far more magnanimous than to assume
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better miss'd

BOOK III

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
 Awhile as mute confounded what to say,
 What to reply confus'd, and convinced
 Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift,
 At length collecting all his serpent wiles
 With soothing words renew'd, Him thus accosts

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say to do canst do
 'Thy actions to thy words accord thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
 Contains of good wise just the perfect shape
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
 Thy counsel would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim those oraculous gems
 On Aaron's breast, or tongue of seers old
 Infallible or wert thou sought to deeds
 That might requir'd the array of war thy skill
 Of conduct would be such that all the world
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battle, though against thy few in arms
 These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
 Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
 All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The name and glory, glory the reward
 That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure
 Æthereal, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross
 And dignities and powers, all but the highest?
 Thy years are ripe,¹ and over ripe, the son

¹ Our Saviour was then about thirty years of age Luke iii 23

Of Macedonian Philip¹ had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose, young Scipio² had brought down
 The Carthaginian pride, young Pompey quell'd
 The Pontic king and in triumph had rol'd
 Yet years and to ripe years judgment mature
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment
 Great Julius, whom now all the world admires
 The more he grew in years the more inflam'd
 With glory wept that he had liv'd so long
 Inglorious⁴ but thou yet art not too late

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied
 Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
 For empire's sake nor empire to affect
 For glory's sake by all thy argument
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame
 The people's praise if always praise unmixt?
 And what the people but a herd confused,
 A miscellaneous rabble who extol
 Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the praise?
 They praise and they admire they know not what,
 And know not whom but as one leads the other
 And what delight to be by such extoll'd
 To live upon their tongues and be their talk
 Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,
 His lot who dares be singularly good
 Th' intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few and glory scarce of few is raised
 This is true glory and renown when God,
 Looking on the earth with approbation marks
 The just man and divulges him through heaven
 To all His angels who with true applause
 Recount his praises Thus He did to Job
 When, to extend his fame through heav'n and earth,

¹ Alexander the Great

² Scipio was only twenty nine years old when he conquered the Carthaginians

³ Pompey distinguished himself in his youth but when he conquered Mithridates he was forty years old

⁴ Julius Cæsar whilst meditating over

a Life of Alexander was seen to weep by his friends On being asked the reason of his tears he replied Do you not think I have just cause to weep when I consider that Alexander at my age had conquered so many nations and I in all these years have done nothing memorable? —PLUTARCH

As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,
 He ask'd thee Hast thou seen my servant Job?
 Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known,
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious men not worthy of fame
 They err who count it glorious to subdue
 By conquest far and wide to overrun
 Large countries and in field great battles win,
 Great cities by assault what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil burn, slaughter and enslave
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
 Made captive yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin whencesoe'er they rove,
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,
 Then swell with pride and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind deliverers
 Worshipp'd with temple priest, and sacrifice,
 One is the son of Jove of Mars the other,
 Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,
 Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war or violence,
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
 Made famous in a land and times obscure,
 Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Socrates who next more memorable?
 By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffer'd, if young African¹ for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,

¹ Scipio Africanus

And loses, though but verbal, his reward
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am

To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied
 Think not so slight of glory, therein least
 Resembling thy great Father He seeks glory,
 And for His glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs, nor content in heav'n
 By all His angels glorified, requires
 Glory from men from all men good or bad
 Wise or unwise no diffidence no exemption,
 Above all sacrifice or hallow'd gift
 Glory He requires, and glory He receives
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared
 From us, His foes pronounced glory He exacts

To whom our Saviour fervently replied
 And reason, since His word all things produced,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to show forth His goodness and impart
 His good communicable to every soul
 Freely, of whom what could He less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
 The slightest, easiest readiest, recompense
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And not returning that would likeliest render
 Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?
 Hard recompense unsuitable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
 But condemnation ignominy, and shame?
 Who for so many benefits received
 Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
 Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
 That which to God alone of right belongs
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance His glory, not their own,

Them He Himself to glory will advance
 So spake the Son of God, and here again
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
 Insatiable of glory had lost all,
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon
 Of glory as thou wilt said he so deem,
 -Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass
 But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
 To sit upon thy father David's throne,
 By mother's side thy father, though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
 Easily from possession won with arms
 Judæa now and all the promised land
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius nor is always ruled
 With temperate sway oft have they violated
 The temple,¹ oft the law with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather as did once
 Antiochus ² and think st thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still or thus retiring?
 So did not Maccabeus ³ he indeed
 Retired unto the desert but with arms,
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
 That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty, zeal and duty are not slow,
 But on occasion's forelock⁴ watchful wait
 They themselves rather are occasion best,
 Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free
 Thy country from her heathen servitude,
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign,

¹ Pompey with several of his officers entered the Holy of Holies where none were allowed to step except the high priest once a year on the great day of expiation

² 2 Maccab v

³ Judas Maccabeus Modin was the inheritance of the Maccabees

⁴ The Greek and Latin poets represented Time (or Opportunity) with a single lock of hair in front The expression of seizing Time by the forelock is proverbial

The happier reign the sooner it begins,*
 Reign then, what canst thou better do the while?

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd
 All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
 And time there is for all things Truth had said¹
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told
 That it shall never end so when begin
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
 He in whose hands all times and seasons roll
 What if He hath decreed that I shall first
 Be tried in humble state and things adverse,
 By tribulations injuries insults,
 Contempts, and scorns and snares, and violence,
 Suffering, abstaining quietly expecting
 Without distrust or doubt that he may know
 What I can suffer how obey? Who best
 Can suffer best can do, best reign, who first
 Well hath obey'd² just trial, ere I merit
 My exaltation without change or end
 But what concerns it thee when I begin
 My everlasting kingdom? why art thou
 Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?
 Knowst thou not that my rising is thy fall,
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?

To whom the tempter, mly rack'd replied
 Let that come when it comes, all hope is lost
 Of my reception into grace what worse?
 For where no hope is left is left no fear
 If there be worse the expectation more
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can
 I would be at the worst, worst is my port,
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose,
 The end I would attain, my final good
 My error was my error, and my crime
 My crime, whatever for itself condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd whether thou
 Reign or reign not, though to that gentle brow

¹ Eccles iii 1

² Acts i 7 Mark xii 32

³ ' Qui bene imperat paruerit aliquan-

do necesse est et qui modeste parat
 videtur qui aliquando imperet dig-
 nus esse —CICERO quoted by NEWTON

Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
 From that placid aspect and meek regard
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy father's ire,
 Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition as a summer's cloud
 If I then to the worst that can be haste
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world,
 That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of the enterprize so hazardous and high
 No wonder for, though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem a few days
 Short sojourn, and what thence couldst thou observe?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and then radiant courts
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
 Timorous and loth, with novice modesty
 As he who seeking asses found a kingdom²
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee of thyself so apt in regal arts
 And regal mysteries that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand
 With that, (such power was given him then,) he took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high³

¹ At the Passover

² Saul See 1 Sam ix 20 21

³ Milton is supposed to mean Mount
 Niphates in the Taurus which rises

It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain outstretch'd in circuit wide
 Lay pleasant, from his side two rivers flow'd,¹
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine,
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills,
 Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert, fountains and dry
 To this high mountain top the tempter brought
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale
 Forest and field and flood, temples, and towers,
 Cut shorter many a league, here thou beholdest
 Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds,
 Araxes, and the Caspian lake, thence on
 As far as Indus east Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond, to south the Persian bay,
 And inaccessible the Arabian drought.²
 Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
 Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
 And seat of Salmanassar,³ whose success
 Israel in long captivity still mourns,
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him⁴ who twice
 Judah and all thy father David's house
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
 Till Cyrus set them free, Persepolis
 His city there thou seest, and Bactra there,
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,

immediately above Assyria and from whence he had made Satan survey Eden in the *Paradise Lost* — See DUNSTER

¹ The Euphrates—vagus Euphrates—and the Tigris the course of which was very straight — *Idem*

² A figure of speech for the desert

³ Shalmanassar in the reign of Hezekiah King of Judah, carried away captive to Assyria the ten tribes of Israel

⁴ Nebuchadnezzar

And Hecatompylos¹ her hundred gates,
 There Susa by Choaspes amber stream,
 The drink of none but kings,² of later fame
 Built by Emathian,³ or by Parthian hands,
 The great Seleucia Nisibis,⁴ and there
 Artaxata, Tenedon, Ctesiphon,
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first
 That empire under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great power, for now the Parthian king
 In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host⁵
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted Sogdiana, to her aid
 He marches now in haste, see, though from far,
 His thousands in what martial equipage
 They issue forth steel bows and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight⁶ or in pursuit,
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges and half moons, and wings
 He looked and saw what numbers numberless
 The city gates outpoured light armed troops
 In coats of mail and military pride,
 In mail their horses clad yet fleet and strong,
 Prancing their riders bore the flower and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound,
 From Arachosia, from Candar east,
 And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs

¹ Capital of Parthia so called from its hundred gates

² Modern research confirms this fact in a singular manner. It is a fact worthy of remark says Buckingham that at this moment while all the inhabitants of Kermanshah drink of the stream of Aub Dedoong and of the spring called Aubi Hassan Khan the King's son alone has the water for himself and his harem brought from the stream of the Kara Soo (the Choaspes) We drank of it ourselves as we passed

and from its superiority to all the waters of which we had tasted since leaving the banks of the Tigris the draught was delicious enough to be sweet even to the palsied taste of royalty itself — *Quoted in Aldine Edition*

³ Macedonian

⁴ Also named Antiochus

⁵ Ctesiphon was the place at which the Parthian kings always assembled their forces

⁶ They discharged their arrows as they fled

Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,¹
 From Atropatia and the neighbouring plains
 Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's² haven
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers and overcame by flight
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots or elephants endorsed with towers
 Of archers, nor of labouring pioneers
 A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
 To lay hills plain fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke,
 Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,
 And waggons fraught with utensils of war
 Such forces met not nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican³ with all his northern powers
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gulliphrone from thence to win
 The fairest of her sex Angelica
 His daughter, sought by many prowest⁴ knights
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry,
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presumed,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd
 That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure

¹ Said to be dark from their thick forests

² The Persian Gulf so called from Bussora or Balsara the port situated on it

³ Agricano one of the heroes of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*. Angelica, his daughter was fabled to be the most beautiful woman of the age and, like Helen of Troy a fair mischief who gave rise to continual strife. She reappears in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*

Orlando goes mad for love of her. We must remember when we marvel some what at this blending of truth and fiction that the poems of Ariosto and Boiardo had probably been the delight of Milton's youth and that he is alluding to the greatest poets of his own age not merely to romances

⁴ Prowest is the superlative of *pro* from the old French *preux* valiant — DUNSTER

On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
All this fair sight, thy kingdom though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unless thou
Endeavour as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain, prediction stall
In all things, and all men supposes means,
Without means used, what it predicts revokes
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew, how couldst thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,
Between two such enclosing enemies,
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus¹ bound,
Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David's royal seat his true successor
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve
In Habor and among the Medes dispersed,
Ten sons of Jacob two of Joseph lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer sets before thee to deliver
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear

¹ The Parthians led Hyrcanus away captive to Seleucia when he was seventy years old — See JOSEPHUS

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmoved,
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
 Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear
 Vented much policy and projects deep
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,
 Plausible to the world to me worth nought
 Means I must use, thou say'st prediction else
 Will unpredict and fail me of the throne
 My time, I told thee, (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come,
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endeavouring or to need
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
 Luggage of war there shown me argument
 Of human weakness rather than of strength
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
 To just extent over all Israel's sons
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring Israel which cost the lives
 Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
 By three days' pestilence? ¹ such was thy zeal
 To Israel then, the same that now to me
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who wrought their own captivity fell off
 From God to worship calves, the deities
 Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all th' idolatries of heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes,
 Nor in the land of their captivity,
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers, but so died
 Impenitent, and left a race behind

¹ 1 Chron xxi 1

Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
 Unhumbled unrepentant uniform'd,
 Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps
 Of Bethel and of Dan r no let them serve
 Their enemies who serve idols with God
 Yet he at length time to himself best known,
 Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere,
 And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the promised land their fathers pass'd,
 To his due time and providence I leave them

So spake Israel's true king and to the hend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends

BOOK IV

PEEPILX'D and troubled at his bad success
 The tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
 So little here may lost but Eve was Eve,
 'Tis far his over match, who self deceived
 And rash, before hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with or his own
 But as a man who had been matchless held
 In cunning over reach'd where least he thought,
 To save his credit, and for very spite,
 Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
 And never cease, though to his shame the more,
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
 About the wine press where sweet must is pour'd,
 Beat off returns as oft with humming sound,
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dash'd, the assault renew,
 Vain battery, and in froth or bubbles end,
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues
 He brought our Saviour to the western side
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain,¹ long, but in breadth not wide,
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,²
 That screen'd the fruits of the earth and seats of men

¹ Italy, washed by the Mediterranean

² The Apennines

From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With towers and temples proudly elevate
 On seven small hills with palaces adorn'd,
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes
 Above the highth of mountains interposed
 By what strange parallax or optic skill
 Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to enquire
 And now the tempter thus his silence broke

The city which thou seest no other deem
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
 Of nations, there the Capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the Tarpeian rock her citadel
 Impregnable, and there mount Palatine,
 Th imperial palace, compass huge and high
 The structure skill of noblest architects,
 With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
 Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like
 Houses of gods so well I have disposed
 My aery microscope, thou mayst behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or ent ring in,
 Prætors proconsuls to their provinces
 Hast'ning or on return, in robes of state,
 Lictors and rods the ensigns of their power,
 Legions and cohorts, turms¹ of horse and wings,
 Or embassies from regions far remote
 In various habits on the Appian road,

¹ Troops of horse a word coined from the Latin *turma* Equitum *turme* —
 VIREG. ÆÆ V 300 - NEWTON

Or on th' Emilian,¹ some from farthest south
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
 Meroe, Nilotic isle and more to west,
 The realm of Bocchus² to the Black moor sea,
 From the Asian kings and Parthian, among these,
 I rom India and the golden Chersonese,
 And utmost Indian isle Tiprobane,
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd
 From Gulla Gades³ and the British west
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
 Beyond Danubius to the Thauric pool⁴
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay
 'To Rome's great emperor whose wide domain
 In ample territory, wealth and power,
 Civility of manners, arts and arms
 And long renown thou justly may'st prefer
 Before the Parthian these two thrones except,
 The rest ne birbious and scarce worth the sight,
 Shared among petty kings too far removed
 These having shown thee I have shown thee all
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory
 This emperor⁵ hath no son, and now is old,
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
 To Capri an island small but strong
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
 Committing to a wicked favourite⁶
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all and hating with what ease,
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a sty, and in his place ascending,
 A victor people free from servile yoke?
 And with my help thou may'st, to me the power

¹ The Appian road led towards the south of Italy and the Emilian towards the north

² Put for the farthest point of the Roman Empire

³ Mauritania

⁴ Cadiz in Spain the extreme west of the Roman Empire

⁵ Palus Maeotis or Black Sea.

⁶ Tiberius

⁷ Sejanus

Is given, and by that right I give it thee
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world,
 Aim at the highest without the highest attain'd
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long
 On David's throne be prophesied what will
 To whom the Son of God unmoved replied.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind, though thou should'st add to tell
 Then sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts
 On citron tables¹ or Atlantic stone,
 For I have also heard perhaps have read
 Their wines of Setia Calce and Falerne²
 Chios and Cret³ and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal and myrrine cups emboss'd with gems
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st
 From nations far and nigh. What honour that,
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and hes,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk
 Of the emperor how easily subdued,
 How gloriously, I shall, thou say'st, expel
 A brutish monster what if I withal
 Expel a devil who first made him such?
 Let his tormenter conscience find him out,
 For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
 That people, victor once, now vile and base,
 Deservedly made vassal, who, once just
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquer'd well,
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,
 Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
 But lust and rapine, first ambitious grown
 Of triumph, that insulting vanity,
 Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured

¹ Tables of citron wood were very highly valued by the Romans. It grew on Mount Atlas. Atlantic stone was probably marble from Numidia. Pliny in his *Hist. Nat. lib. v. c. 1*, says that

the woods of Atlas were explored for citron wood.

² These were famous Campanian wines. Falerian was the best wine they possessed.

³ Greek wines.

Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed,
 Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
 And from the daily scene effeminate
 What wise and valiant man would seek to free
 These thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,
 Or could of inward slaves make outward free?
 Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
 On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
 Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
 Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world,
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end
 Means there shall be to this, but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell

To whom the tempter impudent replied
 I see all offers made by me how slight
 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st,
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict
 On the other side know also thou that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought,
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world to thee I give,
 For, giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle, yet with this reserve, not else,
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me
 For what can less so great a gift deserve?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain
 I never liked thy talk, thy offers less,
 Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
 The abominable terms, impious condition,
 But I endure the time, till which expired,
 Thou hast permission on me It is written
 The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
 The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve,
 And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
 To worship thee accurst, now more accurst

For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
 And more blasphemous? which expect to rue
 The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,
 Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd,
 Other donation none thou canst produce
 If giv'n by whom but by the King of kings,
 God over all Supreme? if given to thee,
 By thee how faulty is the giver now
 Repaid? but gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
 As offer them to me the Son of God,

To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God?
 Get thee behind me, plain thou now appear'st
 That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd replied
 Be not so sore offended Son of God,
 Though sons of God both angels are and men
 If I to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bear'st that title have proposed
 What both from men and angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
 Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
 God of this world invoked and world beneath
 Who then thou art whose coming is foretold
 To me so fatal me it most concerns
 The trial hath undamaged thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem,
 Me nought advantaged, missing what I aim'd
 Therefore let pass as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world, I shall no more
 Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not
 And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
 Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judged,
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
 Alone into the temple, there wast found
 Amongst the gravest rabbies disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,

Teaching, not taught The childhood shows the man,
 As morning shows the day Be famous then
 By wisdom, as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote,
 The Gentiles also know and write, and teach
 To adm'n'ation, led by nature's light,
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st,
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
 How wilt thou reason with them? how refute
 Their idols, traditions paradoxes?
 Error by his own arms is best evinc'd
 Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
 Westward, much nearer by south west, behold
 Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,
 Athens the eye of Greece¹ mother of arts
 And eloquence native to famous wits,
 Or hospitable in her sweet recess,
 City or suburban, studious walks and shades,
 See there the olive grove of Academe,²
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird³
 Trills her thick warbled notes the summer long,
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
 Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing, there Ilissus rolls
 His whispering stream, within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages, his⁴ who bred
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there and painted Stoa next
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power

¹ So called by Demosthenes — ΝΕΩΤΟΝ

² A gymnasium or place of exercise in the suburbs of Athens surrounded by woods. It took its name from Academus one of the heroes. In this Academe or Academy Plato taught

³ The nightingale i. e., Philomela, the

daughter of Pandion King of Athens was changed into a nightingale

⁴ Aristotle The Lyceum was the school of Aristotle Stoa was the school of Zeno whose disciples were hence called Stoics This Stoa or portico, was adorned with a variety of paintings.

Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
 By voice or hand and various measured verse,
 Æolian charms¹ and Dorian lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes² thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own
 Thence what the lofty givè tragedians taught
 In Chorus or Iambick, teachers best
 Of moral prudence with delight received,
 In brief sententious precepts while they treat
 Of fate and chance and change in human life,
 High actions and high passions best describing
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook the arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece,
 To Macedon and Antiochus' throne
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heav'n descended to the low roof'd house
 Of Socrates, see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men, from whose mouth issued forth
 Melifluous streams that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics³ old and new with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics,⁴ and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,
 These here revolve or as thou lik'st, at home,
 'Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight,
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd
 To whom our Saviour thus sagely replied
 Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not, not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,

¹ Æolian charms The poems of Alcæus and Sappho the Dorian lyric odes were those of Pindar —NEWTON

² Homer was so called by his mother because he was born near the River Meles

³ The old Academic philosophers were those who followed Plato the new those who followed Carneades —See DUNSTER

⁴ Pupils of Aristotle so called because they taught while walking

No other doctrine needs, though granted true
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm
 The first and wisest of them all¹ professed
 To know this only, that he nothing knew,
 The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits,²
 A third sort doubted all things,³ though plain sense;
 Others in virtue placed felicity,
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life,
 In corporal pleasure he and careless ease,
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride
 By him call'd virtue, and his virtuous man,
 Wise perfect in himself and all possessing
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
 Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can,
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade
 Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself on grace depending?
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none,
 Rather accuse him under usual names
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
 An empty cloud⁴ However, many books
 Wise men have said are wearisome,⁵ who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?)

¹ Socrates² Plato³ The Pyrrhonians or disciples of
Pyrrho who were sceptics — Newton⁴ An allusion to the fable of Ixion
who embraced a cloud which had the
form of Juno NEWTON.⁵ Eccles. xii 12

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
 Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
 Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
 A children gath'ring pebbles on the shore
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With music or with poem which so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace? all our law and story strew'd
 With hymns our psalms with artful terms inscribed
 Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon
 That pleased so well our victor's ear declare
 That rather Greece from us these arts derived,
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities and their own
 In fable, hymn or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame
 Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With Zion's songs, to all true tastes excelling
 Where God is praised aright, and godlike men
 The Holiest of Holies, and his saints
 Such are from God inspired not such from thee,
 Unless where moral virtue is express'd
 By light of nature not in all quite lost
 Their orators thou then extol'st as those
 The top of eloquence statists indeed,
 And lovers of their country, as may seem,
 But herein to our prophets far beneath,
 As men divinely taught, and better teaching
 The solid rules of civil government
 In their majestic unaffected style,
 Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat,
 These only with our law best form a king
 So spake the Son of God, but Satan, now,

Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied
 Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms, nor arts,
 Kingdom, nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
 By me proposed in life contemplative
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
 What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
 For thee is fittest place, I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee, yet remember
 What I foretell thee soon thou shalt have cause
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd
 Now contrary if I read aught in heav'n,
 Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars,
 Voluminous, or single characters,
 In their conjunction met give me to spell,
 Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate,
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches injuries,
 Violence, and stripes, and lastly cruel death
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not,
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning, for no date prefixt
 Directs me in the starry rubric set

So saying he took, for still he knew his pow'r
 Not yet expired, and to the wilderness
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 Feigning to disappear Darkness now rose,
 As daylight sunk, and brought in low'ring Night,
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day
 Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind
 After his airy jaunt though hurried sore,
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms thick interwined might shield

From dews and damp's of night his shelter'd head,
 But shelter'd slept in vain for at his head
 The tempter watch'd and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep and either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Thick rain with lightning mix'd water with fire
 In ruin reconciled not slept the winds
 Within their stony caves but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges¹ of the world, and fell
 On the vast wilderness whose tallest pines
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
 Bow'd their stiff necks, laden with stormy blasts,
 Or torn up sheer all wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient Son of God, yet only stood st
 Unshaken, nor yet stud the terror there
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
 Environ'd thee some howl'd some yell'd some shriek'd,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts while thou
 Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace
 Thus pass'd the night so foul till morning fair
 Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
 Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
 Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
 And grisly spectres which the fiend had raised
 To tempt the Son of God with terrors due
 And now the sun with more effectual beams
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dried the wet
 From drooping plant or drooping tree, the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn
 Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
 Was absent after all his mischief done,
 The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,

¹ The cardinal points—north south
east and west *Cardo* from whence

the word cardinal is derived signifies a
hinge.

Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolved,
 Desperate of better course, to vent his rage,
 And mad despite to be so oft repell'd
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape
 And in a careless mood thus to him said

Fair morning yet betides thee Son of God,
 After a dismal night I heard the rack
 As earth and sky would mingle, but myself
 Was distant, and these flaws¹ though mortals fear them
 As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n,
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable
 And harmless, if not wholesome as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone,
 Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar and seem to point,
 They oft fore signify and threaten ill
 This tempest at this desert most was bent
 Of men it thee for only thou here dwell'st
 Did I not tell thee if thou did'st reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destined seat but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is nowhere told,
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd no doubt,
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means, each act is rightest done
 Not when it must, but when it may be best
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold,

¹ A sea term for a sudden gust of wind

Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,
 So many terrors, voices prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure fore going sign

So talk'd he while the Son of God went on
 And stand not but in brief him answer'd thus

Me worse than wet thou findest not, other harm
 Those terrors which thou speakest of did me none,
 I never fear'd they could though noising loud
 And threatening nigh what they can do as signs
 Betok'ning or ill boding I contain
 As false portents not sent from God but thee
 Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
 Ambitious spirit! and wouldst be thought my God,
 And stoimest refused thinking to turn
 Me to thy will Desist thou art disdain'd
 And toil'st in vain nor me in vain molest

To whom the fiend now swollen with rage replied
 Then hear O Son of David virgin born,
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt
 Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
 By all the prophets, of thy birth at length
 Announced by Gabriel with the first I knew,
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy birthnight that sung thee Saviour born
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood list, though yet in private bred,
 Till at the ford of Jordan whither all
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be baptized by voice from heav'n
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense,
 The Son of God I also am, or was,
 And if I was I am, relation stands,
 All men are sons of God, yet thee I thought

In some respect far higher so declared
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild,
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy
 Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
 To understand my adversary, who,
 And what he is, his wisdom power, intent,
 By parl, or composition, truce or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
 Proof against all temptation as a rock
 Of adamant and as a centie firm,
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
 Not more for honours riches kingdoms glory,
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,
 Another method I must now begin

So saying he caught him up and without wing
 Of hippogrif¹ bore through the air sublime
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
 Till underneath them fur Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 He a pile far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster topp'd with golden spires
 There on the highest pinnacle he set
 The Son of God, and added thus in scorn

There stand, if thou wilt stand, to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill, I to thy father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest placed, highest is best,
 Now show thy progeny if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down, safely, if Son of God,
 For it is written He will give command
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time

¹ A fabulous creature on which Ariosto's heroes were borne through the air

Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone
 To whom thus Jesus Also it is written,
 Tempt not the Lord thy God he said and stood
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell
 As when earth's son Antæus¹ to compare
 Small things with greatest, in Itrassa strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foiled still rose,
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th' air, expired and fell,
 So after many a foil the tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults amidst his pride
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall
 And as that Theban monster² that proposed
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not, devour'd
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
 Cast herself headlong from th' Ismenian steep,
 So struck with dread and anguish fell the fiend,
 And to his crew that sit consulting brought
 Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,
 Ruin, and desperation and dismay
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God
 So Satan fell and straight a fiery globe
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh
 Who on their plumed vans received Him soft
 From His uneasy station and upbore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air,
 Then in a flow'ry valley set Him down
 On a green bank, and set before Him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine,
 Ambrosia¹ fruits, fetch'd from the Tree of Life,
 And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink
 That soon refresh'd Him wearied, and repair'd
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd
 Or thirst, and, as He fed angelic quires
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory

¹ A giant of Libya son of Terra (the earth) and Neptune (the sea). Alcides (Hercules) attacked him and as every time the giant touched the earth he received new strength Hercules lifted

him up into the air and squeezed him to death in his arms. Itrassa was a city in Libya.

² The Sphinx

Over temptation and the tempter proud
 True Image of the father, whether throned
 In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
 Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrined
 In fleshly tabernacle and human form,
 Wandring the wilderness, whatever place,
 Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
 The Son of God, with god like force indued
 Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
 And thief of paradise, him long of old
 Thou didst rebel¹ and down from heav'n cast
 With all his army, now thou has avenged
 Supplanted Adam and by vanquishing
 Temptation hast regain'd lost Paradise,
 And frustrated the conquest fraudulent
 He never more henceforth will dare set foot
 In Paradise to tempt, his snues are broke
 For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
 A fairer paradise is founded now
 For Adam and his chosen sons whom thou
 A Saviour art come down to re install
 Where they shall dwell secure when time shall be,
 Of tempter and temptation without fear
 But thou, infernal serpent, shalt not long
 Rule in the clouds, like an autumnal star
 On lightning thou shalt fall from heav'n trod down
 Under His feet for proof ere this thou feel'st
 Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
 By this repulse received and hold'st in hell
 No triumph In all her gates Abaddon² rues
 Thy bold attempt, hereafter learn with awe
 To dread the Son of God he all unarm'd
 Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
 From thy demoniac holds possession foul,
 Thee and thy legions, yelling they shall fly,
 And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
 Lest he command them down into the deep

¹ Conquer

² Rev. ix. 11 The name is here applied to hell.

Bound, and to torment sent before then time
Hail Son of the most High heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy, he unobserved
Home to his mother's house private return'd

Samson Agonistes.

A DRAMATIC POEM

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON

Γραγφδια μιμησις πραξεως σπουδαιας &c

ARISTOT. Poet. c. vi

*Tragedia et imitatio actionis serie &c per misericordiam et metum perficiens
talium affectuum lustrationem*

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY

PREFACE WRITTEN BY MILTON

TRAGEDY as it was anciently composed hath been ever held the gravest morallest and most profitable of all other poems therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear or terror to purge the mind of those and such like passions that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used to unst melancholy sour against sour salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers as Cicero Plutarch and others frequently cite out of tragic poets both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture 1 Cor. xv. 32¹ and Iaræus commenting on the Revelation divides the whole book as a tragedy into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in high dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attuning to the tyranny Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun left it unfinished. Since the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies at least the best of them that go under that name Gregory Nazianzen a father of the Church thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy which is entitled Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem or rather infamy which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes happening through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity or introducing trivial and vulgar persons which by all judicious hath been counted absurd and brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue yet using sometimes in case of self defence or explanation that which Martial calls an epistle in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the

¹ Evil communications corrupt good manners

The Puritans held the drama in the utmost abhorrence. It was probably on this account that the Puritan Poet wrote this defence of tragedy to justify himself for writing a drama.

ancient manner much different from what among us passes for best thus much beforehand may be expected that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner not ancient only but modern and still in use among the Italians In the modelling therefore of this poem with good reason the ancients and Italians are rather followed as of much more authority and fame The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts called by the Greeks Monostrophic or rather Apolelymenon without regard had to Strophic Antistrophe or Epode which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music then used with the chorus that sung not essential to the poem and therefore not material or being divided into stanzas or pauses they may be called Allæostrophæ Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage which this work never was intended is here omitted

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act of the style and uniformity and that commonly called the plot whether intricate or explicit which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with consistency and decorum they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Aeschylus Sophocles* and *Euripides* the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy The circumscription of time wherein the whole drama begins and ends is according to ancient rule and best example within the space of twenty four hours

SAMSON AGONISTES¹

THE ARGUMENT

Samson made captive blind and now in the prison at Gaza there to labour as in a common workhouse on a festival day in the general cessation from labour comes forth into the open air to a place much somewhat retired there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe which make the chorus who seek to comfort him what they can then by his old father Manoah who endeavours the like and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom and lastly that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson which yet more troubles him Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people to play or show his strength in their presence He at first refuses dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God he yields to go along with him who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him The chorus yet remaining on the place Manoah returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance in the midst of which discourse a Hebrew comes in hither confusedly at first and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe what Samson had done to the Philistines and by accident to himself, wherewith the tragedy ends

THE PERSONS

Samson
Manoah the Father of Samson
Dalila his Wife
Harapha of Gath

Public Officer
Messenger
Chorus of Danites

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza

SAMS A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on,
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
Where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught but here I feel amends,
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day spring born, here leave me to respire

¹ That is Samson an actor or
the fate of Samson acted in a play
Agonistes Dunster supposes is

rather here *athleta* the subject being
Samson's being brought forth to exhibit
as an athlete

This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea idol and forbid
 Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me, hence with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some none to the mind
 From restless thoughts that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now
 Oh! wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
 Twice by an angel who at last in sight
 Of both my parents all in flames ascended
 From off the altar, where an off ring burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His god like presence and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?¹
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits, if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
 To grind in brazen fetters under task
 With this heav'n gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke
 Yet starv, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,

¹ Judges xiii 3 11-20

But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
 O'ercome with importunity and tears
 O impotence of mind in body strong !
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom ? vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
 Proudly secure yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command
 God, when he gave me strength to show withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries,
 So many and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
 Light the prime work of God to me's extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm the vilest here excel me,
 They creep yet see, I dark in light exposed
 To daily fraud contempt abuse and wrong
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool
 In power of others, never in my own,
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half
 O dark, dark, dark amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day !
 O first created beam and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all,
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,¹

¹ *Silens Luna* is the moon at or near the change, and in conjunction with the sun
 —MEADOWCOURT

When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself if it be true
 That light is in the soul
 She all in every part, why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
 And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead & living death,
 And buried but O yet more miserable!
 Myself my sepulchre a moving grave,
 Buried yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way,
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
 At my affliction and perhaps to insult,
 Then daily practice to afflict me more
 CHOR This this is he softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him,
 O change beyond report thought, or belief!
 See how he lies at random carelessly diffused,¹
 With languish'd head unpropp'd,
 As one past hope abandon'd,
 As by himself given over,
 In slavish habit, ill fitted weeds
 O'er worn and soil'd,
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd,

¹ Stretched out

Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could with
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid, [stand,
 Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,
 And, weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer d cuirass
 Chalybean ¹ temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean proof,
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanced,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by troops The bold Ascalonite²
 Fled from his lion ramp,³ old warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand fore skins fell, the flower of Palestine
 In Ramath lechi ⁴ famous to this day
 Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders bore
 The gates of Azza ⁵ post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,⁶
 No journey of a Sabbath day,⁷ and loaded so,
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n ⁸
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost sight
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become, O worst imprisonment!
 The dungeon of thyself, thy soul
 Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain,

¹ The Chalybes were famous in the old world for their skill in working iron Hence the best tempered steel was called Chalybean VIRG *Georg* I 58
 Ad Chalybes nudi ferrum —NEWTON

² Philistine Ascalon was a city of Philistia

³ Rampant like a lion. A heraldic term

⁴ Judges xv 17 Ramath lechi means

the lifting up or casting away of the jaw bone

⁵ Another name for Gaza

⁶ The city of the Anakims who were giants Judges xv 13 14 Num xiii 33

⁷ A Sabbath day's journey was with the Jews three quarters of a geographical mile

⁸ Atlas

Imprison'd now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light,
 T' incorporate with gloomy night!
 For inward light, alas!
 Puts forth no visual beam
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen,
 For him I reckon not in high estate,
 Whom long descent of birth
 Or the sphere of fortune raises
 But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdued the earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises

SAMS I hear the sound of words, their sense the air
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear

CHOR He speaks, let us draw nigh Matchless in
 The glory late of Israel now the grief, [might,
 We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
 From Eshtaol and Zora's¹ fruitful vale,
 To visit or bewail thee, or, if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy sores apt words have power to swage
 The tumours of a troubled mind,
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds

SAMS Your coming, friends, revives me for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
 Bear in their superscription, (of the most
 I would be understood,) in prosperous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
 Not to be found, though sought Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have inclosed me round,
 Yet that which was the worse now least afflicts me,

¹ Towns in the tribe of Dan Zora was the birthplace of Samson.

Blindness, for had I sight, confused with shame,
 How could I once look up or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish pilot, have shipwreck'd
 My vessel trusted to me from above
 Gloriously rigg'd and for a word a tear,
 Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? do they not say how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean,
 This with the other should at least have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse

CHOR 'Tis not divine disposal wisest men
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceived,
 And shall again pretend they ne'er so wise
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides,
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer or as fair
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble

SAMS The first I saw at Timna and she pleased
 Me, not my parents that I sought to wed
 The daughter of an infidel They knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God, I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
 The marriage on, that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,
 The work to which I was divinely call'd
 She proving false the next I took to wife,
 O that I never had! fond wish too late!
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dahila,
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end, still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors Of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words, O weakness!

Gave up my fort of silence to a woman

CHOR In seeking just occasion to provoke
The Philistine, thy country's enemy
Thou never wast remiss I bear thee witness
Yet Israel still serves with all his sons

SAM^s That fault I take not on me but transfe
On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not or not at all consider'd
Deliv'rance offer'd I on the other side
Used no amulation to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves though mute spoke loud the doer,
But they persisted deaf and would not seem
To count them things worth notice till at length
Their lords the Philistines with gather'd powers
Enter'd Judea seeking me who then
Safe to the rock of Bethum¹ was retir'd
Not flying but forecasting in what place
To set upon them what advantag'd best
Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
The harass of their land beset me round
I willingly on some conditions came
Into their hands and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
Bound with two cords but cords to me were thine
Touch'd with the flame On their whole host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Their choicest youth, they only lived who fled
Had Judah that day join'd or one whole tribe,
They had by this possess'd the towers of Gath,
And lorded over them whom now they serve
But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
And by their vices brought to servitude,
Than to love bondage more than liberty,
Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty,
And to despise or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As their deliverer? If he aught begin,

¹ Judges xv 8

How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

CHOR Thy words to my remembrance bring
How Succoth and the fort of Penue!l
Their great deliverer contemn'd,¹
The matchless Gideon in pursuit
Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings
And how ingrateful Ephraim
Had dealt with Jephtha,² who by argument,
Not worse than by his shield and spear,
Defended Israel from the Ammonite
Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
In that sore battle, when so many died
Without reprieve adjudged to death,³
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth

SAMS Of such examples add me to the roll,
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
But God's proposed deliverance not so

CHOR Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men
Unless there be who think not God at all
If any be they walk obscure,
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself

Yet more there be who doubt His ways not just,
And to His own edicts found contradicting,
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,
Regardless of His glory's diminution,
Till, by their own perplexities involved,
They rave more, still less resolved,
But never find self satisfying solution

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
And tie Him to His own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not Himself,
And hath full right to exempt
Whom so it pleases Him by choice
From national obstruction, without taint

¹ They refused Gideon provisions. See
Judges viii 4-9

² See Judges xi 15-27
³ Judges xii 1-6

Of sin or legal debt,
 For with His own laws He can best dispense
 He would not else who never wanted means,
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
 Unclean, unchaste

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
 Though reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his

But see ! here comes thy reverend sire
 With careful step locks white as down,
 Old Manoah advise

Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him

SAMs Aye me ! another inward grief awaked
 With mention of that name renews th' assault

MAN Brethren and men of Dan for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place, if old respect
 As I suppose towards your once gloried friend,
 My son now captive, hither hath inform'd
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
 Came lagging after say if he be here

CHOR As signal now in low dejected state,
 As erst in highest, behold him where he lies

MAN O miserable change ! is this the man
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,
 The dread of Israel's foes who with a strength
 Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
 None offering fight, who single combatant
 Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
 Himself an army, now unequal match
 To save himself against a coward arm'd
 At one spear's length O ever failing trust
 In mortal strength ! and, oh ! what not in man
 Deceivable and vain ? nay, what thing good
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane ?
 I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness

In wedlock a reproach, I gain'd a son,
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy
 Who would be now a father in my stead?
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are His gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest prayers, then giv'n with solemn hand
 As graces draw a scorpion's tail behind?
 For this did the angel twice descend? for this
 Ordin'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant
 Select and sacred glorious for a while
 The miracle of men then in an hour
 Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 Thy foes derision, captive, poor, and blind
 Into a dungeon thrust to work with slaves?
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds if he through frailty err,
 He should not so overwhelm and as a thrall
 Subject him to so foul indignities
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds

SAMSON. Appoint¹ not heavenly disposition, father
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly, I myself have brought them on,
 Sole author I sole cause if ought seem vile
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy
 Thus well I knew nor was at all surpris'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience did not she
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of nuptial love profest carrying it straight
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies
 And rivals? In this other was there found
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived

¹ That is arraign not summon not to answer — WARBURTON

Her spurious first born, treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers, and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me
 My capital secret in what part my strength
 Lay stored in what part summ'd, that she might know,
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity each time perceiving
 How openly and with what impudence
 She purposed to betray me and which was worse
 Than undissembled hate, with what contempt
 She sought to make me traitor to myself,
 Yet the fourth time when, mustering all her wiles,
 With blandish'd smiles feminine assaults,
 Tongue's bitterness she succeeded not day nor night
 To storm me over watch'd and wearied out,
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded and unlock'd her all my heart
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolved
 Might easily have shook off all her snares
 But foul effeminacy held me yoked
 Her bond slave, O indignity! O blot
 To honour and religion! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fallen
 These rags this grinding is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude ignoble,
 Unmanly ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I served

MAN I cannot praise thy marriage choices son,
 Rather approved them not, but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our foes
 I state not that, this I am sure, our foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Their captive and their triumph thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st or over potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee, which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power True, and thou bear'st

Enough and more the burthen of that fault,
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score A worse thing yet remains
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza,¹ and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their god, who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine,
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house

SAMSON Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
Among the heathen round, to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and open'd the mouths
Of idolists and atheists, have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off, and join with idols,
Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end, all the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon, Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
But will arise, and His great name assert
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive

¹ Judges xvi 23

Such a discomfit, as shall quite dispoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank¹ his worshippers

MAN With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
I as a prophecy receive for God, [word
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of His name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it, doubtful whether God be lord,
Or Dagon But for thee what shall be done?
Thou must not in the meanwhile here forgot
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight
Neglected I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm

SAM^s Spare that proposal father, spare the trouble
Of that solicitation let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity To have reveal'd
Secrets of men the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all to be excluded
All friendship and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front?
But I God's counsel have not kept His holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully, a sin
That Gent les in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confined²

MAN Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son,
Repent the sin, but if the punishment

¹ Confound

² Milton is supposed here to allude to the fable of Tantalus who for revealing the secrets of the gods, was punished in

hell by an insatiable thirst and placed in a pool of water could never succeed in tasting a drop

Thou canst avoid, self preservation bids,
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself, perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all His debt,
 Who evermore approves and more accepts,
 Best pleased with humble and filial submission,
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self rigorous chooses death as due,
 Which argues over just, and self displeased
 For self offence, more than for God offended
 Reject not then what offer'd means who knows
 But God hath set before us to return thee
 Home to thy country and His sacred house,
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renew'd?

SAM. His pardon I implore, but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it? when in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from heav'n foretold, and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about, admired of all and dreaded,
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront
 Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life,
 At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me,
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies
 CHOR. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, outpour'd, the flavour, or the smell,

Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods and men,¹
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream

SAMS Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heav'n hery od,
I drank from the clear milky juice allaying
Thurst, and refresh'd, nor envied them the grape,
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes

CHOR O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When GOD with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook²

SAMS But what avail'd this temperance, not complete
Against another object more enticing?
Whit boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd shamed & shonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from heav'n imposed,
But to sit idle on the household hearth,
A burdensome drone, to visitants a gaze,
Or pitied object these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,
Vain monument of strength till length of years
And sedentary numbness cumber my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure?
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff³ of servile food
Consume me, and oft invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains

MAN Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn

¹ Judges ix 13 Wine which cheereth God and man — MITFORD

² Samson was a Nazarite from his birth See Judges xiii 7 Num vi

³ Refuse Draff was literally brewers spent grains

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer
 From the dry ground to spring,¹ thy thirst to allay
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast,
 And I persuade me so, why else this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for nought,
 Nor shall His wondrous gifts be frustrate thus

SAMS All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor the other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
 In all her functions weary of herself,
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest

MAN Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,
 That mingle with thy fancy I however
 Must not omit a father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom or how else meanwhile be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit

SAMS O that torment should not be confined
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast, and reins,
 But must secret passage find
 To th' inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
 With answerable pains but more intense,
 Though void of corporal sense

¹ Milton differs from our translation of the Bible. See Judges xv 18 19. He agrees with the Chaldee paraphast, who

understood that God made a cleft in the earth or rock at a place called *Lehi*. *Lehi* also signifies a jaw. See NEWTON'S notes.

My griefs not only pain me
As a ling'ring disease,
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification
Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb,
Or medicinal¹ liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure
Thence faintings swoonings of despair,
And sense of heav'n's desertion

I was His nursling once, and choice delight,
His destined from the womb,
Promised by heavenly message twice descending
Under His special eye
Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain,
He led me on to mightiest deeds,
Above the nerve of mortal arm,
Against the uncircumcised our enemies
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by His appointment had provoked,
Left me all helpless with the irreparable
Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty and scorn
Nor am I in the list of them that hope,
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless,
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my miseries, and the balm

CHOR Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,

¹ Milton always spells this word 'medicinal' -MITFORD

And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought
 But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
 Unless he feel within

Some source of consolation from above
 Secret refreshings that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold

God of our fathers, what is man!
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or may I say contrarious,
 Temperst thy providence through his short course,
 Not evenly, as thou rulest
 The angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandering loose about
 Grow up and perish, as the summer fly
 Heads without name no more remember'd,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorned
 To some great work, thy glory
 And people's safety, which in part they effect
 Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft
 Amidst their height of noon,
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no regard
 Of highest favours past
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
 Unseemly falls in human eye,
 Too grievous for the trespass of omission,
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and profane, their carcases
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,



But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems
That so bedeck'd ornate and gay
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship? —p 449

Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude¹ old age

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days in fine,
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength and mighty minister
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
 His labours for thou canst, to peaceful end

But who is this? what thing of sea or land?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
 Of Javan² or Gadire,³
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind,
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife

SAMS My wife! my traitress let her not come near me

CHOR Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd,
 About t' have spoke, but now with head declined,
 Like a fair flow'r surcharged with dew, she weeps,
 And words address'd seem into tears dissolved,
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil
 But now again she makes address to speak

DAL With doubtful feet and wavering resolution

¹ Premature

² Greece

³ Cadiz

I came, still dreading thy displeasure Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge, yet if tears
 May expiate, though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I foresaw,
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assured but conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou sufferst and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power
 Though late yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed
 SAMS Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts.
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows deceive, betray,
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail,
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits,
 That wisest and best men full oft beguiled,
 With goodness principled not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to ages an example

DAL Yet hear me Samson, not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that, on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less

First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity that is for nought
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way
But I to enemies reveal'd and should not,
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's fidelity
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel
I let weakness then with weakness come to parle,
So near related or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine
The gentler if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found
And what if love, which thou interpretst hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts not less in mine towards thee,
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at Timna sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assured by those
Who tempted me that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody and hold
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps,

And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so

SAMS How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine¹
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither
 By this appears I gave, thou say'st th' example,
 I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
 I to myself was false ere thou to me,
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed, which when thou seest
 Impartial, self severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking and much rather
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
 Philistian gold, if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor paricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness that plea therefore
 With God or man will gain thee no remission
 But love constrain'd thee, call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust Love seeks to have love
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexorable hate,
 Knowing as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more

DAL Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, through to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented,
 Which might have awed the best resolved of men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
 That wrought with me Thou know'st the magistrates
 And princes of my country came in person,¹

¹ Judges xvi 5

Solicited commanded, threaten'd, urged,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion, press'd how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy who has destroy'd
Such numbers of our nation and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear
Preaching how mentorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon What had I
T' oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest at length that grounded maxim,
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd,
Virtue as I thought truth duty, so enjoining

SAMS I thought where all thy circling wiles would end,
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought sincere it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings brought forth other deeds
I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation chose thee from among
My enemies loved thee, as too well thou knew'st,
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but over power'd
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing,
Yet now am judg'd an enemy Why then
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?
Being once a wife for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country, nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs If aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy country, but an impious crew

Of men, conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear,
 Not therefore to be obey'd But zeal moved thee
 To please thy gods thou didst it, gods unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be,
 Less therefore to be pleased, obey'd, or fear'd
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bane in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DAL In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause

SAMS For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath,
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals

DAL I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
 Afford me place to show what recompense
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided, only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thyself in vain Though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestic ease
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which
 Eyesight exposes daily men abroad
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison house, to abide
 With me, where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age,
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supplied,
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss

SAMS No, no, of my condition take no care,
 It fits not, thou and I long since are twain,
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst,
 To bring my feet again into the snare

Where once I have been caught I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils,
 Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms
 No more on me have power their force is null'd,
 So much of adders wisdom I have learnt
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Loved, honour'd fear'd me thou alone couldst hate me
 Thy husband slight me, sell me and forego me,
 How wouldst thou use me now blind, and thereby
 Deceivable in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contempt'd and scorn'd
 And last neglected? how wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon and censuring frown or smile?
 This goal I count the house of liberty
 To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter

DAL Let me approach at least and touch thy hand

SAMS Not for thy life lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that,
 Bewail thy falsehood and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason so farewell

DAL I see thou art implicable, more deaf
 To prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconciled at length and sea to shore
 Thy anger unappeasable still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd
 Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounced?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own
 Fame if not double faced is double mouth'd

And with contrary blasts proclaims most deeds,
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild æry flight
 My name perhaps among the circumcised,
 In Dan in Judah and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defamed,
 With malediction mention'd and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced
 But in my country where I most desire,
 In Ecron Gaza, Asdod and in Gath,
 I shall be named among the famousest
 Of women sung at solemn festivals
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer chose
 Above the faith of wedlock bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flowers,
 Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim
 Jud who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd¹
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Confer'd upon me for the piety
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown
 At this who ever envies or repines,
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own

CHOR She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd

SAMS So let her go God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed
 To such a viper His most sacred trust
 Of secrecy my safety, and my life

CHOR Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse

SAMS Love quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock treachery endang'ring life

CHOR It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
 That woman's love can win or long inherit,
 But what it is, hard is to say, .
 Harder to hit,

Which way soever men refer it,
 Much like thy riddle Samson in one day
 Or seven though one should musing sit
 If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
 Had not so soon preferr'd
 Thy piranymp¹ worthless to thee compared,
 Successor in thy bed
 Nor both so loosely disallied
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head,
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their sex that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd judgment scant,
 Capacity not raised to apprehend
 Or value what is best

In choice but ofttest to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of self love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd
 That either they love nothing or not long?

What'er it be to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent or by her charms
 Draws him awry enslaved
 With dotage and his sense depraved
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
 Imbark'd with such a steers mate at the helm?
 Favour'd of heav'n who finds

¹ Bridegroom's man Judges xiv 5

One virtuous, rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines
 Happy that house ' his way to peace is smooth,
 But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above
 Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd

But had we best retire? I see a storm,

SAMS Fur days have oft contracted wind and rain

CHOR But this another kind of tempest brings

SAMS Be less abstiuse, my riddling days are past

CHOR Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear

The bait of homied words, a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,

The giant Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty as is his pile high built and proud

Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither

I less conjecture than when first I saw

The sumptuous Dalila floating this way

His habit carries peace, his brow defiance

SAMS Or peace or not alike to me he comes

CHOR His fraught ' we soon shall know he now arrives

HAR I come not, Samson to condole thy chance,

As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,

Though for no friendly intent I am of Gath,

Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd

As Og, or Anak and the Emims old

That Kirithaim ' held, thou know'st me now

If thou at all art known Much I have heard

Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,

¹ Freight his purpose with which he is freighted.

² Gen. xiv 5

Incredible to me, in this displeased,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried
 Each other's force in camp or listed field
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report

SAM^s The way to know were not to see but taste

HAR Dost thou already single me?² I thought
 Gyves¹ and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field where thou art famed
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!¹
 I should have forced thee soon with other aims,
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown,
 So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine
 From the unforeseen day of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant acts that honour
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out

SAM^s Boast not of what thou would'st have done but do
 What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand

HAR To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd

SAM^s Such usage as your honourable lords
 Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united powers
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
 Close band'd durst attack me, no not sleeping,
 Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me,
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass² thy broad habergeon,

¹ Fetters

² Coat of mail, armour for the neck

and shoulders Vant brace is armour
 for the arms Greaves covered the legs

Vant brass and greves, and gauntlet, add thy spear,
 A weaver's beam, and seven times folded shield,
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson but shall never see Gath more

HAR Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn
 The ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantment, some magician's art, [heav'n
 Arm'd thee, or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hand,
 Where strength can least abide though all thy hairs
 Were bushes ranged like those that ridge the back
 Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines

SAM I know no spells, use no forbidden arts,
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Off'ring to combat thee his champion bold,
 With th' utmost of his godhead seconded
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine

HAR Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee

Into the common prison, there to grind
 Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boisterous locks no worthy match
 For valour to assail nor by the sword
 Of noble warrior so to stain his honour
 But by the barber's razor best subdued

SAMS All these indignities for such they are
 From thine these evils I deserve and more
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of His final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open and His eye
 Gracious to receive the suppliant,
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose God is God
 Thine or Whom I with Israel's sons adore

HAR Fair honour that thou dost thy GOD, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A murderer a revolter and a robber [these ?

SAMS Tongue doughty giant how dost thou prove me

HAR Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
 Their magistrates confessed it, when they took thee
 As a league breaker and delivered bound
 Into our hands, for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm
 Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence nor spoil

SAMS Among the daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,
 And in your city held my nuptial feast
 But your ill meaning politician lords,
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies
 Who threat'ning cruel death constrain'd the bride
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed

When I perceived all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
 I used hostility, and took their spoil
 To pay my underminers in their coin
 My nation was subjected to your lords
 It was the force of conquest, force with force
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can
 But I a private person, whom my country
 As a league breaker gave up bound presumed
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts
 I was no private, but a person raised
 With strength sufficient and command from heav'n
 To free my country, if their servile minds
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,
 Th' unworthier they, whence to this day they serve
 I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce

HAR With thee a man condemn'd, a slave enroll'd,
 Due by the law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign

SAMS Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give the verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd,
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee

HAR O Baal zebub¹ can my ears unused
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAMS No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable, bring up thy van,
 My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free

HAR This insolence other kind of answer fits

SAMS Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,

¹ A deity of the Philistines, the god of flies

And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air then dash thee down
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides

HAR By Astaroth¹ ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons laden on thee

CHOR His giantship is gone somewhat crestfall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks but in a sultry chaf

SAMS I dread him not nor all his giant brood,
'Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size Goliath chief

CHOR He will directly to the lords I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee

SAMS He must allege some cause and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give to me the best
- Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed

CHOR Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd¹
When God into the hands of them deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue

¹ Another deity of the Philistines and Sidonians The Venus of the East or, it is thought, the Moon

The righteous, and all such as honour truth,
 He all then ammunition
 And feats of war defeats,
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd,
 Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surprised
 Lose their defence distracted and amazed,

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny of fortune can inflict
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endued
 Above the sons of men, but sight bereaved
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom patience finally must crown

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears
 Comes on a main, speed in his look
 By his habit I discern him now
 A public officer and now at hand
 His message will be short and voluble

OFF Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek

CHOR His manacles remark him, there he sits

OFF Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say,
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games,
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great feast and great assembly;

Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad
T' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords

SAMS Thou know'st I am an Hebrew therefore tell
Our law forbids at their religious rites [them
My presence, for that cause I cannot come

OFF This answer, be assured will not content them

SAMS Have they not sword players, and ev'ry sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners
Jugglers and dancers antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tied,
And over labour'd at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more
Or make a game of my calamities?

Return the way thou camest I will not come

OFF Regard thyself this will offend them highly

SAMS Myself? my conscience and internal peace
Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief
To show them feats and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come

OFF My message was imposed on me with speed,
Brooks no delay Is this thy resolution?

SAMS So take it with what speed thy message needs

OFF I am sorry what this stoutness will produce

SAMS Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed

CHOR Consider, Samson, matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear

SAMS Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair

After my great transgression, so requite
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
 By prostituting holy things to idols,
 A Nazarite in place abominable
 Vaunting my strength in honour to thee Dagon?
 Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHOR Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistine.
 Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean

SAMS Not in their idol worship but by labour
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food
 Of those who have me in their civil power

CHOR Where the heart joins not outward acts defile not

SAMS Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds
 But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
 Not dragging? the Philistian lords command
 Commands are no constraints If I obey them,
 I do it freely, venting to displease
 God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
 Set God behind which in His jealousy
 Shall never, unrepented find forgiveness
 Yet that He may dispense with me or thee
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites
 For some important cause thou need'st not doubt

CHOR How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach

SAMS Be of good courage, I begin to feel
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
 To something extraordinary my thoughts
 I with this messenger will go along,
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act, or of my days the last

CHOR In time thou hast resolved, the man returns

OFF Samson, this second message from our lords
 To thee I am bid say Art thou our slave,
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay,

Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock

SAM^s I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go
Master's commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection
And for a life who will not change his purpose
So mutable are all the ways of men!
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law

OFI I praise thy resolution doff these links,
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free

SAM, Brethren, farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends, and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once may now exasperate them
I know not Lords are lordliest in their wine
And the well feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd
No less the people on their holy days
Impetuous insolent, unquenchable
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law my nation, or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant

CHOR Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve His glory best, and spread His name
Great among the heathen round,
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire, that spirit that first rush'd on thee

In the camp of Dan
 Be efficacious in thee now at need
 For never was from heaven imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen
 But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste
 With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
 He seems supposing here to find his son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MAN Peace with you, brethren! my inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my son,
 By order of the lords new parted hence
 To come and play before them at their feast
 I heard all as I came the city rings,
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
 Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly
 But that which moved my coming now was chiefly
 To give ye part with me what hope I have
 With good success to work his liberty

CHOR That hope would much rejoice us to partake
 With thee, say reverend Sire we thirst to hear

MAN I have attempted one by one the lords
 Either at home or through the high street passing,
 With supplication prone and father's tears,
 To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner
 Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite
 That part most revered Dagon and his priests
 Others more moderate seeming but their aim
 Private reward, for which both God and State
 They easily would set to sale a third
 More generous far and civil who confess'd
 They had enough revenged, having reduced
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
 The rest was magnanimity to remit,
 If some convenient ransom were proposed
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky

CHOR Doubtless the people shouting to behold
 Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown

MAN His ransom, if my whole inheritance
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid
 And number'd down much rather I shall choose
 To live the poorest in my tribe than richest,
 And he in that calamitous prison left
 No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him
 For his redemption all my patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forego
 And quit not wanting him I shall want nothing

CHOR Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
 Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,
 Made older than thy age through eyesight lost

MAN It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
 And view him sitting in the house ennobled
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd
 And I persuade me God hath not permitted
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him
 And since his strength with eyesight was not lost
 God will restore him eyesight to his strength

CHOR Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceived agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate

MAN I know your friendly minds, and—O what noise!
 Mercy of heav'n what hideous noise was that?
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout

CHOR Noise, call you it or universal groan
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point

MAN Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise

Oh, it continues, they have slain my son

CHOR Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend

MAN Some dismal accident it needs must be,
What shall we do stay here, or run and see?

CHOR Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into danger's mouth
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n,
From whom could else a general cry be heard?
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear
What if his eyesight for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard, by miracle restored,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

MAN Th'it were a joy presumptuous to be thought

CHOR Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old, what hinders now?

MAN He can, I know but doubt to think He will,
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief
A little stay will bring some notice hither

CHOR Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,
For evil news rides post, while good news baits
And to our wish I see one hither speeding
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe

MESS O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
For due imagination still pursues me
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend Manoah, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd

MAN The accident was loud, and here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know

MESS It would burst forth, but I recover breath

And sense distract, to know well what I utter

MAN Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer

MESS Gaza yet stands but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelmed and fall'n

MAN Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest
The desolation of a hostile city

MESS Fled on that first, there may in grief be surfeit

MAN Relate by whom

MESS By Samson

MAN That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy

MESS Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly
To tell what will come at last too soon,
Lest evil tidings with too rude intrusion
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep

MAN Suspense in news is torture, speak them out

MESS Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead

MAN The worst indeed O! all my hopes defeated
To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge
What windy joy this day had I conceived
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How died he, death to life is crown or shame
All by him fell thou sayst, by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MESS Unwounded of his enemies he fell

MAN Wounded with slaughter then, or how? explain

MESS By his own hands

MAN Self violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?

MESS Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd,
The edifice, where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled

MAN O lastly over strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge

More than enough we know, but, while things yet
 Are in confusion, give us, if thou can'st,
 Eye witness of what first or last was done,
 Relation more particular and distinct

MESS Occasions drew me early to this city,
 And as the gates I enter'd with sun rise,
 The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
 Through each high street Little I had dispatch'd
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
 Samson should be brought forth to show the people
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games,
 I sorrow'd at his captive state but minded
 Not to be absent at that spectacle
 The building was a spacious theatre
 Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high
 With seats, where all the lords and each degree
 Of sort might sit in order to behold,
 The other side was open, where the throng
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand,
 I among these aloof obscurely stood
 The feast and noon grew high and sacrifice
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
 When to their sports they turn'd Immediately
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad, before him pipes
 And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot, before him and behind
 Archers, and slingers, cataphracts,¹ and spears
 At sight of him the people with a shout
 Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him
 Came to the place, and what was set before him,
 Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible stupendous force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.
 At length for intermission' sake they led him
 Between the pillars, he his guide requested

¹ Men and horses in armour

For so from such as nearer stood we heard,
 As over tired to let him lean awhile
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
 That to the arched roof gave main support
 He unsuspecting led him, which when Samson
 Felt in his arms with head awhile inclined,
 And eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,
 Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
 I have perform'd as reason was obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight behold
 Now of my own accord such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold
 This utter'd straining all his nerves he bow'd
 As with the force of winds and waters pent
 When mountains tremble those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugg'd, he shook till down they came and drew
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests
 Their choice nobility and flower not only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast
 Samson, with these immixt inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself,
 The vulgar only scaped who stood without

CHOR O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now hast victorious
 Among thy slain, self kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before

1 SEMICHOR While their hearts were jocund and sublime
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,

And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chanting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo¹ His bright sanctuary
 Among them He a spirit of frenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer,
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importuned
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall'n into wrath divine
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck
 2 SEMICHOR But he though blind of sight,
 Despised and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an ev'ning dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl,² but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads
 So virtue given for lost
 Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self begotten bird
 In the Arabian woods imbostr'd,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere while a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
 Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives

¹ Where the Ark then was

² See PLIN lib xxlii sect 17
laticus alites —RICHARDSON

A secular bud ages of lives ¹

MAN Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause Samson hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
Fully revenged hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor²
Through all Philistian bounds to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom left but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
To himself and father's house eternal fame,
And, which is best and happiest yet all this
With God not parted from him as was feared,
But favouring and assisting to the end
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies blood and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore I with what speed the while,
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay,)
Will send for all my kindred all my friends,
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house there will I build him
A monument and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm
With all his trophies hung and acts enroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high
The virgins also shall on feastful days

¹ The Phoenix supposed to make a funeral pile of sweet scented woods and fan it to a flame with her wings, from her ashes rose another phoenix sole of its kind always The phoenix

was considered an emblem of the resurrection

² The Philistines are called the sons of Caphtor because they came originally from the island of Caphtor or Crete

VISIT his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes

CHOR All is best, though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close
Oft He seems to hide His face
But unexpectedly returns
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously, whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent
His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent

Sonnets and Canzone.

I

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray
Waiblest at eve when all the woods are still
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love, ' O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I

II

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo sperto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora

A superstition which originated in
ancient Cuckoo and Nightingale
it as I lay this other night waking
thought how lovers had a tokening
and among them it was a common
tale

That it were good to have the Nightin-
gale
Mooche rather than the leudè Cuckoo
sing

Cuckoo and Nightingale

Stanza 10

Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno
 Guardi ciascun agli occhi, ed agli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno,
 Grazia sola di sugli vaglia inanti
 Che l' disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi

I

QUAL in colle aspicio al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spunde a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insu la lingua snella
 Destà il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E l' bel T' ungi cangio col bel Arno
 Amor lo volse ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amoi cosa mai volse indarno
 Deh' foss' il mio cuor lento e' l' duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno

CANZONE

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amoi, e come t'osi ?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo mighor t'arrivi,
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi,
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma

L'immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia sona?
 Canzon diotti, e tu per me u pondi
 Dice mia Donna el suo dir o il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vinta Amore

IV

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch amor spreggiar solea
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi ov huom d'ibben talhor s'impiglia
 Ne trecce d'oro ne guancia vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza el e l'cuor bea
 Portamenti alti honesti e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil neio,
 Parole adorne di lingua più d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa luna
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco

V

PIÙ certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
 Sì mi percuoton forte come ei suole
 Per l'aene di Libia chi s'invià
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghiela,
 Ma quanto agli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutte le notti a me suol far pioverse
 Finche mia alba rivien colma di rose

VI

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
 Farò divoto, io certo a prove tante
 L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante
 De pensieri leggiadro accorto, e buono,
 Quando rugge il gran moudo, e scocca il tuono,
 S arma di se, e d intero diamante,
 Tanto del foise, e d invidia sicuro
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d ingegno c d alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago

VII

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF
 TWENTY THREE¹

1631

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stol n on his wing my three and twentieth year!¹
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 'That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear
 'That some more timely happy spirits indu'th
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task master's eye.

¹ This sonnet was written at Cambridge, and sent in a letter to a friend.

VIII

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY¹

1642

CAPTAIN or Colonel or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please
 Guard them and him within protect from harms
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle wms
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bow¹
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet² had the pow'r
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare

IX

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY

LADY that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen
 That labour up the hill of heavenly truth,

¹ Written when the King's troops had arrived at Brentford and London expected an immediate attack

² Alexander He suffered the house of Imdin alone to stand untouched and honoured the family of the great lyric poet while making frightful havoc of the Plebeians Milton claims the same favour from the royal forces

³ Euripides When Iysander had taken Athens Plutarch tells us that —

Some say he really did in the Council of the Aches propose to reduce the Athenians to slavery and that Irian thus a Ithacan officer gave it as his opinion that the city should be levelled

with the ground and the spot on which it stood turned to pasture

Afterwards however when the general officers met at an entertainment a musician of Ithaca happened to begin a chorus in the Electra of Euripides the first lines of which are these —

Unhappy daughter of the great
 Atrides

Thy straw crowned palace approach

The whole company were greatly moved at this incident and could not help reflecting how barbarous a thing it would be to raze that noble city which had

The better part with Mary¹ and with Ruth²
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth
 Thy care is fix'd and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light³
 And hope that reaps not shame⁴ Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure

X

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY⁵

1643

DAUGHTER to that good Earl⁶ once President
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,
 Who lived in both unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both more in himself content,
 Till sad the breeding of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Chæronæa fatal to liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent⁷
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourish'd yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet,
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them honour'd Margaret

produced so many great and illustrious men — PLURARCH *Life of Lycurgus*

Thus Athens was spared but in cruel mockery The Spartan collected all the musicians in the city and pulled down the fortifications and burned the Athenian ships to the sound of their instruments

¹ Luke x 42² Ruth i 14³ Matt xxv 4⁴ Rom v 5

⁵ Milton used frequently to visit this lady who married Captain Hobson of the Isle of Wight

⁶ Earl of Marlborough Lord High Treasurer and Lord President of the Council to King James I Parliament was dissolved the 10th of March 1628-9 he died on the 14th but at an advanced age — NEWTON

⁷ Isocrates the orator who could not survive the ruin of his country Chæronæa was gained by Philip of Macedon

XI

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES

1645

A BOON was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,¹
 And woven close both matter form, and style,
 The subject new it walk'd the town a while,
 Numb ring good intellects now seldom pored on
 Ours the stall reader, Bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false while one might walk to Mile
 End Green Why is it hinder, Sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp?²
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow steel,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp
 Thy age, like ours O Soul of Sir John Cheke,³
 Hated not learning worse than toad or usp,
 When thou taughtst Cambridge, and king Edward
 Greek

XII

ON THE SAME

I DID but prompt the age to quit then clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs.⁴

¹ Tetrachordon means exposition on the four chief places in Scripture which mention nullities in marriage.

² Colkitto and Macdonnell are one and the same person a brave officer on the royal side an Irishman of the Antium family who served under Montrose. The Macdonnells of that family are styled by way of distinction Mac Colkitto; the descendants of James Colkitto are styled Macdonnell. Galasp is George Gillespie a

Scottish writer against the Independents for whom see Milton's verses on the Lords of Conscience — WARTON.

³ Sir John Cheke has been already named in the notes to this volume. He was the first Professor of Greek at Cambridge and restored the original pronunciation of it. He was tutor to Edward VI.

⁴ Milton's treatises were on the subject

As when those hinds that were transform'd to flog
 Rail'd at Latona's twin born progeny
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood
 And still revolt when truth would set them free
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good,
 But from that mark how far they rove we see
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.²

XIII

TO MR H LAWES³ ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measured song
 First taught our English music how to spin
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas ears⁴ committing short and long⁵
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng
 With praise enough for envy to lool wan,
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
 Thou honourst verse and verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee the priest of Phœbus' quene,
 That tun'st then happiest lines in hymn or story⁶
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella⁷ whom he woo'd to sing
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory

¹ Divorce. The Presbyterian clergy were much (and justly) scandalized at them and brought Milton before the Lords for them: but they thought the subject simply speculative and he was discharged. He thus stigmatizes the Presbyterian clergy.

² See OVID *Met.* VI. fab. iv. Latona's progeny were Apollo and Diana the sun god and moon goddess.

³ A fine moral coming too from a Republican poet.

⁴ The musician who put the music to *Cornus*.

⁵ Midas a King of Phrygia. He decided that Ian was superior in singing

and playing on the flute to Apollo and to punish his stupidity Apollo changed his ears into those of an ass.

⁶ A Plutonium meaning offences against *gravity* — RICHARDSON.

⁷ The Story of Ariadne set by LAWES — WARREN.

⁸ Amongst the souls in Purgatory Dante recognizes his friend Casella the musician. In the course of an affectionate conversation Dante asks for a song to soothe him and Casella sings with ravishing sweetness the poet's second Canzone. See second cant of Dante's *Purgatorio*.

XIV

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS CATHERINE
THOMSON,¹MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND DECLARED 1611^H DEC 1646

WHEN faith and love which parted from thee never,
 Had open'd thy just soul to dwell with GOD,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death and life, which us from life doth sever
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour,
 Stay'd not behind nor in the grave were trod,
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever
 Love led them on and Faith who knew them best
 Thy handmaids clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings that up they flew so drest
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

XV

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX²

1648

FAIRFAX whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home though now rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads and the false North displays
 Her broken league³ to imp their serpent wings

¹ When Milton was first made Latin Secretary to Cromwell he lodged at Mr Thomson's next to the Bull Head Tavern Charing Cross Mrs Thomson is supposed to have been the wife of his landlord Newton

² Addressed to Fairfax at the siege of Colchester It was first printed, to

gether with the two following sonnet and the two to Cynrick Skinner at the end of Phillips's *Life of Milton* 1694

— WARREN

³ The English Parliament held that the Scotch had broken their covenant by marching into England led by Hamilton

O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land

XVI

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

1652

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies and his work pursued
 While Dunbar stream'd with blood of Scots imbued
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's² laurel wreath Yct much remains
 To conquer still peace hath her victories
 No less renown'd than war new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains³
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of heling wolves whose gospel is their maw

¹ A small river near Preston in Lancashire where Cromwell defeated the Scots under the Duke of Hamilton in August 1648

² Dunbar and Worcester were both

fought September 3—one 1650 the other 1641

³ He alludes to the Presbyterian clergy. They tried to persuade Cromwell to use the secular power against Sectaries

XVII

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER¹

1652

VANE, young in years but in sage counsel old,
 That whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd
 The fierce Epnot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace or to unfold
 The dust of hollow titles hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how war may best upheld
 Move by her two main nerves iron and gold
 In all her equipage besides to know
 Both spiritual power and civil what each means,
 What severs each thou hast learn'd which few have
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe [done
 'Tis refore on thy firm hand Religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son

XVIII

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT²

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughter'd units, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones

¹ This sonnet seems to have been written in behalf of the Independents against the Presbyterian hierarchy. Vane was the chief of the Independents and therefore Milton's friend. He was a most eccentric character a mixture of the wildest fanaticism and good sense. He was beheaded after the Restoration 1662.—From WARTON.

The States of Holland

² In 1665 the Duke of Savoy determined to make his reformed sub-

jects in Piedmont return to the Roman Church. All who refused compliance with the sovereign's will were massacred. Those who escaped concealed in their mountain fastnesses sent to Cromwell for relief. Milton's holy indignation found expression in this fine sonnet which was of great effect. Cromwell commanded a general fast and a national contribution for the relief of the sufferers. £40,000 were collected. He then wrote to the Duke and so

Forget not in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy ~~sheep~~, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills and they
 To Heav'n Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant,¹ that from these may grow
 A hundred fold who have~~d~~ learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe²

XIX

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker and present
 My true account lest he returning chide,
 Doth God exact dry labour light denied?¹
 I fondly ask But Patience to prevent
 That murmur soon replies, 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts, who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best his state
 Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
 They also serve who only stand and wait''

great was the terror of the English name—the Protector threatened that his ships should visit Civita Vecchia—that the persecution was stopped and the surviving inhabitants of the valleys

were restored to their homes and to freedom of worship

¹ The Pope

² The Papacy

XX

TO MR LAWRENCE¹

LAWRENCE of virtuous father virtuous son
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mud
 Where hall we sometimes meet and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother till Favonius do inspire
 The frozen earth and clothe in fresh attire
 The hly and rose that neither sow'd nor spun
 What next repast shall feast us light and choice
 Of Attic taste with wine whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd or uttful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tu can air?
 He who of those delights can judge and spare
 To interpose them off, is not unwise

XXI

TO CYRIAC SKINNER

CYRIAC, whose grandsire³ on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounced and in his volumes taught our laws
 Which others at the r bar so often wench,
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to diench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws
 Let Lucid rest and Achimedes pause
 And what the Swede⁴ intends, and what the French

¹ Son of Henry Lawrence Member for Hertfordshire who was active in settling the Protectorate on Cromwell Milton's friend was the author of a work called *Of our Communion and Warre with Angels* &c 1646 4to—TODD

² The West Wind

³ Lord Coke Cyriac Skinner was the son of Wilham Skinner and Bridget,

daughter of Lord Coke He had been a pupil of Milton's and was one of the principal members of Harrington's Political Club

⁴ Charles Gustavus King of Sweden was then at war with Poland and the French were fighting the Spaniards in the Netherlands

To measure life learn thou betimes and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

XXII

TO THE SAME

CIRIAC, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot
 Not to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun or moon or star throughout the year
 Or man or woman Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will nor bate a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward What supports me dost thou ask?
 The conscience Friend t' have lost them overphed
 In liberty's defence¹ my noble task,
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side
 This thought might lead me thro' the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide

¹ When Milton was engaged to answer Salmasius one of his eyes had nearly lost its sight. The physicians predicted the loss of both if he used them. But Milton told Du Moulin "I did not to g balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes."

² The celebrated controversy with Salmasius originated thus. Charles II employed that great scholar to write a

Defence of Monarchy and to vindicate his father's memory. Salmasius was the greatest scholar of his age. Grotius alone could compete with him. Selden speaks of him as most admirable. The Council of the Commonwealth therefore did wisely in ordering Milton to answer him. How he did so at the price of his sight we see above.



Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave
Whom Jove a great son to her glad husband gave
Rescued from death by force though pale and faint —p 491

XXIII

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE¹

ALTHOUGH IT I saw my late espous'd saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis² from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force though pale and faint
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white pure as her mind
 Her face was veil'd yet to my fix'd sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight
 But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night

Cuthbert, the daughter of Captain
 Woolcock of Halesbury. She died in
 giving birth to a daughter seven days after
 her marriage. She was Milton's second
 wife.

² Alcestis being told by an oracle that

her husband Admetus could never re-
 cover from a disease unless a friend
 died for him, willingly laid down her
 life for him. Hercules, Jove's great
 son, brought her back from hell.

Miscellaneous Poem and Translations.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT

1647

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widow'd whole Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dine ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy¹
'Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?²
Men whose life learning Truth and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards³ and Scotch whited ye-ell⁴
But we do hope to find out all your tricks
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,⁵
That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears
Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears⁶
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this closely in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large⁷

¹ In classes or classical assemblies The Presbyterians distributed London into twelve classes each chose two ministers and four lay elders to represent them in a Provincial Assembly

Adam Stuart a Polemical writer of the times who answered the Independents Plea for Toleration

² Samuel Rutherford one of the Chief Commissioners of the Church of Scotland and an avowed enemy to the Independents Milton's sect

³ Thomas Edwards who wrote against the Independents

⁴ Perhaps George Gillespie a Scotch writer against the Independents Milton hated the Scotch and ridiculed their names

⁵ The Council of Trent

⁶ Bulk or baulk is to spare The meaning is Your errors will be corrected and your ears spared Our readers will remember that the Stuarts had inflicted the cruel punishment of loss of ears on Prynne

⁷ More tyrannical than of old

TRANSLATIONS

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair
 Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
 On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds, and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vain, always amiable
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful Hapless they
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair Me, in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of sea

FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH ¹

Brutus thus addresses Diana in the country of Leogota -

GODDESS of shades and huntress who at will
 Walk'st on the rolling spheres and through the deep,
 On thy third reign, the earth look now and tell
 What land what seat of rest, thou bidd'st me seek,
 What certain seat where I may worship thee
 For aye, with temples vow'd, and virgin quires

¹ An ancient British historian and writer. He died 1164

To whom sleeping before the altar Diana answers in a vis on the same night

BRUTUS, far to the west in the ocean wide,
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,
Sea girt it lies where giants dwelt of old,
Now void it fits thy people thither bend
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And kings be born of thee whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold

FROM DANTE

Al, Constantine of how much ill was cause,
Not thy conversion but those rich domains
That the first wealthy pope received of thee

FROM DANTE

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
'Ganst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste

FROM ARIOSTO

THEN past he to a flow'ry mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave

FROM HORACE

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin

FROM HORACE

ALL barbarous people and their princes too
 All purple tyrants honour you,
 The very wandering Scythians do
 Support the pillars of the Roman state
 Lest all might be involved in one man's fate,
 Continue us in wealth and state,
 Let wars and tumults ever cease

FROM HORACE

THE power that did create can change the scene
 Of things in the mean of great, and great of mean
 The brightest glory can eclipse with might,
 And place the most obscure in dazzling light

FROM EURIPIDES

THIS is true liberty when freeborn men
 Having to advise the public may speak free,
 Which he who can, and will deserves high praise
 Who neither can nor will may hold his peace,
 What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM HORACE

LAUGHING to teach the truth,
 What hinders? As some teachers give to boys
 Junkets and knacks that they may learn apace

FROM HORACE

—— JOKING decides great things
 Stronger and better oft than earnest can

FROM SOPHOCLES

'Tis you that say it, not I You do the deeds,
 And your ungodly deeds find me the words

FROM HOMER

GIAUCUS in Lycia we re adored as gods,
What makes 'twixt us and others so great odds?

FROM SENECA

- ——— THIRL can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
Than an unjust and wicked king

Psalms.¹

PSALM I DONE INTO VERSE, 1653

BLISS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked and i th' way
Of sinners hath not stood and in the seat
Of scorers hath not sat But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight
And in his law he studies day and night
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit and his leaf shall not fall
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all
Not so the wicked but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must

PSALM II DONE AUG 8, 1653 TERZETTE

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand
With pow'r, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land

¹ Milton's father composed Psalm tunes, and metrical Psalmody was very popular
Milton's tune

Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords He who in heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his full
 And fierce ire trouble them, but I, said He,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill A firm decree
 I will declare, the Lord to me hath said
 Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
 This day, ask of me and the grant is made,
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds then shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so
 And now be wise at length, ye Kings averse,
 Be taught, ye Judges of the earth, with fear
 Jehovah serve and let your joy converse
 With trembling, kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere
 Happy all those who have in them their stay

PSALM III AUG 9, 1653

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM

LORD, how many are my foes!
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say
 No help for him in God there lies
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story

Th' exalter of my head I count
 Aloud I cried
 Unto Jehovah He full soon replied
 And heard me from His holy mount
 I lay and slept I waked ag ain
 For my sustin'
 Was the Lord Of many millions
 Th' populous rout
 I fear not though encamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavilions
 Rise Lord, save me my God, for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek bone all my foes
 Of men abhor'd
 Hast broke the teeth This held was from the Lord,
 Thy blessing on thy people flows

37

PSALM IV ALC 10, 1653

ANSWER me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large, now spare,
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r
 Great ones how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn,
 How long be thus forborn
 Still to love vanity
 To love to seek, to prize
 Things false and vain and not ang else but lies
 Yet know the Lord hath chose
 Chose to Himself apart
 The good and meek of heart,

(For whom to chose He knows)
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to Him I cry
 Be awed, and do not sin,
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust
 Many there be that say
 'Who yet will show us good?'
 Talking like this world's brood,
 But Lord thus let me pray,
 On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth overcloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie,
 As in a rocky cell

Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell

PSALM V Aug 12, 1653

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,

My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear
 My King and God for unto thee I pray
 Jehovah thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear,

I' th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my pray'rs and watch till thou appear
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight,
Evil with thee no bidding makes,
Fools or mad men stand not within sight
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st, and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie,
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy house I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worship low
Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress,
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes
For in his falt'ring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth,¹
Their inside troubles miserable,
An open grave their throat their tongue they smooth
God, find them guilty let them fall
By their own counsels quell'd
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on, for against thee they have rebell'd
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name
For thou, Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still,
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will

¹ True

PSALM VI AUG 13, 1653

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct,
 Pity me, Lord for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint, heal and amend me
 For all my bones that e'en with anguish ache
 Are troubled yet my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou O Lord how long? Turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake
 For in death no remembrance is of thee
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea,
 My bed I water with my tears, mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prayer,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own and have me in his keeping
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
 With much confusion, then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd

PSALM VII AUG 14, 1653

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM

LORD, my God to thee I fly,
 Save me, and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing, and no rescue nigh

Lord, my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have rendered less
And not freed my foe for nought,
Let the enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it let him tread
My life down to the earth and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul
Rise Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire
And wake for me their fury's rage,
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire
So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee seeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation
Judge me Lord be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss
But thou just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins On God is cast
My defence, and in Him lies,
In Him who both just and wise
Saves the upright of heart at last
God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended,
If the unjust will not forbear,

His sword he whets his bow hath bended
 Aheady and for him intended
 The tools of death, that waits him near
 (His arrows purposely made He
 For them that persecute) Behold
 He travels hū with vanity,
 Trouble he hath conceiv d of old
 As in a womb and from that mould
 Hath at length brought forth a lie
 He digg d a pit and delved it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made
 His mischief that due course doth keep
 Turns on his head and his ill trade,
 Of violence will undelay'd
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep
 Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise
 And sing the Name and Deity
 Of Jehovah the Most High

PSALM VIII AUG 14, 1653

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth¹
 So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth
 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
 To stint the enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow
 That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose
 When I behold thy Heav'ns thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament, then saith my heart
 O what is man that thou remember'st yet,
 And think'st upon him, or of man begot,
 That him thou visit'st and of him art found²
 Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
 All flocks, and herds by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,
 Fowl of the Heavens and fish that through the wet
 Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth
 O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth !

APRIL, 1648 J M

Nine of the Psalms done into metre wherein all but what is in a different character are the very words of the text translated from the original

PSALM LXXX

THOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
 Thy loved Joseph's seed,
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*,
 Between their wings out *spread*,
 Shine forth *and from thy cloud give light*,
 And on our foes thy dread
 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's sight,
 Awake thy strength *come, and be seen*
 To save us *by thy might*
 Turn us again *thy grace divine*
 To us, O God, *vouchsafe*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe
 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy smoking wrath *and angry brow*
 Against thy people's prayer !

Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'st them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet

A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
 To every neighbour foe
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,
 And flouts it us they throw

Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe,*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe

A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And driv'st out nations *proud and haughty,*
 To plant this *lovely vine*

Thou did'st prepare for it a place
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last

With her *green shade* that cover'd all,
The hills were over spread
 Her boughs *as high as cedars tall*
Advanced their lofty head

Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that river wide
 Her other branches *went*

Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her fence
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?

The *tusked* boar out of the wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild beasts there browse, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots

Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From Heav'n, thy seat divine,
 Behold us *but without a frown*,
 And visit this *thy* vine

Visit this vine which thy right hand
 Hath set and planted *long*,
 And the young branch that for thyself
 Thou hast made firm and strong

But now it is consumed with fire,
 And cut *with axes* down,
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,
 At thy rebuke and frown

Upon the man of thy right hand
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid*
 Upon the son of man whom thou
 Strong for thyself hast made

So shall we not go back from thee
 To *ways of sin and shame*,
 Quickened us thou then *gladly* we
 Shall call upon thy Name

Return us *and thy grace divine*
 Lord God of Hosts *our* *ransom*,
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe

PSALM LXXI

To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*,
 Sing loud to God *our King*
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
 Loud acclamations ring

Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
 The timbrel hither bring
 The *cheerful* psaltiy bring along,
 And harp *with pleasant string*

Blow, *as is wont, in the new moon*
 With trumpets' *lofty sound,*
 Th' appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast comes round

This was a statute *giv'n of old*
 For Israel *to observe,*
 A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve

This he a testimony ordain'd
 In Joseph *not to change,*
 When as he pass'd through Egypt land,
 The tongue I heard was strange

From burden, *and from slavish toil*
 I set his shoulder free,
 His hands from pots, *and mury soil,*
 Deliver'd were *by me*

When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
 And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall

I answer'd thee in thunder deep
 With clouds encompass'd round,
 I tried thee at the water steep
 Of Meribah *renown'd*

Hear, O my People, *hearken well,*
 I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
 If thou wilt list to me

Throughout the land of thy abode
 No alien God shall be,
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign God
 In honour bend thy knee

I am the Lord thy God which brought
 Thee out of Egypt land,
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
 Will grant thy full demand

And yet my people would not *hear*,
 Nor hearken to my voice,
 And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,
 Mishked me for his choice

Then did I leave them to their will,
 And to their wand ring mind,
 Their own conceits they follow d still,
 Their own devices blind

O that my people would *be wise*,
 To serve me *all their days*
 And O that Israel would *advise*
 To walk my *righteous ways*

Then would I soon bring down their foes,
 That now so *proudly rise*,
 And turn my hand agunst *all those*
 That are their enemies

Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
 To bow to him and bend
 But *they, his people*, should remain,
 Their time should have no end

And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey *for their meat*

PSALM LXXXII

GOD in the great assembly stands
 Of *kings and lordly states*,
 Among the Gods, on both his hands
 He judges and debates

How long will ye pervert the right
 With judgment false and wrong,
 Favouring the wicked *by your might*,
 Who thence grow bold and strong ?

Regard the weak and fatherless,
 Despatch the poor man's cause
 And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws
 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands*
 They know not, nor will understand
 In darkness they walk on
 The earth's foundations all are moved,
 And out of order gone
 I said that ye were gods, yea all
 The sons of God most high,
 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes *die*
 Rise God judge thou the earth *in might*,
 This *united* earth redress,
 For thou art He who shall by right
 The nations all possess

PSALM LXXXIII

Be not thou silent *now at length*
 O God, hold not thy peace,
 Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
 We cry, and do not cease
 For lo thy *furious* foes now swell,
 And storm outrageously,
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
 Exalt their heads full high
 Against thy people they contrive
 Their plots and counsels deep,
 Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
 Whom thou dost hide and keep

Come let us cut them off say they,
 Till they no nation be,
 That Israel's name for ever may
 Be lost in memory

For they consult with all their might,
 And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind

The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of scornful Ishmael,
 Moub with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,

Gobal and Ammon *there conspire*
 And hateful Amalek
 The Philistines and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check

With them great Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot
All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the sons of Lot

Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
 To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,

When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulsed and slain,
 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
 As dung upon the plain

As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed,
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna bleed,
 So let their princes bleed

For they amidst their pride have said,
 By right now shall we seize
 God's houses, and *will now invade*
 Their stately palaces

My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find,
 Giddy and restless let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind
 As when an aged wood takes fire
Which on a sudden strays,
 The greedy flame runs higher and higher
 Till all the mountains blaze,
 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase,
 And till they yield thee honour due,
 Lord fill with shame their face
 Ashamed and troubled let them be,
 Troubled and shamed for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never*
 Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehovah is alone
 Art the Most High *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one*

 PSALM LXXXIV

How lovely are thy dwellings fair '
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near '
 My soul doth long and almost die
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see,
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God for thee
 There ev'n the sparrow freed from wrong
 Hath found a house of rest,
 The swallow there, to lay her young
 Hath built her brooding nest,

Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coast
Toward thee, my King, my God

Happy, who in thy house reside,
Whence thee they ever praise
 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in thine hearts thy ways

They pass through *Bacchus' thirsty vale,*
That dry and barren ground
 As through a fruitful wat'ry dale
Where springs and show'rs abound

They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladness cheer
Till all before our God at length
In vision do appear

Lord God of Hosts hear now my prayer,
 O Jacob's God, give ear
 Thou God our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed dear

For one day in thy courts to be
Is better, and more blest
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best

I in the temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich about,*
With sin for evermore

For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right

Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high,*
That man is truly blest,
Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest

PSALM LXXXV

THY land to favour graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack,
Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back

Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
Hast hid *where none shall know*

Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy fierce wrath which we had proved
Far worse than fire to burn

God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more*

Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ne extend
From age to age on us?

Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserved alive?

Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy show,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew

And now what God the Lord will speak,
I will *go straight* and hear,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear,*

To his dear saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more

Return to folly, but *renew*
To trespass as before

Surely to such as do Him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall ere long appear
To dwell within our land

Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
Now joyfully are met,
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set

Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r*,
 Shall bud and blossom *then*,
 And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r
Look down on mortal men

The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits to be our food

Before Him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger,
 Then will He come, and not be slow,
 His footstools cannot err

PSALM LXXXVI

Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline
 O hear me *I thee pray*,
 For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, and sad decay

Preserve my soul, for I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just,
 Save thou thy servant, O my God
Who still in thee doth trust

Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call, O make rejoice
Thy servant's soul, for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*

For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call

Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford
Thy hearing graciously

I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*,
For thou wilt *grant me free access*,
And answer what I pray'd

Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works

The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall praise*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name

For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone

Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide

Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore

For great thy mercy is toward me,
 And thou hast freed my soul,
 Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
Thou didst not darkness foul

O God, the proud against me rise,
 And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set

But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to show,
 Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
 Most merciful, most true

O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy handmaid's son

Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me

PSALM LXXXVII

AMONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed

Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's land, *though there be s'ore,*
And all within his care

City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke,

I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke

I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends,*
 Lo this man there was born

But *twice that praise shall in our ear,*
Be sung of Sion last,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast

The Lord shall write it in a scroll
 That ne'er shall be out worn,
 When He the nations doth enroll,
 That this man there was born

Both they who sing and they who dance,
With sacred songs and their
In thee fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,
And all my fountains clean

PSALM LXXXVIII

LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry,
 And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee prostrate lie

Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
 Thine ear with favour bend

For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
 Surcharged my soul doth lie,
 My life at death's *unchcerful door*
 Unto the grave draws nigh

PSALM

Reckon'd I am with them that pass

Down to the *dismal* pit

I am a man, but weak alas !

And for that name unfit

From life discharged and parted quite

Among the dead to *sleep*,

And like the slain in *bloody* fight

That in the grave lie *deep*

Whom thou rememberest no more,

Dost never more regard,

Them from thy hand deliver'd over

Death's hideous house hath barr'd

Thou in the lowest pit *profound*

Hast set me *all* forlorn,

Where thickest darkness *hovers* round,

In horrid deeps to *mourn*

Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,

Full sore doth press on me,

Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,

And all thy wave break me

Thou dost my friends from me estrange,

And mak'st me odious,

Me to them odious, *for they change*,

And I here pent up thus

Through sorrow and affliction great,

Mine eye grows dim and dead,

Lord, all the day I thee intreat,

My hands to thee I spread

Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?

Shall the deceased arise,

And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*

With pale and hollow eyes ?

Shall they thy loving kindness tell

On whom the grave *hath* hold ?

Or they who in perdition *dwell*,

Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?

In darkness can thy mighty hand
 Or wondrous acts be known?
 Thy justice in the gloomy land
 Of dark oblivion?

But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
 And up to thee my pray'r doth live,
 Each morn, and thee prevent

Why wilt thou Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me
 That am already bruised and shake
 With terror sent from thee?

Bruised and afflicted, and so low
 As ready to expire
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire

Thy face with wrath over me doth flow,
 Thy threnings cut me through
 All day they round about me go,
 Like waves they me pursue

Lover and friend thou hast removed,
 And sever'd from me far
 They fly me now whom I have loved,
 And as in darkness are

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV¹

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
 His praise and glory was in Israel known
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,

¹ This and the following Psalm are Milton's earliest performances — WAR-

TON The first he afterwards translated into Greek.

And sought to hide his froth becurled head
Low in the earth, Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that had received the foil.¹
The high, huge bellied mountains skip like rams
Amongst their ewes the little hills like lambs
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of him that ever was and yet shall last
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft hills from fiery flint stones gush

PSALM CXXXVI

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God
For his, &c

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell
For his, &c

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed heav'n and earth to shake
For his, &c

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state
For his, &c

Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain
For his, &c

¹ Defeat,

Who by his all commanding might
Did fill the new made world with light
For his, &c

And caused the golden tressed sun
All the day long his course to run
For his, &c

The horned moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright
For his, &c

He with his thunder clapping hand
Smote the first born of Egypt land
For his, &c

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel
For his, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the Eiythraen main¹
For his, &c

The floods stood still like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass
For his, &c

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power
For his, &c

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness
For his, &c

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown
For his, &c

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast
For his, &c

PSALMS

And huge limbed Og he did subdue,
With all his over hardy crew
For his, &c

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell
For his, &c

He hath with a pitious eye
Beheld us in our misery
For his, &c

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy
For his, &c

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need
For his, &c

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth
For his, &c

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure

PSALM C'XIV

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλὰ Ἰσραὴλ
Αἰγυπτίον λιπέ δῆμον, ἀπεχθεαὶ βαρβαροφωνοί,
Δὴ τότε μόνον ἦν ὅσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰουδα
Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοὶ σὺν μεγάλοις βασιλεύει
Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπαδίην φυγαδὲν ἐρρωσέεει
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἐπειρεῖσιν κλονεόντ',
Ὡς κροσσὸν σφριγύοντες ἐκ τῆς ἐρήμου ἐν ἀλώῃ

Βαιοτεραι δ ἅμα πασαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἔριπναι,
 Οἷα παραι συριγγι φίλην ὑπο μητερι ἄρνες
 Τιπτε συγ, αἶνα θαλασσα, πελωρ φυγαδ ἑρμῶσις
 Κυματι ἐιλυμενη ροθιω τι δ ἄρ εστυφελιχθης
 Ἰρος Ἰορδανη ποτι ἀργυροειδεα πηγην
 Τιπτ ὄρεα, σκαρθμοισιν ἀπειρεσια κλονεεσθε,
 Ως κριοι σφριγοωντες ευτραφερω ἐν ἀλῳ
 Βαιοτεραι τι δ ἄρ ἡμεις ἀνασκιρτησατ ἐρπναι
 Οἷα παραι συριγγι φίλην ὑπὸ μητερι ἄριες
 Σειεο γαῖα τρεουσα θεον μεγαλ' ἐκτυπειοιτα
 Γαῖα, θεον τρειουσ' ὑπατον σεβας Ἰσσακιοσα
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλαδων ποταμοις χεε μορμιροντας,
 Κρηνηντ' αενασον πετρης ἀπυ δακρυοεσσης

I Hieronimus ad regem quendam qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte
 captum inscius damnaverat τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος hæc subito misit

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλεσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδὲ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὡλὼς δρασάντα, σοφωτάτον ἰσθὶ κερήνον
 Ρηιδίως ἀφέλοιо, το δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἐπεῖτα τέον πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρή,
 Τσιωνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιωνυμὸν αἰκάρ ὀλεσσας

In Effigie ejus Sculptorem

Ἀμαθὲι γεγραφθαι χεὶρι τῇδε μὲν εἰκόνα
 Φαιῆς ταχὺν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφύεος βλέπων
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπῶτον οἰκ ἐπιγνοντες, φίλοι,
 Γέλατε φαύλου δυσμύμημα ζωγράφου

Johannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata

Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Autore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare ut omni suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati, congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregium in se voluntatem non esse notum, cum ali præsertim ut id fieri et magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidium totis ab se viribus amolitur sibi quod plus a quo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare, non potest

Joannes Bartolæa Mansus Marchio Villensis Neapolitanus ad Joannem Miltonum
Anglum

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic
Non *Angelus*, verum heic *Angelus* ipse foret

Ad Joannem Miltonum Anglum triplici poeseos laurea coronandum Græcæ, Latinæ,
Latini atque Hætruscæ Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani

CLDL Meles, cedat depressa Mincius una,
Sebetus Tas um desinat usque loqui,
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit

Ad Joannem Miltonum

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Rona Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat ut ique præm

SPRCCI

Al Signor Gio Miltoni Nobile Inglese

ODE

ERCIMI all' Etra o Chio
 Perche di stelle intrecciato corona
 Non piu del Biondo Dio
 La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicon,
 Diensi a merto maggiori, maggiori i fregi,
 A' celeste virtù celesti pregi

Non puo del tempo edace
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
 Non puo l' oblio rapace
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
 Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo torte
 Virtù m' adatti, e ferro la morte

Del Ocean profondo
 Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anghia resiede
 Sepiata dal mondo,
 Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede
 Questa feconda si produce Eioi,
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi

Alla virtù sbandita
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
 Quella gli è sol gradita,
 Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto,
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
 Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto

Lungi dal Patrio lido
 Spinse Zeus l' industrie ardente brama,
 Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
 Con aurea tromba rimbombò la fama,
 E per poterla effigiare al paio
 Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il piu raro

Così l'ape ingegnosa
 Trae con industria il suo liquore pregiato
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,

E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ,
 Formano un dolce suon diverse choide,
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde

Di bella gloria amante
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
 Le peregrine piante
 Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ,
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni

Fabro quasi divino
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
 Vide in ogni confino
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ,
 L' ottimo dal mighor dopo sceglier
 Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' idea

Quasi nacquero in Flora
 O in lei del parlar Tosco appresi l' arte,
 La cui memoria onora
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro

Nell' altera Babelle
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
 Che per varie favolle
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul primo
 Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anghia il suo più degno Idioma
 Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma

I più profondi arcani
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
 Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani
 Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude e serra,
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
 Della moral virtude al gran confine

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermar si gl' anni,
 Che di virtù immortale

Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni,
Che s' opre degne di Poema e storia
Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria

Dammi tu dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di fatti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il duca che gl' è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permesso

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merito alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
L'ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo,
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore

Del sig ANTONIO FRANCINI,
Gentilhuomo Fiorentino

Joanni Miltoni Londinensi.

Juveni patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca
perspexit, ut novus Ulysses omni ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet

Polyglotto in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt ut
idiomata omnia sicut in ejus laudibus infunduntur, et jure ea percussit
ut admirationem et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos
intelligit

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem com-
movent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt, cujus opera ad-
plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt

Cui in memoria totus orbis in intellectu sapientia, in voluntate
ardor gloriæ, in ore eloquentia, harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum
sonitus astronomia duce audienti, characteres mirabilium naturæ
per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia legenti,
intiquitatum lutebras vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite
assidua autorum lectione,

*Exquirenti restauranti pericurrenti
At cur nitor in ætæ ævum ?*

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgrandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec
hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo
hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS
DARUS, Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator

ELEGIARUM LIBER

ELLEG. I. AD CAROLUM DEODATUM

1627

TANDEM, chare, tui mihi pervenire tabellæ,
Per tulit et voces nuncia charta tuas,
Per tulit, occidit Deus Cestius ab omni
Vergivum prono qua petit amne salum
Multum, cede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri tamque fidele caput
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua odorem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velut
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
Meque, nec invitum, patria dulcis habet
Jam nec arundinarum mihi cui revocare Comum,
Nec dudum vetiti melius ingit amor
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec dum libet usque minas perficere Magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subcunda meo
Sic sit hoc exilium paternos aduisse penates,
Et vacuum cuius otiosa sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,
Latus et exili conditione fruor
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitino flebilis exul agro,
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri
Excipit hinc fessum juvenosque pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plusus garrula senex suos
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,

Seu proci, aut posita casside miles adest,
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris,
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat
 Sive cruentatum funosa Tragoedia sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis cimbis omni rotat,
 Et dolet, et specto, juxta et spectasse dolendo,
 Inter lum et lacrymis dulcis amator inest,
 Seu puer infelix indelibatus relinquit
 Gaudium, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,
 Seu fœus e tenebris iterat Stygia criminis ultor
 Conscia funereo pectora torrens movens
 Seu moeret Pelopeia domus seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Inrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinia consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbanus nobilis umbra loci
 Sæpius hic, blandis spirantia sidera flammis
 Virgineos videas prætiusse choros
 Ah quoties digno stupui miraculi formæ,
 Qua possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
 Ah quoties vidi superintus luminis gemmas,
 Atque facies, quotquæ volvit uterque polus,
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vineant
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fillax recta tendit Amor,
 Pellacesque genas, ad quæ hyacinthum sordet
 Purpureæ et ipse tui floris Adoni, rubor !
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim
 Et quacunque vagum cepit amica Jovem
 Cedite Achæmenia turrita fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt Memnoniamque Ninor,
 Vos etiam Danæ facies submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nuptæ
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas

Jactet, et Ausonius plena theatra stolis
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi
 Tuque uis Dardanius, Londinum, structa colonis,
 Tunigerum late conspicienda caput
 Tu minimum felix intra tua mœnia cludis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet
 Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ
 Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque uniusque puellæ
 Per medias radiunt turba videnda vias
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma pharetrigeo milite cincta Venus
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simœntis flumine vallis,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabituæ Cypion
 Ast ego dum pueri sint indulgentia cœci,
 Ma nūquam subito linguere frustra paro,
 Et vitæ procul malefida infamia Cines
 Atria divini Molyos usus ope
 Stet quoque juncosas Cami remerie paludes
 Atque iterum rauræ murmur aduæ Scholæ
 Interea fidi parvum cipe munus amici
 Piuæque in alternos verba coiecta modos

ELEG II ANNO ÆTATIS 17

(Written during Milton's first stay at Cambridge.)

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CAMBRIGIENSIS

1626

Tr qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solchas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Moïs rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo
 Cindidiora licet fuerint tibi temporis plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem

O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies
 Dignus quem Stygus medica revocet ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deus
 Tu si jussu eius acies acute togatis,
 Est celer et Phœbo nuntius in tuo
 Talis in Ihici stabat Cyllenius ihi
 Alpes æthereæ missus ab æce Pithus
 Talis et Furiabates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severæ ducis
 Magni sepulchrorum regina satelle Averni,
 Saxa nimis Musis, Palladi saxa nimis,
 Quin illos rapitis qui pondus inutile terra
 Tumba quidem est telis isti petendi tuis
 Ut tibus hunc igitur pulvis Academia lugeat
 I t madeunt lachrymis nigra facti tuis
 Funda et ipsa modos querebunda Iliaca tistes,
 Personet et totis iam mœsta scholis

ELEG III ANNO ÆTAT 17

IN OBITU MRSUUS WINDHUS

Morsus erant et tacitus nullo comitante cadum,
 Harcbantque nimo tristia plura meo
 Protinus in subit funesta claudis magno
 Iccit in Anglico quum Ithacum solo
 Dum procerum ingressa est plendente marmore turris
 Dura sepulchri di mors metuenda facit
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere filice græce
 Tunc memini cluquo ducis, fiatrisque verendi
 I itempestivis ossa cremata rogis
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad ætherea raptos
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces

At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ,
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic oie queiebar
 "Mois fera, Tant'neo diva secundi Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylvæ tuas persentiat uas,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque adlita tuo m' ucescunt lilia tabo,
 Et crocus, et pulchra Cypridi sacra rosa,
 Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contemnat quercus
 Miletui lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?"
 Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurimæ cælo
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet angui vis,
 Et quæ mille nigri cunctis innumera sylvis
 Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
 Quid juvat humana tingere cord' manus?
 Nobileque in pectus certas remissee sagittis
 Semideamque animam scde fugisse suæ?"
 Tria dum lætym in alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occidui Hesperius exit agnus,
 Et Tartessiuco submergitur æquor' cumum
 Phœbus, ab Itoo litore mensu' iter
 Nec moi, membra cavo posui refovendi cubili
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos,
 Cum mihi visus ciam lato spectamine regio
 Hec! nequit ingenium visa referre meum
 Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyio Chloris amata levi
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago
 Scripit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis
 Talis in extremis tenæ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus
 Ipse racemiferis dum densa vitibus umbrat,
 Et pelluentes unguis ubique locos,

Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
 Siderum nitido fulsit in ore jubar,
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Infusa divinum cinxerat alba caput
 Damque / nex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 In tremunt læto florea terra sono
 Agmina gemmatæ pluviant caestia pennis,
 Puræ triumphuli personat æthra tuba
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cunctique salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos
 'Nate veni, et pueri felix eripe caula regni,
 Semper abhinc dures, nate labore vacæ"
 Dicit, et algeci rictigerunt nabilia turma,
 At mihi cum tenebris aucta pulsa quies
 Etiam turbatos Cephalæa pellicæ somnos
 Tali contingant somnia sæpe mihi

ELEG IV ANNO ÆTATIS 18

Ad Thomam Junium præceptorem suum apud mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ
 agentis Iastoris munere fungentem

Ci PRE per immensum subito, mea litæra, pontum
 I, pete Teutonicos lave per æquor ignos
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, præcor, obstat cuncti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter
 Ipse ego Sicano frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon et virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri,
 Aut quis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,
 Gratas Eleusina missus ab urbe puer
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hama,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci

Vivit ibi antiquæ claus pietatis honore
 Præsul, Chisticolas pascere doctus oves,
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars alteri nostræ
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego
 Hei mihi quot pelagi quot montes interjecti,
 Me faciunt illa parte creare mei!
 Chærior ille mihi, quam tu, doctissime Gramm,
 Chæiadæ princeps qui Telamonis erat
 Quamque Stigyrtes generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Lybico Chæionus alma Jovi
 Quælis Amyntoides, quilibet Philyreus heros
 Myrmidonum regi talis et ille mihi
 Primus ego Aomios illo praecunte recessus
 Lustrabam et bifidi sacra vincti jugi
 Pænosque hiansi lateas Chloque fuvante,
 Custilio spusi leti ter ora meo
 Flummeus ut signum tui videret metis Aethion
 Induxitque uno lineæ tergi novo
 Bisque novo teri um spusi, Chloii, senilem
 Geminæ bisque tuis abstulit Auster opes
 Necdum ejus licet mihi lumen piscere vultu
 Aut linguæ dulces iure bibisse sono
 Vide igitur cursuque Eurum præcite sonorum
 Quam sit opus monitis, res docet ipsa vides
 Invenies dulci cum conjugis forte sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignori clara suo
 Forsitan aut veterum prælugia volumina patrum
 Versantem aut veni bibliæ vera Dei
 Cælestive animis satur intem iore tendellis,
 Geminde salutiferæ religionis opus
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salute
 Dicere quam decuit si modo idesset herum
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modo te
 Verba recitando sis memora ore loqui
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musæ,
 Mittit ab Anglico litore fida manus
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem,
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam cæstra cepit
 Ierus a lento Pæelopeia viro

Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus merito, novamque fititur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum
 In modo de veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere solent
 Non solum in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo
 Sæpe saussiferi cindelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mæstas delibuerunt preces
 Extensæque manus evitant fulminis ictus
 Placat et nunc hos hostia parva Deos
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi
 Neve moras ultra ducere pissus Amor
 Nam vix Fama refert, heu nuntia veri in idolorum
 In tibi finitimis bella tunc loci,
 Teque tuamque urbem trepudente milite cinctam
 Et jam Saxonicos arma perisse duces
 Te circum litem campos populatam Ingo
 Et sita cune unum jam cuncta arva ingrat
 Germiinisque suum concessit Thraci Mutem,
 Illuc Odrysius Mæris pater egit equos
 Perpetuoque cominus jam deslorescit oliva
 Fugit et crisonum Diva perosa tubum
 Fugit iocundis et jam non ultima viro
 Creditur ad superis justa voluisse domos
 Te tamen interici belli circumsonat horro
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo
 Et tibi quum patrum non exhibere penitus
 Sæde peregrini quæris æneis opem
 Patrum dona parens et saxis scior albis
 Spumei quæ pulsit littonis unda tui,
 Succine te decet innocuus exponere factus
 Sic me in externum fœdus cogis humum
 Et sis ut terris quærent alimentum remotis
 Quos tibi propiciens misciat ipse Deus
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ vi post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygis quæ vivas læusa tenebris,
 Ateaque animæ digna perire fune!

Haud aliter vates teriæ Thesbitidis olim
 Percussit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Ariabum salebras dum regis Achabî
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidonî duri, manus
 Talis et horisono laceritus membra flagello,
 Præulæ ab Æmîthiæ pellitur urbe Cilix
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iesum
 Fimbis ingiatus iussit abire iuis
 At tu sume animos nec spes cedit anxius eius,
 Nec tua concutit decolor os auctus
 Sis etenim quævis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi mille teli necem,
 At nullis vel meime litus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla eruoere bibet
 Numque eius ipse Dei radiante sub agide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi,
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus uers
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros,
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samritadas oras
 Misit ab antiquis præscia Daniscus agris,
 Terruit et densas prævido cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccinæ clarus sonat,
 Concor pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Curius uenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella rucntum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murrurque alta viuum
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Ut tua magnanimo pectore vince mala,
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque ita iam patios posse videre lares

ELEG V ANNO ÆTATIS 20

IN ADVENTUM VERIS

In se perpetuo Tempus revolvibile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyios, vere tepente, novos,
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus

Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?²
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus
 Castalis ante oculos bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi P;renen somnia nocte ferunt,
 Concitaque alicano fervent mihi pectori motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacci intus agit
 Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit
 Jam mihi meus liquidus i;ptatur in ardori cæli,
 Perique vagas nubes corpore liberi co,
 Perque umbras, perque antea furor pectus illi i;atum,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum,
 Intuituique animus toto quid agitur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartari i;ca mea
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?²
 Quid prout hæc i;ribus, quid sacci iste furor?
 Vei mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo,
 Profuerint isto reddit i; dona modo
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, folus adopeita novellis,
 Instituis modulos dum silet omne nemus
 Uibe ego, tu sylvæ simul inapiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum venis uterque canit
 Venis io rediite vices, celebremus honores
 Venis, et hoc subeat Musa pærennis opus
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque riva,
 Flectit ad Arctoas auro lora plagus
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est moia noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis
 Jamque Lycaonius plastrum caeleste Bootes
 Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via,
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit
 Neve Giganteum Du timere scelus
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hæc aut, hæc certe caruisti nocte p;rella,
 Phœbe, tua, celeres quæ retineret equos

Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
 Cynthia, luciferis ut videt alta rotas,
 Et tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fiatius ope
 Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos, Aurora seniles,
 Quid juvat effeto procubuisse toro?
 Te manet Æolides vindi venator in herbæ
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fiteatur,
 Et maternos oculus urget equos
 Exiit invisam Tellus rediit a senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe, subne tuos,
 Et cupit, et digna est Quid enim formosius illa,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosos sinus,
 Atque Arabum spumant menses et ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphus fundit amoris rosas?
 Ecce coronatus sacro fons ardua luo,
 Cingit ut Idæum pinæ turris Opim,
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis
 Floribus effusus ut erat redimita capillos
 Trinatio placuit diva Sicana Deo
 Aspice, Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores
 Mellis etque movent flumina verna picces
 Cinnamomi Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves
 Nec sine dote tuos tunciamur quærit amores
 Tenet nec optatos poscit egenti toros
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos
 Quod si te pretium si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)
 Illi tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fœsus Olympo
 In vespertinas precipitans aquis
 Cur te, inquit cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
 Hesperius recipit cavula mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphis?
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?

Frigoia, Phœbe, mea melius captabis in umbra,
Huc ades, arduentes imbue rore comis
Mollior egeida veniet tibi somnis in herba,
Huc ades et gremio lumina pone meo
Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans
Atria me lumentes corpora fusa iosas
Nec me (cede mihi) terrent Semicia fata,
Nec Phœtonteo fumidus axis equo,
Cum tu Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo
Sic Tellus lascivæ suos suspirat amores,
Matris in exemplum cæteri tui ruunt
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solus ab igne fides
In onuere novis læthali cornu nervi
Iuste micant ferro teli conusa novo
Junguæ vel invictum tentit superisse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudici foco
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annu formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orbi mari
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littusio Hymen, et cava saxa sonant
Cultior ille venit, tunicaque decentior apta,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora cicum
Igrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia venis,
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
Ut sibi, quem cupit, det Cytherea virum
Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua, quæ jungit, carmina Phyllis habet
Nyctæ nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos
Nunc etiam Satyri cum seia crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro
Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque capri
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustas,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros

Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervehit ipsa capi
 Du quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habet,
 Nec vos arborei diu precor ite domo
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea tellus
 Sæcla quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
 An saltem lente rapidos age, Phœbe, iugales,
 Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant
 Binnaque productas tarde faciat hispida noctes,
 Inguat et nostros senior umbra polo

ELEG VI

AD CAROIUM DIODATUM RURI COMMORANTEM,

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripisset et sua carmina cæcusui postulasset si solito
 minus essent bona quod inter lantitus quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud sat s
 clicem operam Musis dare se posse affirm. h' hoc habuit responsum

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventis salutem,
 Qua tu distento forte cuere potes
 At tu quid nostram prolecat Musa cimoenam,
 Nec sunt optatas posse sequi tenebras?
 Carmine scire vchis quam te redamemque colamque,
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas
 Nam neque nostri amoris modulis includitur actis,
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes
 Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrer
 Festaque coelifugam quæ coluere Deum,
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia rursus,
 Haustaue per lepidos Gallica musta focos!

Quid quereis refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
 Caimen amat Bacchum caimna Bacchus amat
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro prœposuisse suræ
 Sæpius Aonius clamavit collibus Euœ
 Mista Thyoneo turbi novena choro
 Naso Cerallis mila caimna misit ab ipsis
 Non illic epulæ, non srti vitis erat
 Quid nisi vina, rosisque, iacemiscumque Lycum,
 Cantavit brevibus Ter Musi modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Enim,
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum,
 Dum gravis everso curus cecidit æne supinum,
 Et volat Elco pulvere fuscæ æques
 Quidimoque madens Lyricæ Ioni unus Baccho,
 Dulce canit Glyceria, flavicomamque Chloen
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso munda puella
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet
 Missæ fecundum desponunt pocula veram,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita meti i cado
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
 Corda, fivent uni Bacchus Apollo Ceres
 Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcem cœmina per te,
 Numine composito, ires peperisse Deos
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi calato barbato auro
 Insonat arguta molliter ictu manu
 Auditurque chelys suspensa i tipetra cœcum,
 Virgineos tremula qua regat arte pedes
 Illa tuis saltem teneant spectacula Musas
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit meos
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebum, comitaturque i lectum
 Implet odoratos festa choica tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus per meat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos,
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venuque,
 Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor

Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
 Heroasque pios semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parce, Sami pio moie magistri,
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos
 Stet prope fagineo pellucidæ lymphæ cistillo
 Sobriæque e puio pocula fonte bibat
 Additum huic scelerisque vicinis et casta juvenus
 Et rigidi mores et sine libe minus
 Quilibet veste nitens sacra, et lustralibus undis,
 Singulis ad infensos augur itur Deos
 Hoc ritu vivisse ferunt post rupta sagacem
 Lumina Thesian, Ogygiumque Linon
 Et laie devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antia fœcis,
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi poter Homerus
 Dulichium venit per freta longa vinum,
 Et per monstrificum Perseia Phœbados aulam,
 Et vadit fœmineis insidiosæ sonis
 Perque turas, iuxta me, domos ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrium detinuisse greges
 Dux etenim sacer est vates divumque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem
 At tu siquid agam scribere (si modo saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Frustraque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
 Vagatumque Dei, et stabulantem præpere tect
 Qui suprema suo cur patre regna colit,
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
 Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit
 Te quoque pressa manent patris meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris

ELEG VII ANNO ÆTATIS 19

1628

NONDUM, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, noiam,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit
Sæpe cupidineas, pueriha tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor
Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero molha bella duci
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ
In genus humanum quid inanir dirigit anima ?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad us
Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet
Vei erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeus Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi,
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thodamantæus Naide raptus Hylas
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas
Et miser exemplo sapuisses tutius, inquit
Nunc mea quid possit dextera, testis eris
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam, vero per tua damna fidem
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi,
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :

Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculesque comes
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis
 Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem
 Dixit, et aurato qui itens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat
 Et modo quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modo villarum proxima rura placent
 Turba frequens, facieque similima turba dearum,
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias,
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat
 Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor
 Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos
 Nec picul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis a tergo grande pendit onus
 Nec mora nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Insilit hinc labas, insidet inde genus
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inermis ferit
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis,

Ast ego progredior tacite querēbundis, et excors
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem
 Findor, et hæc remanet sequitur pars altera votum,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia fleiē juvat
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata foros
 Talis et abruptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Victus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi
 O utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostias surdeat illa preces!
 Cede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter vixit,
 Ponam in exemplo primus et unus ego
 Parce precor, teneam cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo
 Jam tuus O certe est mihi formidabilis arcus
 Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria domus,
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatueros figat ut una duos

Hæc ego, mente olim læva, studioque supino,
 Nequitiæ posui vana trophæa meo
 Scilicet ab eptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum
 Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER

I

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM

Cum simul in regem nuper satiapasque Britanno
Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe, nefas
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare mali cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru, flammivolisque rotis
Qualiter ille, foris caput inviolabile Parcæ,
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros

II

IN EANDEM

Siccine tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum,
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Nā meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis
Ille quidem sine te consortia setus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope
Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos
Namque hæc aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet itei

III

IN EANDEM

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus
Frendit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.

Et nec inultus, ait, temnes mea sacra, Britanne
 Supplicium spreta religione dabis
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraueris arces,
 Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter
 O quam funesto occinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartarico sublime rotatus ab igni,
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas

IV

IN EANDEM

Quæ modo Roma suis devoverat impia diis,
 Et styge damnarat, Tanaiioque sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et caput ad superos evehere usque Deos

V

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit atheicam solis ab axe facem,
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi

VI

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM

ANGELUS unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
 Obligit æthereis ales ab ordinibus
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia cœli
 Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens,
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensum immortalis assuescere posse sono
 Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet

VII

AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
 Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyra
 Quamvis Dircaë torsisset lumina Pentheo
 Saviour, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes ceca vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poterias composuisse tuæ,
 Et poterias, ægro spirans sub corde, quiete n
 Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi

VIII

AD EANDEM

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
 Clarique Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
 Littoierumque tua defunctam Naida ripa,
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illæ quidem vivitque, et amœna Tibridis unda
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi
 Illic Romulidum studius ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos

IX

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM

QUIS expedit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobei
 Centum exulantis viscera marsupii regis
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi qui modo primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatus,
 Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium melos



MILTON MEETING IPONORA BARONI AT CARDINAL BARBERINI'S HOUSE —p 550

X

IN SALMASIUM

GAUDERE scombris, et quicquid est piscium salo
Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta !
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques
Bonus, amicum nuditatem cogitat,
Chartaque laigus, apparet papyrimos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scrinus mugentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos

XI

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigiamque neget ?

XII

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO

1673

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino
Hunc incredibilem fructus dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit aieolas
Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinus aret meis
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus,
Atque ait, Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni,
Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo !
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem
Nunc perire mihi et fœtus, et ipso parens

XIII

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE
CROMWELLI

BELLIPOTENS virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli !
Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero ,
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces

SYLVARUM LIBER

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

1626

PARRI fati discite legibus,
Minusque Parca jam date supplices,
Qua pendulum telluris orbem
Impeti colitis nepotes
Veni si iuncto mors vixit Tenuio
Semel vocavit flebilis heu moras
Tentantur incassum, dolique
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est
Si destinatam pelleie dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
Nessi venenatus eriole,
Æmathi iacisset Octa
Nec fraude turpi Pallidis invida
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locio, Jove lacrymante
Si triste fatum verba Hecateia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali sorori usa virgo
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentium, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hasta
Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
Cæse pueri genitricis alvo

Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et medius Helicon in undis,
 Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,
 Inata, cum te viderit artibus,
 Succoque pollenti, tot artibus
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Moll quiescant cespites, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatium campo

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

1626.

JAM pius extrema veniens Iacobus ab arcto,
 Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque, inviolabile fœdus,
 Scepta Caledonis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Partic pes regni post funera mœsta futuros

Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace
 Et quoscunque videt puæ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjuvare imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astis
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ
 Tamque fluentis omnis albentia rupibus aëra
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomina dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello
 Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ
 At simul hanc, opibusque et festa pace beatam,
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur,
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
 Effluit tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphæus
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis
 Atque peerrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta
 Hactenus, et piceis liquido natat aere pennis
 Qua volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent
 Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines a parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
 Dextia veneficus infamis Hetruria, nec non

Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oscula dantem,
 Hinc Mavortigena consistit in aice Quirini
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Pannifcosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, praeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Est mendicantium series longissima fratrum,
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,
 Cimmerius nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes
 Tempia dein multis subeunt lucentia tedis,
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) frémitusque canentium
 Saepe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum
 Quahter exululat Bromius, Bromique ceteri,
 Omnia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremat attonitus vitæis Asopus in undis
 Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erubi tacituina reliquit,
 Precipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætæque ferocem,
 Atque Acheiontao prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hares,
 Ingressitur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes,
 At vix compositos somnus claudibat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus,
 Astutit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate venit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de iaso, et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabæo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis
 Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones
 Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu,
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces,

Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor, O, fidei, perorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque tuum
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbari nata sub axe
 Dumque phœtrati spernunt tua jura Britann
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
 Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces
 Sacerlegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis,
 Et memori Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Mersaque Iberiorum lato vixilla profundo,
 Sanctiorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosc,
 Thermodoontia nuper regnante puella
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colla
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cineribit
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare balsa reges
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte licesces
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude
 Quolibet hæreticis dispoñere retia fas est
 Junque ad consilium extricis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævusque patres, trabea canisque verendos,
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulvis igne
 Ædibus injecto, quæ convencie, sub imis
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos
 Propositi, factaque, mone quisquamne tuorum
 Audcbit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
 Percussosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,
 Invidat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus
 Sacula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in bellicosos iterum dominaberis Anglos
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens maleficus amictus,

Fugit ad infandam, regnum illæstabile, Lethen

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas,
Vestit inauratas redeunt lumina terras,
Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,
Irrigat æmbrosius montana cacumina guttis
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æterna septus caligine noctis,
Vista ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni Prodotaque bilingua,
Effeia quos uno peperit Discordia partu
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro,
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater oculis,
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horici,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentii Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat
Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotus, nulloque sequente per antium,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,
Diffugiunt fontes, et retro lumina vortunt
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur

Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffientur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
Consiliū socios adhibete, operisque ministros
Finiat, rigidi cupide parnere gemelli

Interea longo flectens curvamine ocelos
Despicit ætherea Dominus qui fulgurat aice,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tuern
Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas,

Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros,
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per oviha junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen
Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in aice,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terias
Istis illa solet loci luce carentia sepe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli
Millenisque loquax audit ique visaque linguis
Culibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget

Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terraque tremente
Fama, sile? An te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo?

Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alat,
Induit et varus exilia corpora plumis,
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celes prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit
Et primo Anghacas, solito de more, per urbes

Ambiguas voces, incertaque mœnium i spargit
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus nec non facta horrida dictu
 Authoiesque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidus loca structa silet, stupuere relatis
 Et pariteri juvenes, pariteri tremuere puellæ,
 Effœti que senes pariter, tantaque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetrauerat omnem

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolum, capti pœnas raptantur ad acres
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores,
 Compita læta focus genalibus omnia fumant,
 Turba choros juvenilis agit Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS

ANNO ÆTATIS 17

1626

ADHUC madentes rore iqualebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis
 Cum centilinguis Fama, proh' semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia,
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,
 Te, generis humani decus,
 Qui Rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula
 Quæ nomen Angullæ tenet
 Tunc inquietum pectus na protinus
 Ebulliebat fervida,

Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Concepit illo diuiora pectori
 Ausque vates praeius
 Tuipem Lycambis exequatus est dolum,
 Si quis inque Niochulen suan
 At ecce dira; ipse dum fundo graves,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videoi attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aura, flamine
 Cecos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque, et irritas minas
 Quid temere violis non nocendi numina,
 Subitoque ad uis percita?
 Non est, ut arbitriis elusus miser
 Moiræ atia Noctis filia,
 Fricove patre creta sive Eumnye
 Vastove nata sub Chao
 Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit,
 Animasque mole carnea reconditas
 In lucem et iuras evocat,
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
 Themidos Jovisque filia,
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Scde que subterraneas
 Hunc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
 In cœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
 Auriga curus ignei
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solus globum,
 Longeque sub pedibus deam

Vidi triformem, dum coeiebat suos
 Frenis diucones auris
 Thraticorum sidium per ordines,
 Per lacteis vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem super miritus novam,
 Donce nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
 Striatum smaragdis atrium
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effugi queat,
 Oriundus humano pitie,
 Amcomites illius loci? Mihi
 Sat est in vicinum fui

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM

1628

Hic, quam perpetuis enioribus acta fatiscit
 Atria mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis,
 Oedipodionum volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quis vesana suis metiri ficta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sacro
 Consilium fatis perituris alligat horis
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Nutum et facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet revo?
 Et se fassa senem, male curtis passibus ibit
 Siderum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
 Annorumque eterna fumes squalorque situsque,
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuiet Calum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu potuitne suas impudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obuius ictu

Stridat uterque polus, super ique ut Olympius aula
 Decidat horribilisque resecta Gorgone Pallas,
 Quibus in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nata,
 Præcipiti curia subitaque ferere ruina
 Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto
 Tunc etiam acrei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque illisa buathio
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Cerunna Ditem,
 In superiores quibus usus erat, si iternaque belli

At pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
 Consuluit rerum summa, cœtoque percutit
 Pondere fatiorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi tota prima diuino,
 Raptat et ambitos socia vertigine cœlos
 Tardior haud solito Sitivnus, et acci ut olim
 Fulmineum iutilat cristata casside Mavors
 Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscet,
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Divexo timore Deus, sed semper amictu
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascuis cœli,
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cœruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes
 Nec per mane furit leviori murmure Coeus,
 Stringit et armiferos aquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit æquora conchæ
 Oceanum Tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæculi vigori ille ventus

Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia vel sub aquis gemmas Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli,
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
 Tuque O novem perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis,
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cœli pererrat ordines decemphicus,
 Citimumve tenuis incolit lunæ globum
 Sive, inter animas corpus adituris sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas
 Sive in remota forte ternarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et dus tremendus erigit celsum caput,
 Atlante major portatore siderum

Non, cui profundum caecis lumen dedit,
 Dircaeus augur vidit hunc alto sinu
 Non hunc silente nocte Placides ipeos
 Vatum sagaci praepes ostendit choro
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini
 Piuscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem
 Non ille trino glorioso nomine
 Tei magnus Hermes, ut sit uerum scias
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus inducti scholis)
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,
 Aut instructor ipse migrabis foras

AD PATREM

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum,
 Ut tennes oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis
 Hoc utcumque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
 Exiguum m' datur opus, nec novimus ipsi
 Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
 Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aenea Chlo,
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,

Sancta Piomethæa retinens vestigia flammæ
 Cuius amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ina cicere valet divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet
 Carmine sepositi tetegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ,
 Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu stercunt motantem cornua taurum,
 Seu cum fita sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis
 Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moriæ stabunt immobilis avi,
 Ibimus iurati per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulci suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectio,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circumit igneus orbes,
 Nunc quoque sideris intercinat ipse choris
 Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,
 Torridi dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Dimissoque ferax gladio mansuescit Orion,
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
 Æsculea intonsos redimitus ab arborescens,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, et positi lute fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Oiphea cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures,
 Carmine, non cithara, simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas habet has a carmine laudes
 Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Milibus et vocem modulis variare canoiam

Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, chaos si tam prope sanguine juncti,
 Cognatas utis, studiumque affine sequamini?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se disperitue duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum, genitoique puerque, tenemus

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camænis,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim pater, ire jubebis
 Qua via lata patet, qua promior itea lucri,
 Certaue co idendi fulget spes rurei nummi
 Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures
 Sed magis exultam cupien dutescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu recessibus ultis
 Abductam, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbro lateri comitam sinis hic beatum
 Officium chæri taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora tuo pater optime, sumptu
 Cum mihi Bomuleo patuit fræcundia lingui,
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Gi undia magniloquis clata vocabula Grævis
 Addere suasisti quos præterit Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Itulus ore loquelam
 Fundit, barbuiicos testatus voce tumultus,
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
 Terra patens, terraque et cœlo interfluit æter,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable mæmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit
 Dimotique venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudique conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Nî fugisse velim, nî sit libasse molestum

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avilis
 Austriaci gazas, Peruanaque regna præoptus
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, cœlo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diæ,

Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,
 Victices hederas inter laurosque sededo,
 Junque nec obscurus populo miscebor incerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Iovi nec unguferos extende, calumnia iactus,
 An me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego, securaque tutus
 Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu
 At tibi, chære pater, postquam non equa merenti
 Posse referre datur nec donâ rependere factis
 Sit memorasse satis repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fida que reponere menti
 Et vos O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini supresse iogo, lucemque tueri
 Nec spisso sapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, seio servabitis ævo

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM

SCAZONTIS

O MUSA, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quam cum decentes flava Deiope suras
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
 Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnus prætulit immerito divis
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,

Pernix anhela sub Jove exerceat flamma,
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas
 Visum superbi cognitas urbes fama
 Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Si 'sille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sinum,
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat rancor,
 Præcordisque fixa damnosum spirat
 Nec id pepercit impia, quod tu Pomani o
 Tum cultus ore Lesbium condis melos

O dulce divum munus, O Salus, Hæbes
 Germani! Tuque Phœbe, morborum terror,
 Pythone cæso sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est
 Querceta Fœni, vosque iocæ vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubris vallibus frondet vestris
 Levamen ægro ferte certatum vati
 Sic ille, charis redditus rursum Musis,
 Vicina dulci præta mulcebit cantu
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum
 Suam iectis semper Ægeiam spectans
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus,
 Spei favebit annuæ coloniarum,
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
 Nimum sinistro laxus irruens loro
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
 Adusque curvæ salsa regna Portunum

MANSUS

Joannes Baptista Mansus Muchio Villensis vir ingeniū laude tum literarum studio nec non et bellicæ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Iorquiti Tassi Dialogus extitit de Amicitia scriptus cui cum Tassi amicissimus ab quo etiam inter Campinæ principes celebratur in illo poemate cui titulus *Gerusalemme Conquistata* lib. xx.

Fra cavalier magnanimità e cortesi
Risplende il Muso—

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est multaquo ei defuit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ei urbe discederet ut ne ingratum se ostenderet hoc carmen mi il

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditanti crimina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille illum huius æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Gallæ cineres, et Mæconatis Hetrusci
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aula Camœna,
Victrices hederas inter liurosque sedebis
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis
Mox tibi dilectiloquum non inscribi Musa Maximum
Tradidit ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa tibi soli supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem opeioso ex ære poetam
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque et nec pacesse
Officiū in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Oïcos
Qui potes, atque avidas Pierum eludere leges
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Mineivæ,
Æmulus illius Myciæni qui natus ad altam,
Rettulit Æoli vitam facundus Homeri
Ergo ego te, Chus et magni nomine Phœbi
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,

Quæ nuper gelida vix emutrita sub Aëto,
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes
 Nos etiam in nostio modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
 Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras

Sed neque nos genus incultum nec inutile Phœbo,
 Quæ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Thione
 Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Booten
 Nos etiam colimus Pnœbum, nos munera Phœbo,
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistis,
 Hilantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choros
 Gens Divides antiqua, sacris operata decorum,
 Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta carebant,
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
 Delo in herbosa, Graeæ de moire puellæ,
 Carminibus laetis memorant Corineida Læo
 Et didicamque Upin, cum flavicomis Hecuba
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fucos

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque vicinum,
 Et parvi carpes iter immortale volutu
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthus, et famulas venisse ad limina Musæ
 At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis adivit
 Ruina Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo
 Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepit hospes,
 Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,
 Peneum prope rivum ibi sæpe sub ilice nigra,
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amicus,
 Exili dueros lenibat voce labores
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immanis pondera, silvas,

Emotæque suis propeant de collibus ornâ,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces
 Dns dilecte senex te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, et miti lustrant lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos, neque enim, nisi charus ab ortu
 Dns superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
 Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris belli moventem
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos heroas, et, O modo spiritus adsit,
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque satui, cinerum sura jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis instaret ocellis,
 Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ,
 Ille meos artus, viventem morte solutos,
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna
 Forsitan et nostro ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego secunda pace quiescam
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cælicolum semotus in æthera divum,
 Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignota virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
 Quantum fata sinunt, et tota mente serenum
 Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo

EPIAPHIUM DAMONIS

ARGUMENTUM

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores eadem studia sequuti a pueritia amici erant ut qui plurimum Thyrsis animi causi profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demum postea reversus et rem ita esse comperto se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur CAROLUS DRODATUS ex urbe Hetruria. Luca paterno genere orundus cætera Anglus ingenio doctrina clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus dum viveret juvenis egregius

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelcum Thamesina per oppida carmen
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ miumura Thyrsis,
Et quibus ac iduis exerceat antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans
Et jam bis viridi surgebit culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis, pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem

Ite domum n̄ pastî, domino jam non vacat, agni
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo
Postquam te mmita rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos inquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum
Ite domum impastî, domino jam non vacat, igni
Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupo ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores Illi tibi vota secundo

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt dum iuri Pales, dum Faunus amabit
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, primumque,
Palladasque artes, socrumque habuisse cinorum

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Di non,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,
Aut ripido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ne leones,
Aut avidos terrene lupos præsepibus altis,
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solabit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquens, giato cum sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Aut ter
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculea somnum capit abditus umbræ,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
Hic scrum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant, ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salces Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,

Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
 Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas,
 Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Mopsu ad hæc nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
 (Et callebat ivium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)
 Thyrsi, quid hoc? dixit quæ te coquit improbabilis?
 Aut te perdit mor, aut te male fascinat astrum,
 (Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astium)
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni
 Mnantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
 Nubila frons oculique truces, vultusque severi
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
 Jure patitur bis ille miser qui serus anavit

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat agni
 Venit Hyas Dryopeque et filia Brucidis Aegle
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perditæ fastu,
 Venit Idumanni Chloris vicina fluenti,
 Nil me blanditæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me si quid ideo, movet, aut spes ulla futuri

Ite domum impasti domino jam non vacat agni
 Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per prata juvenes,
 Omnes unum inimi secum sibi lege sodales!
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De ciege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri,
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens
 Quem si sors letho objectit, seu milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu
 Nos durum genus et diris exercita fati
 Gens homines, aliena animis et pectore discors,
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,

Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum

 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per acreas rupes, Alpemque nivosa
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum videret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit,)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes !
 Ah ! certe extremum leuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
 Flet dixisse, "Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra"

 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata Juventus
 Illic Charis, atque Lepos, et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
 Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab uibe
 O ego quantus eiani, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Muimura, populeumque nemus, qui mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas nunc summas capere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycida certantem audire Menalcam !
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
 Fuscellæ calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ
 Quin et nostia suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, et Francinus, eiant et vocibus ambo
 Et studus noti, Lydoiū sanguinis ambo

 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis atei habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retrā Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus !
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis ? nisi te quid forte retardat
 Imus ? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni ?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,

Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
 Quasque habet ista plus herbas, artesque medentum
 Ah pereant herba pereant artesque medentum,
 Gramina postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro
 Ipse etiam nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
 Dissiluisse tamen rupta compage, nec ultra

Ferre graves potuere sonos dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite sylvæ
 Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Ipse ego Dardaniæ Rutupina per aquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Bionnumque Arviragumque duces priscumque Belinum,
 Ut tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos,
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude, Iogernen,
 Mendaces vultus assumptaque Gorlois arma,
 Merlini dolus O mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula, pinu,
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patris mutata Camænis
 Brittonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Usa et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra et nemus omne Tlicantæ
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fuscæ metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Hæc tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, et plura simul, tum qua mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis,
 Parte alia polus omnipotens, et magnus Olympus,

Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharætræ,
 Arma corusca faces et spicula tincta pyropo,
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens,
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque decorum

Tu quoque in his nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certe es nam quo tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisvisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacryma, nec flebimus ultra
 Itæ procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon
 Ætherea purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum,
 Heroumque animas inter divosque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
 Ore sacro Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodatus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicolæ norint sylvisque vocabere Damon
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor et sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginæ servantur honores,
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Lætæque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos,
 Cantus ubi, choreisque fuit lyra mista beatæ
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos

JAN 23, 1646

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ
BIBLIOTHECARIUM

De libro Poematum amicæ, quem ille sibi de nostri mæti postulabat ut cum aliis
nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret. Ode

STROPHIL I

GLORIALI culta simplici gaudens hili r,
Fionde hec gemma,
Munditieque nitens non operosa,
Quem manus attulit
Juvenilis olim
Sedula tamen haud nimis poetæ
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Insons populi, brubitoque devius
Indulsit patrio mox itidem pectine Daur o
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede

ANTISTROPHÆ

Quis te, parve liber quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum thyasusque sacer,
Oibi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum?

STROPHE II

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas lumen priores,

Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
 Et relegtas sine sede Musas
 Jam pene totis finibus Anghgenum,
 Immundisque volucres,
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollinea pharetra,
 Phuncamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasus²

ANTISTROPHÉ

Quin tu libelle, nuntii heet mala
 Fide, vel oscitantia,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebia, forsán unde vili
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
 La tare felix en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen vehique superam
 In Jovis aulam, remige penna

STROPHÉ III

Nam te Rousius sui
 Optat peculi, numcroque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ
 Teque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi quibus et ipse præsidet
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris
 Quam cui prafuit Ion,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actæa genitus Cteusa

ANTISTROPHE

Ergo, tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos,

Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
 Oxonia quam valle colit,
 Delo posthuc ita,
 Bithloque Parasi jugo
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis dextri prece sollicitatus amici
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Græcæ simul et Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis luminis, et verum decus

Vos tandem haud vacui mei libores
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium
 Jam sero placidam spei me jubeo
 Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas,
 Quas bonus Hermes,
 Et tutela dabit solers Rousio,
 Quo neque lingua procaax vulgi penetrabit, atque iongæ
 Turba legentum prava facesset
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquioris forsitan
 Adhibebit, integro sinu
 Tum, livore sepulto
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
 Rousio favente

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una
 demum Epodo clausis, quas tametsi omnes nec versuum numero
 nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secumimus,
 commodè legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos
 rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα σχῆσιν* partim
ἀπολελενμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis ad
 mittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit

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